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THE

MEMOIRS

AND

ADVENTURES

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE,

AND

Duc D' HARCOURT:

OR,

The wonderful Viciffitudes of Fortune, exemplified in the LIVES of thofe Noblemen.

To which is added,

The HISTORY of the Chevalier *de Grieux* and *Moll Lefcaut*, an extravagant Love-adventure.

Tranflated from the Original *French*.

By Mr. *ERSKINE*.

VOL. III.

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MEMOIRS
OF THE
Marquis de BRETAGNE, &c.

THE Marquis having put me in Mind that we owed the Dutchefs of *Marlborough* a Vifit, we went to wait of her at her Houfe near *St. James's*, upon her Return from *Tunbridge*. After feveral Queftions about our Travels, and particularly what we had remarked at *Blenheim* Houfe, fhe put one to me which I little expected, and which did not a little puzzle me. *A propos*, Sir, *faid fhe*, I am told that you can give me News of my Lady *R*—— who has not been feen for four Months; 'tis confidently reported that fhe had a private Conference with you, five or fix Days before her Elopement; did fhe difcover any Thing of her Defign to you? Having while fhe fpoke endeavoured to recover out of my firft Surprize and Confufion, I am no better informed, *faid I*, than the Public, of the Lady's Defigns, nor of the Situation of her Affairs: My Acquaintance with her was fo fmall, that there's no great likelihood fhe would have trufted me with her fecret Defigns. My Lord *R*—— has, however, fome Sufpicion, *replied the Dutchefs*, and has been at fome Pains to make a fuller Difcovery; I faw him when he was much animated againft

and I doubt whether he be not ſtill in the Opinion that you was concerned in his Wife's Flight.

PEOPLE may have what Notions they think proper, *ſaid I*, but they are unjuſt when without Foundation. I am ſurpriſed that my Lord *R*—— is not cured of his Suſpicion, ſince your Grace tells me that he has made Inquiry, which muſt have juſtified me in his Thoughts. I thus kept, as it were, in the Center between Truth and Falſhood, which was acting a Part not at all agreeable, but it ſucceeded and drew me out of the Scrape; for, ſome Days after, the Dutcheſs told me, that ſhe had ſeen my Lord *R*——, and had fully convinced him with regard to me.

I had diſcovered nothing to the Marquis of what had paſſed betwixt this Lord's Lady and me. Some Words ſpoken by *Scoti* upon his Return from *France* had let him into the Knowledge of that Affair, and his Diſcretion had prevented his asking me any Queſtions about it; but the Dutcheſs having ſpoke ſo plainly, at Night he begged I would acquaint him with the Truth of that Adventure, which I did without any Difficulty. This gave him a Handle to preſs our Departure for *France*, in order to render all the Service in our Power to my Lady *R*——; I promiſed that we ſhould be gone whenever he thought proper, and we were fully determined to leave *London* by a Letter which I received from my Daughter, the following Week, acquainting me that *Amulem* was returned, and that all my Family were impatient to ſee me, ſo that we fixed the 24th of *June* for the Day of our Departure.

I cannot finiſh the Relation of our Travels in *England*, without taking Notice of a comical Adventure, of which the illuſtrious *Briſſant* was the Hero. I have already ſaid ſomething of his agreeable Figure and Impudence. He knew very well to act the Pettit-maitre and the Man of Gal-

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lantry, and the Marquis being fond to ſee him well dreſſed, there were few in his Station at *London* upon a better Footing; and I make no doubt but his Conqueſts were conſiderable among Milliners and Ladies-Maids, and yet he found among them ſome who had not all the Reſpect due to his Merit. One Evening a Letter was brought me from him, informing me that he was confin'd in *Newgate*, one of the *London* Priſons; he mentioned nothing of the Cauſe of his being there, only begged that I would have Pity on him, and get him ſpeedily out of that diſmal Place. I reſolved however to let him lye all Night, being pretty well aſſured that he was not there without having deſerved it; and beſides. I was willing that he ſhould have this inſtructive Leſſon, of which he had more than once had Occaſion in his Life. The next Day I ſent *Scoti* to inform himſelf of the Affair, and to procure his Liberty, which he did at a ſmall Expence, and brought him home; but in a Pickle to make a dying Man laugh, without Hat and Coat, his Veſt tore in a hundred Parts, and but Bits here and there of his Shirt remaining:. His Hair, which he had naturally long and beautiful, ſo mixed and out of Order, that one would have ſwore he had made his Eſcape from *Bedlam*. I ordered him to go and get himſelf put into a decent Dreſs, and then come and let us know his Adventure; but *Scoti*, who was already informed, ſatisfied our Curioſity. *Briſſant* had a very pretty Miſtreſs to whom he had very aſſiduouſly made his Court for three or four Months. Two Days before he had paid his *Dulcinea* a Viſit, in order to prepare her for his Departure; and to moderate her Grief he uſed great Precautions in ing her this diſagreeable Piece of News. Hi ceſs appeared to be inconſolable, neverthe ſoften as much as poſſible this cruel Separa made him promiſe to come and ſup wi

him to the Duke's Castle, near the Abbey where I had past some Years in Solitude, and therefore told him that, as we were now in the Season that invites the Nobility to their Country-Seats, it was very probable he would be there; that it was our Duty, on our Return to *France*, after five or six Months Absence, to go and pay our Respects to him; and as I mentioned my accompanying him, he had no Objection to the Proposal. I wrote, in his Presence, a Letter to my Daughter, acquainting her of our Arrival, and ordered *Scoti* to go post with it. But I privately wrote another to the Duke, in which I begged he would come to his Castle, where we would wait upon him in a few Days, and where I should inform him of the Reasons of this Request; and then gave *Scoti* private Orders to go to *Paris* before he went to my Daughter's, and to deliver the Duke's Letter into his own Hands. The next Day we left *Calais*, and I found Means, without Affectation, to make such short Journeys, that arriving only the sixth Day after we had set out, the Duke had got before us. In the first private Conversation we had together I discovered to him what had brought me there, and he agreed that it was necessary to keep the Marquis while I went to my Daughter's. The best Reason that we could think of was, the Necessity of seeing some of his Relations before he set out again upon new Travels. I remained three Days with them, and then prepared to be gone. The Marquis appeared to be much concerned at his being left with his Father; however, as he had no Suspicion of the real Cause, he supported our Separation with the more Patience, as he hoped to come to my Daughter's after he had seen his Relations. He contrived a very cunning Method to write to my Niece before my Departure. I was without a Servant, having

ordered *Scoti* to wait for me at my Daughter's, and therefore I was resolved to take the Stage-coach; but the Marquis privately represented to the Duke, that it would not be civil to let me go in that Method, but to give me a Coach or Chaise of his Grace's. The Duke, who had not thought of it, approved of his Son's Observation, and proposed the Thing to me himself, so that I accepted of the Chaise.

BRISSANT, who, notwithstanding the Threats at *London* of being dismissed when we arrived in *France*, had obtained his Pardon by Prayers and Protestations of a better Conduct, was ordered to accompany me on Horseback. Being arrived at the Place where I was to lye the first Night, and reflecting on the Marquis's and my own Affairs, it came into my Mind that *Brissant* might very probably have some secret Commission from his Master, and his Answers to the Questions I put to him not only confirmed me in my Opinion, but that he was engaged, by great Promises, to Silence. At last, having told him, in a very serious Manner, that if ever I discovered that he had deceived me, he should not remain a Quarter of an Hour longer with us, he pulled a Letter out of his Pocket, and presented it to me, and having desired him to retire, I opened the Letter, and here is an exact Copy of it.

" DEAR, but cruel or inconstant *Nadina*," *(which as I have said before was my Niece's Name)* " is it of your Rigour or Change that I am to com-" plain? I left *France* firmly persuaded that you " did not hate me, and had your Permission to " flatter myself with that pleasing Thought, upon " *which I built the* most agreeable Hopes. Have " *you forgot the* Excess of my Joy? Did it no " *convince you of that* of my Love? and yet, b " *a Cruelty which* I cannot conceive, or b

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" Change, which is ſtill more inſupportable, you " have, for four Months, rendered a Heart miſera- " ble of which you had begun the Felicity, and " from which all Hopes of more is baniſhed, if it " muſt find you cruel or inconſtant. To what " can I attribute your Silence? Surely not to the " Wrath of Heaven that cannot condemn the Sin- " cerity of my Sentiments, and the Innocence of " my Deſires, and as little to the Treachery of " our Correſpondent, who engaged his Fidelity by " ſolemn Oaths. It muſt then of Courſe be aſcrib- " ed to yourſelf; and if this Melancholy Conjecture " proves true, nothing remains for me, but to die " ſpeedily, for Life will become a Burthen too " heavy for me to bear. Be ſo good, at leaſt, as " to let me know my Fate by my Servant, whoſe " Fidelity you may truſt to. Mr. *Renoncourt* will " let you know the Reaſon of my not coming a- " long with him; 'tis a new Misfortune which " will haſten my Ruin if you don't prevent it with " an Anſwer. Remember your Promiſes and my " Oaths. Think of your Charms, of the Exceſs " and Conſtancy of my Paſſion, and then conſider " if I can loſe the Hopes of being loved by you " without dying."

I was under a great Concern, after reading this Letter, to ſee that I could fix on nothing that was agreeable to me. I found no Medium between theſe two Things, *viz.* either to let *Amulem* and his two Children return by themſelves to *Aſia*, if I continued taking Charge of the Marquis in his Travels, or to break my Engagements with the Duke, if I intended to have the Pleaſure, for ſome time longer, of *Amulem*'s Company, and to conduct him ſome Part of the Road, when he ſet out, as I propoſed to myſelf. But what chagrined me moſt was, that I found there was a Neceſſity of coming to a ſpeed-

ſpeedy Reſolution; for I would by no Means deceive the Duke in his Expectation of my continuing with his Son, who, on the other Hand, was become ſo dear to me that I made now no Difference between him and my Daughter. I continued my Journey under this Uncertainty of Reſolution, which gave me ſo much Uneaſineſs, that the Effects of it were viſible in my Countenance, and my Friends perceived it on my Arrival. I received however their Embraces with an equal Return of Affection, being charmed to find myſelf with ſo many Perſons to whom I could with Certainty believe I was agreeable. My Lady *R*—— appeared to ſhare in the Joy of my Relations, which gave me not a little; and though I had called all my Reaſon to aſſiſt me againſt the Power of her Charms, yet I felt that neither Age nor Reflections could ſtop the Motions of my fooliſh Heart. I ſhall love her, *ſaid I to myſelf*; I plainly ſee that any longer Reſiſtance would be uſeleſs; however, I will, at leaſt, ſubject my Paſſion to ſuch Rules, and keep it ſo ſecret, that it ſhall neither be ſcandalous nor criminal.

I had ſo many Things to clear up with my Daughter, that I contrived to have a private Conference with her as ſoon as poſſible. As that dear Child was the beſt Part of myſelf, I communicated my Thoughts to her without Reſerve. She had good Senſe and a ſolid Judgment, which rendered her capable of giving me good Advice; ſhe enjoyed, beſides, an eaſy contented Life, ſo that nothing but her Father's Misfortunes could diſturb her Happineſs. I began by asking her Opinion of my Niece *Nadina*; and if ſhe had diſcovered nothing of her Intrigue with the Marquis. She told me that this *lovely young Creature* had been always thoughtful *and melancholy* during our Abſence; that ſhe *courted Solitude*, and notwithſtanding the Diver*ſions which they had* endeavoured to procure h

often gave them the Slip, and went to walk in the Wood alone for Hours together. My Daughter alſo told me, that after receiving my Letter from *London* ſhe called for her Bailiff, and forced him to confeſs the Promiſe he had made to the Marquis to receive his Letters for *Nadina*, and to ſend hers to him; and that having threatened him with her Diſpleaſure if he did not bring her all the Letters which ſhould come to his Hands, ſhe had received three of the Marquis's at different Times, but none of my Niece's. What ſhall we do, *ſaid I*, to cure them of this Inclination, which may be attended with diſagreeable Conſequences? My Daughter anſwered, that ſhe did not think any great Inconveniency could be the Conſequence of their Amours; for, continued ſhe, *Nadina* is virtuous, and has been well educated, ſo that there's no Danger of her doing any Thing that can diſhonour us; that however, by way of Precaution, it would be proper to ſeparate her from the Marquis, and to prevent all Intercourſe between them. This is the Difficulty, *replied I*, for the Marquis expects that we ſhall go to *Vienna* with *Amulem* and his Children; upon which my Daughter told me, that ſhe hoped to keep *Nadina* in *France*; that her Solicitations had almoſt gained upon *Amulem* already, and that if I would but ſecond her ſhe made no doubt but that he would conſent to leave her with us. I have repreſented to him, *ſaid ſhe*, that if he loves his Daughter, he cannot but wiſh to ſee her happy, which ſhe can never be in a Seraglio, after having been a little accuſtomed to the *French* Manner of living; that in leaving her with me, he can be at no greater Loſs than in carrying her back to *Turkey*, where ſhe *will be no ſooner married*, but he muſt be for ever *deprived of ſeeing her*, and will ever be ignorant *her Turkiſh* Huſband uſes her well; whereas in [illegible] *her with me* he'll be aſſured that ſhe's in

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the Hands of Relations who love her tenderly, who will now and then inform him about her, and who will not fail to procure her a ſuitable and advantageous Eſtabliſhment, in which ſhe'll be happier than the *Grand-Signior*'s favourite Miſtreſs. We will therefore, I hope, obtain her of my Uncle, *continued ſhe*, and will put her into a Convent for ſome Years, where ſhe will be perfectly inſtructed in our Manners, and by Degrees forget the Marquis. I could not hinder myſelf from embracing my Daughter, to expreſs how much I was obliged to her for this happy Expedient. I then asked her how ſhe had received my Lady *R*——, and what ſhe thought of that fine Lady. She aſſured me that ſhe was charmed with her Manners and Conduct; for a few Days after her Arrival, ſhe was thoughtful and melancholy, and ſeemed to examine us with Attention; but when we became a little better acquainted, ſhe laid open her Heart with ſo much Sincerity and Candour, that I have loved her ever ſince as I would a Siſter. She has informed me of all her Misfortunes, added my Daughter, without even concealing the Progreſs you have made in her Heart, which ſhe daily entertains me with. I interrupted this Diſcourſe, which put me out of Countenance, and endeavoured to turn the Converſation upon ſome other Subject; but my Daughter was too clear ſighted not to obſerve where the Shoe pinched me. How pleaſed ſhould I be, dear Papa, *cried ſhe in a ſort of Rapture*, if my Conjecture does not deceive me, and how willingly would I lay down my Life for my Lady *R*——, if what I think be true? What do you mean? *anſwered I, bluſhing*, your Diſcourſe is a Myſtery paſt my Comprehenſion. I ask you a *thouſand Pardons, replied ſhe, embracing me*, but if *you have any Regard* for a Daughter that loves you *more than her Life*, you will not keep her a Strang[er] *to the Sentiments* of your Heart. As for me, I'

mine open, when I assure you, that I should be charmed that my Lady's Affection might make you lose that Impatience you have expressed, these two Years past, to be replaced in your Hermitage. I remained some Time silent, with down-cast Eyes, and found my Heart under such strange Agitations, that I was at a Loss for Terms to express my Thoughts. Ah! my Child, *said I at last*, what strange Wishes are yours? Do you consider, that in a few Days you must prepare to dress me in my dead Linen, since you cannot but too well see, that I have now one Foot in the Grave? How then can you mention Love, or any other Motions of the Heart to me, but those that accompany the Fear of Death? Instead of turning serious upon what I said, she fell a laughing, assuring me, I had so little of the Air of a dying Man, that my Lady never spoke of my Person, but with Extasy and Raptures. I could not hinder myself from smiling at this whimsical Fancy; however, I soon put on a grave Countenance, and told my Daughter, in a melancholy Strain, the Time is now no more for your Father to think of the Follies of Love. The Sources of Joy and Pleasure are dried up in my Heart, and methinks I see your Mother stretching out her Arms, and calling upon me to follow her, which I shall willingly do when Heaven thinks proper. Nevertheless, as I have too much Confidence in your Discretion, to conceal any Thing from you, I shall frankly own, that the alluring Charms of my Lady *R*——have given me some Uneasiness: You observed me blushing in the Beginning of your Discourse, which proceeded from the Sense my Heart had of it's Weakness. I do not make this *Confession with a* Design to be flattered or encourag*ed, on the contrary*, my Intention is to prevent, *by this Means*, *your* Solicitations. If you are to *spouse any body's* Interest, let it be that of you

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Father, and do not mention my Lady *R*——but as a Perſon who deſerves the Eſteem of all Mankind. When you would have me entertain more particular Sentiments, I will charge you with want of Friendſhip. My Daughter hearing me ſpeak ſo ſeriouſly, was afraid of having diſpleaſed me; but to diſſipate her Fears, I took her in my Arms, and told her ſhe was ſo dear to me, that it was not in my Power to be angry with her; and ſo far from my being ſo now, I was very well pleaſed of having this Opportunity to explain myſelf as I had done. The Ice being once broke, I could with Freedom continue to communicate my Sentiments with Reſpect to that Lady; and if I had the Misfortune to have my Heart more deeply touched than was fit for a Man in my Circumſtances, my Weakneſs being known to none but her I was under no Apprehenſion of being expoſed. Before the Concluſion of this long Converſation, I asked her if my Lady had not mentioned where and in what manner ſhe propoſed to ſpend the Remainder of her Life. She anſwered, that if Credit might be given to that Lady's Proteſtations, the Place where ſhe now was would be the moſt agreeable ſhe could think of, and where ſhe would eſteem herſelf happier than amidſt the Pleaſures of a Court.

We paſt fifteen Days at my Daughter's in the moſt agreeable manner that I ever had done in my Life: Health, Joy, Friendſhip, and Openneſs of Heart, a Deſire to oblige one another, and to contribute to the Satisfaction of the whole; in ſhort, every thing that might render a Society agreeable, where the Members love and eſteem each other, ſeemed to reunite in our Favour without the leaſt Interruption. I received from my Lady *R*—— innumerable *Marks of* Eſteem and Affection, ſuch *as a modeſt Woman* may give; and I made ſuitable *Returns of* Reſpect, but no farther, being re-

ſolved not to imbark in any new Love-Engagements. I had a Pleaſure in converſing with her, and admired her Charms; but whether it was that my Heart aſpired to no more but to be in her Company, or that my Reaſon had ſubjected it's Deſires, I found none in it which my Duty obliged me to ſuppreſs. As for her, I found in all her Ways that Air of Modeſty which augments the Charms of Beauty, and from which her deviating a little, under her unhappy Situation at *London*, was pardonable. By this Time *Amulem* and his two Children ſpoke *French* ſo readily that no Body could have taken them for *Turks*, as they were now in the *French* Dreſs. *Nadina* was ſtill in her Diſguiſe, and went by the Name of *Memiſces*, and my Lady did not as yet know her real Sex. My Daughter and I, however, reſolved that ſhe ſhould no longer paſs for a Boy, but change her Dreſs, when we had obtained her Father's Conſent to leave her with us in *France*; which he at laſt agreed to, though not without Tears, and on Condition that the Marquis my Son-in-law, and Daughter, ſhould take the Name of Father and Mother, and be as ſuch to her; which Ceremony was performed with great Formality in Preſence of all the neighbouring Gentry, who were invited to be Witneſſes. *Nadina* appeared ſo charming in her new Dreſs, that ſhe at once made more than one Conqueſt, of which we had but too good a Proof three Weeks after, by the fatal Cataſtrophe into which the Raſhneſs of two inconſiderate young Gentlemen, who asked her, at the ſame Time, in Marriage, plunged them.

WHILE I was in this agreeable Occupation, I received a Letter from the *Abbé du Bois*, whom we *have ſince ſeen* Cardinal and Prime Miniſter, in *which he deſired* me, by Order of his Royal Highneſs *the Duke of Orleans*, to come to *Paris*. Such a *Order as this to me*, who was not known, as

thought

thought, but to a very few Perfons, and who was fo great a Stranger to Affairs of State, that I fcarce looked into a Gazette, could not but furprife me. I therefore confulted with the Family, and it was thought proper that I fhould go and advife with the Duke of—— (whofe Advice and Protection I was fure to have) before I went to *Paris*. Accordingly I fet out Poft for the more Expedition. The Duke was not at all furprifed with what I told him, and explained the Myftery. I mentioned you, *faid he*, to the *Abbé du Bois*, as a Man of Merit, who had done me the Favour to accompany my Son to *England*, where you had remained four or five Months with him. You'll find that this Abbé, defigned in *petto* by his Royal Highnefs as Ambaffador at *London*, wants to confer with you upon the Affairs of that Country. I fet out next Day for *Paris*, and upon my Arrival went to the *Palais Royal*, where the *Abbé du Bois* lodged, and having fent in my Name, was foon admitted: He received me civilly, and, without ftopping to ask me any Queftions, begged I would go along with him to the Duke of *Orleans*'s Apartment. We found this Prince with two Ladies; one was, as I have fince been informed, *La Comteffe de Parabere*, and the other, *La Marquife de Flavacourt*; and both were prefent all the Time I remained with the Regent, who being told my Name by the Abbé, ordered me to advance. You are, Sir, I am told, a Man of Experience, who have lately been in *England*, can you give me any News about that Country? I anfwered, that my Obfervations had not been fo much fixed upon State-Affairs, as on the Character of the *Englifh*, and the Cuftoms of the Country. But *neverthelefs, replied* his Royal Highnefs, you have *been a Witnefs of fo many* memorable Events, tha *it is impoffible but you* muft have taken notice *them. What* is your Opinion of the Affairs

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Scotland, and the Divisions of the Parliament? I shall freely give my Sentiments, *replied I*, since your Royal Highness is pleased to desire me. I do not apprehend that it is the History of the *Scotch* Revolt that you want to know, since your Highness is, no doubt, fully informed of that already. As for the present Disposition of the Nation, I believe it not to be what People imagine in *France*. The Prince, whom they call Pretender, found it no difficult Matter to get *Scotland*, and some Provinces in *England* to declare openly for him, from which he would have drawn a great Advantage, had he not failed in Courage or Address; but, by his own or his Council's Fault, he began the War where it could be of no Importance, and neglected the only Place upon which depended the whole Success of his Enterprize; I mean the Capital, where he ought to have had some daring resolute Chief to have put himself at the Head of a hundred thousand brave *Jacobites*, who would have lost the last Drop of their Blood in his Quarrel. I have been an Eye-witness to surprizing Effects of their Zeal, and I know, by very good Information, that the Number was incredible. But their Inclinations are greatly changed, and they would now reject this Prince, should the House of *Hanover* yield to him the Crown. I saw, *continued I*, this Change happen gradually. They were provoked at first, that there was not among the Partisans of this Prince, a Man of Distinction so much devoted to his Service, and bold enough to attempt an Insurrection at *London*. They learned soon after, that upon a trifling Advantage obtained in *Scotland*, he took up his Time in getting himself crowned in a little pitiful Country Place; *and that without* explaining himself with regard to *Religion or Privilege*, though in his Manifestos great *Things had been* promised. This News inspired *'em with Contempt* and Suspicion at the same Time.

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How could their Affection be kept up for a Prince who was ſo ignorant of his own Intereſt, and ſo little mindful of that of his Adherents? Add to this, his ſudden Retreat, or rather Flight, when ſo many brave Men had ſacrificed themſelves for him at *Preſton*, and while he had ſtill remaining a conſiderable Body of Troops on foot in *Scotland* of which he came to publiſh himſelf the Liſt in *France*, and at *Avignon*. All theſe Faults of Prudence, or of Courage, have made an Impreſſion upon the *Engliſh*, which Time will never be able to efface; ſo that I may venture to aſſure your Highneſs, that this unfortunate Prince has not ſo many Partiſans now in *England*, as People in this Country imagine.

As for the Parliament, your Royal Highneſs may be perſuaded, that their Debates and Diviſions may be ſometimes prejudicial to the Laws of the Country, to the Church, to Commerce, and to the Tranquillity of the Nation, but never to the Security and Safety of it. What I mean is, that the Genius of the *Engliſh* prompts them to be in conſtant Broils among themſelves; when they have no Diſturbance from abroad, the different Factions and Parties leave no Stone unturned to blacken and ſupplant their Adverſaries; but to whatever Exceſs they may carry their domeſtick Animoſities and Quarrels, their Neighbours never reap any Advantage by it. They reſemble the Dogs in the Fable; what is moſt preſſing ſtill determines them; and when the publick Safety is in Danger, they ſuſpend all private Quarrels, and join all together againſt the common Enemy, that they may thereafter fight among themſelves without being interrupted.

THE Duke of *Orleans* anſwered me ſmiling, that People *of this Character* were not to be deſpiſed. *It is true, continued I,* that the *Engliſh* are formidable Neighbours, *but I* am deceived, if their Frienſhip *can be ſo uſeful* to *France*, as their Hatred n

be prejudical and dangerous. It is, without doubt, in their Power to be uneasy to us; but of what Advantage is their Friendship? Our Wines, Oils, and Salt can be disposed of without them. In Time of War they purchase them from us, at a much dearer Rate than in Peace. On our Part, we bring nothing from their Country but Tobacco, and what hinders us from bringing it from our Plantations in *America*, as they do from theirs? The other Commodities that come to us from *England* are hurtful to our Manufactures, and take the Bread from our Workers. If it then be true, as your Royal Highness thinks, that we are to keep in with the *English*, it is less for the Good than for the Evil that they can do us. I look upon it as a certain Maxim, *replied the Prince*, that the Hatred or Friendship of the *English* is not a Thing indifferent to *France*, and if they will but hearken to Reason, I will spare no Pains to keep a good Correspondence with them. I took the Liberty to say, that his Royal Highness had given them a manifest Proof of his good Intentions, in obliging the Pretender to retire out of the Kingdom. I have hitherto done, *said he*, for that unfortunate Prince much more than I ought; but since he makes so bad a Use of the Opportunities which have been laid in his Way, I can afford him nothing now but Compassion. I remained more than an Hour discoursing in this Manner with the Prince, who turning all of a sudden towards Madam *Parabere*, whom he embraced without any Ceremony, told her that he loved the *English*, because they had good Sense, and had shaken off the Yoke of Bigotry and Superstition more than any People in the World. I know not, *continued he*, when we shall be able to make our Nation imitate so good an Example. The *Abbé du* Bois asked if he had any farther Orders for me. No, *said he*, but

but only that I would advise you to get all the Information you can from him concerning *England.*

We then retired, and the Abbé desired that I would return with him to his Apartment, where we had a long Conference upon the Manners and Customs of *England.* I found he was a Man of Sense, but had no Knowledge but what a thorough Acquaintance with the World and Men have given him; and to be sure he must have been no Man of Learning, since I, who had never made it my Business to apply to any profound Study, could observe it. I remarked two Things in his Conversation, the one was that he often made use of the Name of God in a very profane Manner, and the other that he was no Enemy to the fair Sex. He asked me a great many Questions concerning the Beauty of the *English* Ladies with a Curiosity that plainly discovered the Disposition of the Man. I told him, a little maliciously, I own, that it was a Pity his Character should exclude him from the Favours of these lovely Ladies. He answered with a Sincerity that made me laugh; the Character is nothing in *England*, since it is the Custom that Ecclesiasticks have Wives in that Country. It is true, *replied I*, that one must conform himself to the Customs of the Country where he is. He did me the Honour to invite me to Supper with very good Company, and the whole Conversation ran upon the Women. In three or four Hours I was informed of all the Gallantries of *Paris*; but I shall not stop to relate them, having no Intention that these Memoirs should become a Chronicle of Scandal. What I took most Pleasure in, was to hear that the Prince *Don Manuel* of *Portugal* was arrived in *Paris*; and having asked where he lodged, I was told at the *Hotel de Bretonvilliers*, with the Count de *Ribeira.* Next Morning I went to pay my Respects to this Prince, and, finding him coming dow

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from his Apartment to take Coach, he had Complaisance to return back to his Chamber f Minute or two. He asked News of the Mar and appeared to be sorry that he was not at *P* I observed, by a Brightness in his Eyes, tha had got the better of his Melancholy for the of *Donna Clara de Bermudos*. As he made no t tion of her, I took care to say nothing that m renew her Memory. Some Days after, the C *de Ribeira* gave an Entertainment upon the P *Don Carlos*'s Birth-day, the Magnificence wh was admired. His Royal Highness did him Honour to be present, with the Dutchess of *B* all the Princes and foreign Ministers; and *Don T* who still accompanied the Prince of *Portugal*, so good as to procure me a convenient Place. Dutchess of *Berry* was turned so prodigiously that I did not at first know her. I had seen five or six Years before, and then admired her teel Shape, and delicate Features; and to be a Lady must be strangely fond of Pleasures, purchases them at the Expence of her Beauty Charms. For some Days there was nothing Entertainments and publick Diversions at *P* The Earl of *Stairs*, Embassador from *England*, a most splendid Entertainment for the Birth-c the King his Master. He gave at the same two very extraordinary Balls, one in the Wo *Bulogne* illuminated with an infinite Numb Torches and Flambeaus, and the other by W Masquerade in the *Elysian Fields*, opposite t Garden of the *Thuilleries*. I was not so fo Pleasures as to be present at these Diversions, cured one which suited my Age and Humour ter; instead of the *Elysian Fields*, I went t *Cameldules*, where I was told the *Mareschal d* had just then retired, to pass the Remainder *Life*. The World, apt to put a bad Cons

on the best Actions, did not fail to insinuate, that the Motives of this Retreat proceeded from the Mareschal's finding himself neglected by the Regent, and even obliged to yield his Employment of General of the Gallies to the *Chevalier d'Orleans*, the Duke's natural Son. But there was no great Likelihood that his Hatred of the World proceeded from the Reason just now assigned, since he was fully recompensed for his Dismission, by a Sum of three or four hundred thousand Livres, which was paid him down upon the Nail; besides, the Tranquillity that appeared in his Looks and Behaviour, plainly contradicted the injurious Opinion that the World had of this extraordinary, and, in my Opinion, highly commendable Step. Though I had not the Honour of his Acquaintance, yet I adventured to pay him a Visit, and was so well received that we entered into a Conversation that lasted above two Hours, which fortified my Contemtpt of the World and my Inclination for Solitude. I remember, among many other Things, that he said he was not at all surprized that the Levity of Youth and the Heat of Passions should, for some Time, throw a Veil over Men's Eyes that prevented their seeing the terrible Truths of Religion, but that an old Man, continued he, a Man of my Age, should not reform, and think of the Concerns of another Life, is what I look upon as the greatest Piece of Folly and Blindness. Let us put Things in the most favourable View for Vice; I'll suppose Eternity uncertain, nay even contradictory and impossible, but I have not the least ground to believe that there will not be another Life after this, in which I shall soon find myself, whether I will or not, as I have into this *without my* contributing towards it: I'll *agree that it will, perhaps*, be a short and perishing *Life like unto this*; but I'm just on the Brink of *that dark Leap*, and the Fate of Mortals for

thousand Years is an undeniable Proof that I must soon disappear. Would it not therefore be the greatest Folly not to employ a few remaining Moments in thinking of it? I compare myself to a Man who is ready to leave the House where he now resides, to go and take Possession of another, and, with that Design, takes down the Furniture of the old House, in order to fit up his new Habitation. Thus, *added the Mareschal*, far from repenting that I have retired from the World, I'm only afraid that 'tis less the Work of Religion than of Reason, and that the former has not such a Share as Self-love, which studies it's own Welfare in a dark and unknown Futurity. When our Conversation ended the Mareschal desired to know who I was; but I told him that I did not deserve this obliging Curiosity, and what I possessed most esteemable, was a great Resemblance of my Sentiments with his. When I took my Leave of the Mareschal I returned to the Duke of——*s* Hotel, where, by his Order I had taken up my Lodging. The Porter informed me that he was come Home an Hour before. I went immediately to wait on him, and to let him know what had past at the *Palais Royal*. He asked me if I intended to make any long Stay at *Paris*; as I had nothing to detain me, I answered, that I intended to leave it next Day, if his Orders did not prevent me; so far from stopping you, *said he*, my Intention was to beg you would return to my Son, (who, no doubt, finds it very dull to be by himself in the Country) and to keep him Company for eight Days, in which Time I expect to be with you. I took post next Morning, and arrived in the Evening at the Duke's Seat, hugging myself with the Thoughts of agreeably surprising the Marquis, but was very much surprized not to find him there. I was told that, as soon as his Father was gone, he mounted on Horseback, attend-

ed only by *Briſſant*, and had left no Word where he was gone. I immediately gueſſed what Road he had taken, and took Poſt early next Morning for my Daughter's, where I was pretty ſure to find him, and my Conjecture proved true; for there he was, and I could eaſily diſcover, by the Surprize which my Preſence gave him, that he did not expect me ſo ſoon; he advanced however, and embracing me, acknowledged himſelf guilty of a Fault in coming away without acquainting his Father or me, but being at my Daughter's, he could not think himſelf in a ſtrange Houſe, ſince my Family was as dear to him as his own. The Evil being without Remedy, I expreſſed great Joy upon finding him there, and affected to take no Notice, all the Evening, how much he was taken up with *Nadina*. He was very merry and witty upon his pretended Ignorance of her Sex, and complained of my allowing him to continue ſo long in this Error. I humoured his Raillery, and I believe he retired very well ſatisfied both with me and himſelf. I took my Daughter a-part to converſe with her upon this Accident, which diſconcerted all our Meaſures. She owned that the Difficulty ſeemed the greater, becauſe the Marquis's Paſſion appeared to be increaſed, ſince he had ſeen *Nadina* dreſſed in Clothes ſuitable to her Sex. I obſerved, *ſaid ſhe*, all their Motions, at firſt when he arrived, ſhe behaved with an Air of Indifference and Coldneſs, but in ſpite of all my Endeavours, he found Means to entertain her in private, and ever ſince I have remarked that they have an equal Ardour to ſee and ſpeak with one another; ſo that I think it is now fit to put your Niece in a Convent, and it muſt be your Care to remove the Marquis. I promiſed that in ſix Days he ſhould be with his Father, who by that Time was to be at his Country-ſeat. Before I went to Bed I called for *Briſſant*, and aſk

him how he had managed to conceal the Interception of his Maſter's Letter, he anſwered that, by ſome well-contrived Lies, he had got out of the Scrape; that he had made the Marquis believe that a Hole had been made in his Pocket by rubbing on the Saddle as he rode, and that he had not only loſt the Letter, but alſo ſome other valuable Things, for which Reaſon his Maſter had beſtowed two *Louis d'Ors* upon him. I told him it was a Shame that a Man of his Senſe ſhould have Recourſe to lying for a Trifle. Alas! anſwered Mr. Impudence, you know not that in our wretched Condition we are often obliged to lie; 'tis the only Thing of Importance, that we are capable of doing for the Service of our Maſters. I went to Bed, but could not get a Moment's Reſt, and could not conceive the Meaning of it. I had no Trouble of Mind that was, ſtrictly ſpeaking, capable to keep me from ſleeping; on the contrary, for ſome Time paſt, Fortune ſeemed to have made a Truce with me, particularly ſince my Return from *England*, and yet neither this Reflection, nor the Fatigue of travelling could procure me one Moment's Sleep. Good God! cried I upon getting out of Bed, am I threatned with ſome new Misfortune. I remember 'twas always thus Heaven was pleaſed to advertiſe me. Spare my Daughter and the Marquis, and if ſome new Trial is preparing for me, grant me Strength to ſupport it. In ſuch melancholy Thoughts I paſſed the Morning, and did not come out of my Chamber till the Hour of Dinner. I found in the Hall five or ſix neighbouring Gentlemen who had come to viſit my Son-in-law, whom he kept to Dinner. While we were at Table, the Converſation was polite and civil, and after Dinner, the Company took different Diverſions, according to the Cuſtom in the Country. Among the ſix Strangers, there were two of the ſame Age with the Marquis, and

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who, by their Manner, appeared to be as lively and ſprightly as he, the very ſame whom I already mentioned. Both of them had conceived a violent Paſſion for my Niece *Nadina*, and few Days had paſt, while I was abſent, without their viſiting at my Daughter's, and giving Proofs of their Attachment; and though Rivals they behaved ſo as to give no Suſpicion but that they were very good Friends; but the Sight of the Marquis, and his Fondneſs of *Nadina* gave them the Alarm, and inſpired them with Sentiments leſs pacifick, and though they knew his Name and Quality, Love has no Reſpect of Perſons; beſides, our Country Gentlemen are ſo vain and proud within the Limits of their own Territories, that they think themſelves inferior to none. When they therefore perceived that not only the Marquis was continually about *Nadina*, but that ſhe regarded none but him, they held Counſel together, and reſolved to inſult him in the Preſence of my Niece. An Occaſion offered in the Garden, where they artfully drew him and her, under the Pretence of walking, and without Rhime or Reaſon inſulted him in the moſt atrocious Manner, with Language unbecoming Gentlemen. To a Man of the Marquis's Mettle and Fire, ſuch an Affront was intolerable, and demanded Blood, and had not their Swords been left in the Houſe, it muſt that Moment have been ſhed. He only told them, that they were Brutes, who deſerved to be caned, and, without appearing under any great Concern, led *Nadina* towards us on the other Side of the Garden. As they walked along, he begged ſhe would ſay nothing of what had happened, which ſhe, not knowing our Cuſtoms in ſuch Caſes, nor having any Notion of the Conſequences, readily promiſed. The Marquis having walked with us for ſome Minutes, left us without *Affectation, and* went to find the two Gentlemen *who were returned* to the Houſe, and having de-

clared that he would have Satisfaction Sword in Hand, they agreed on the Time and Place where they ſhould meet, he bringing a Second along with him, and who ſhould it be but *Briſſant*, of whoſe Courage he had already made a Trial in *Spain*, and who, on this Occaſion, behaved as well as formerly. The Marquis had ſo much Regard to his Family, that he exempted him from wearing a Livery, and by his Air and Appearance, no Body would have taken him for a Servant. About ſeven o'Clock at Night they went to the Field of Battle, and were ſo lucky, if the Name of Happineſs can be given to ſuch fatal Accidents, as to kill each his Man; the Marquis received no Wound, but *Briſſant* was run through the Thigh. I was leaning over a Window that looked into the Court, far from thinking of any ſuch tragical Scene, when I perceived them at a Diſtance advancing ſlowly Side by Side; The Marquis had his Arm under *Briſſant's*, to aſſiſt him in walking. Such a familiar Poſture diſpleaſed me, and I was preparing a Reprimand, when upon their entring the Court, I perceived *Briſſant* pale, and Marks of Blood upon his Stockings, which, with the Poſture of the Marquis, who ſtill ſupported him, gave me a Suſpicion of ſome unlucky Accident. At laſt the Marquis, who took me aſide, unriddled the whole Myſtery, by recounting his Adventure, which I could ſcarce believe, though I made him repeat, more than once, all the Circumſtances, and my Surprize augmented every Time.

THIS Affair was not to be kept a Secret from the Family, with whom I conſulted, and we unanimouſly agreed to ſend for the Judge of the Diſtrict, and cauſe him to take the Marquis's Depoſition, with *Nadina's* Declaration upon the Circumſtances *of the Fact, to which* we all ſigned our Names. By *this Atteſtation, it* appeared evidently that the Mar*quis was not the* Aggreſſor, that he had been moſt ſcandalouſly

ſcandalouſly inſulted, and had taken immediate Satisfaction, ſince, in effect, the Diſtance of the Inſult and the Combat was ſo ſhort, that it might paſs for an accidental Rencounter. When the Writing was finiſhed, I immediately diſpatched *Scoti*, who went Poſt with a Letter to the Duke, in which I explained the Affair more fully than by the Atteſtation that was incloſed; not doubting, but that his Credit, with what I ſent him, would huſh this Affair. Neverthelefs, to prevent all Accidents, I left my Daughter's that very Evening with the Marquis, and went to the *Carthuſian* Convent, where my Father had ended his Days. I made choice of this Place of Retreat, becauſe it lay on the Frontiers, and that we could get out of the *French* Territories in leſs than an Hour; beſides, I was ſure of welcome there, and that we might remain a long Time without being diſcovered. My Son-in-law, Daughter, and *Scoti*, were the only Perſons that knew where we were gone.

We arrived without Obſtacle at the *Carthuſian* Convent. The Father-Prior and all the other Monks of that Houſe were extremely glad to ſee me again. I did not let them know the Reaſon of our coming there, but only told them that we were come to paſs a few Days in Retirement, and would live as they did without interrupting, in the leaſt, their pious Exerciſes. The Sight of this ſilent and melancholy Place, where my Father died in the Exerciſes of an auſtere Life, brought back to my Memory the firſt Scenes of my Youth. I led the Marquis to his Tomb; the Sight of it drew Tears from me, which I was not aſhamed to ſhed in his Preſence, and the Tenderneſs of his Heart made his Eyes bear me Company, though he endeavoured to hide his Tears from me. Do not be aſhamed, *ſaid I, of theſe Marks* of Tenderneſs and Compaſſion, *which are* a certain Sign of Good-nature. The

cruel and hard-hearted are not capable of ſhedding Tears, which, when kept within the Bounds of Decency and Moderation, are an evident Proof of a gentle and generous Character. He asked what had induced my Father to lead a monaſtick Life, particularly that of this rigid Order; and, in Anſwer, I promiſed to give him the whole Hiſtory of my Life, of which he knew only, as yet, but a few Paſſages. Some Days after I performed my Promiſe, and the Narration was ſo moving, that he burſt out every now and then in Tears. When I had ended it, I told him, you have now heard, my dear Marquis, what you deſired, do you think it deſerved your Curioſity? *He anſwered with an Ardour and Tenderneſs that I ſhall never forget*, Mr. *Renoncourt*, my dear Papa, I have hitherto loved you by Inclination, and becauſe I could not without the higheſt Ingratitude but make ſuch a a Return to the Services you have rendered me, and for your Care of me; but my Heart is ſo penetrated with Affection and Admiration by your Story, that neither your Father nor Spouſe ever loved you more tenderly than I do, and I pray Heaven may not be propitious to me but in ſo far as I ſhall continue in this Sentiment during the whole Courſe of my Life. I aſſured him that he would find it very difficult to ſurpaſs me in Friendſhip. I know it well, *replied he*, embracing me, and this is juſt what ought to be a new Spur to mine. I laid hold of this Moment, in which his Heart ſeemed to be upon his Lips, to mention the raſh and inconſiderate Heat that had engaged him in ſuch a dangerous and criminal Action as that of a Duel; of which, till then I had not ſpoke a Word, being unwilling to add to the Trouble which this *Affair could not but* give him. He did not want *Reaſons to excuſe it*; and to ſpeak the Truth, I *was at a Loſs for A*rguments to prove that he was

in the Wrong. Neverthelefs, I reprefented to him with Warmth, the Enormity of this bloody Scene, and made him acknowledge that he ought, at leaft, to have given me Notice of his Quarrel, that we might have tried fuch Expedients as were confiftent with Honour, before running to the laft Extremity. *Scoti*'s Return made us quite eafy, he arrived fix Days after we had come to our Retirement, with a Letter from the Duke, acquainting us that we might appear again without Fear, fo that we foon left our folitary Manfion.

THE Marquis expected that we would return to my Daughter's; but I told him there was no likelihood that he fhould think of appearing in a Place where perhaps his Life was in Danger; that it was to be feared the Parents of the unfortunate young Men who had been killed, lofing Hopes of Satisfaction, in the Way of Juftice, would have Recourfe to other Methods of being revenged; and that if Honour feemed to juftify the firft Danger to which he had expofed himfelf, Prudence and Religion ought to make him avoid new ones, fo that with great Reluctancy he took the Road to the Duke's Seat; and his Melancholy while we were on our Journey made me judge of the Situation of his Heart. The Abfence of *Nadina*, and the Fear of never feeing her more, if he could not return to my Daughter's, tormented him fadly. My Niece had not failed to let him know that her Father was to leave her behind him in *France*. I know not what Hopes he conceived from this; but in the Evening of our firft Day's Journey, he asked me if it was certain that *Amulem* confented to his Daughter's remaining with us. As I affected to know nothing of his Paffion for her, I anfwered him directly, that it was a Thing determined, and that I believed he would not be forry at it, fince he had fo much Efteem for her as Memifces.

I committed a grand Overſight by giving him ſo favourable an Opportunity of declaring his Sentiments; for whether it was that he found ſomething which flattered his Paſſion in my Manner of expreſſing myſelf, or that he had been long waiting for a favourable Opportunity of diſcovering it, I know not, but I had no ſooner left off ſpeaking than he told me that it was but too true he had conceived a violent Affection for my Niece, when he believed her to be *Memiſces*; but do you think, *continued he, looking at me with a languiſhing Eye*, that the Knowledge of her Sex has extinguiſhed it? I believe, *anſwered I*, that the Friendſhip you have for me extends even to my Niece, and I thank you for the Honour done my Family; a poor *Turkiſh* Girl, *continued I*, to prevent his going on in his Diſcovery, who is ſoon to be ſeparated from her Father, and who would loſe all, ſhould any Misfortune happen to me, will perhaps, ſome Time or other, be very happy to have the Protection of ſuch a Man as you. I have ſome Thoughts, *added I*, of getting her admitted into *St. Cyr*, a Place in that Houſe would be a Settlement for her during Life; and for this End, I'm reſolved to make Application to the Duke your Father, and I flatter myſelf that you will uſe your Intereſt with him on Behalf of this poor little Stranger. He was ſilent for ſome Minutes, but after fetching a deep Sigh, Ah, Sir, *ſaid he*, how unhappy am I in your ſeeming not to underſtand me! Why do you affect not to know that I am deſperately in Love with your charming Niece, and that 'tis impoſſible I can ever ceaſe to love her! 'Tis not a Paſſion of to-day or yeſterday, nor a ſudden Flaſh of Youth, ſuch as I have been guilty of formerly, but the moſt important and ſerious Affair that ever I was engaged in. You know yourſelf that after the Affair of *Donna Diana* I was far from thinking of new Engagements, and I could have

ſwore,

swore, that my Heart should never have felt the Pains of Love: Nevertheless you may remember that I loved your Niece long before I knew her, how is this to be accounted for otherwise, than that 'tis the Will of Heaven I should be attached to her while I live? Must I be the only Man who shall be always obliged to do Violence to his Heart? Why would you condemn an Inclination to which I have not in the least contributed, which offends no Body, and which perfectly agrees with the Rules of the most rigid Virtue? Have you not told me a thousand Times that Love is not a criminal Passion, when it keeps within the Bounds prescribed by Honour and Virtue? You make me no Answer, *continued he*, tell me, at least, if I am mistaken, or if you have deceived me?

My Attention was divided, during his Discourse, between that of listening to what he said, and meditating upon my Answer; his Understanding was so ripened by our Travels, that I resolved to explain myself with him as I would have done with one of more Years; I therefore answered very sedately, that far from having deceived him, I could assure him he might safely follow the Maxims which I had endeavoured to trace out to him, as Rules for his Conduct; as to love, he was in the Right to believe that when it became criminal, Honour and Virtue were it's Enemies; that he needed fear no Reproaches from me if he had followed two such excellent Guides, nor had he any Occasion to be displeased with himself, if such had been his Care. But to discover whether he was mistaken or not, there was a Necessity of having Recourse to Reason, before whose Tribunal the Case was to be fairly tried. You love my Niece, *said I*, and your *Sentiments are honourable* and virtuous, so far right; *but you suppose that* Honour and Virtue permit your *indulging this Passion*, which is a Question to b

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discussed. You resemble a Man who makes a discreet and prudent Use of what belongs to his Neighbour; he cannot be, strictly speaking, culpable for his Discretion in using, but for his assuming a Right to use what does not belong to him. Whatever Innocence you may suppose in your Passion for my Niece, what could you propose to yourself by such an Engagement? Is it only to love her, as you say, in an honourable Way without any farther Prospect? If such a Thing be possible, 'tis very well, and I give my Consent to it, because I think *Nadina* is highly honoured by your Affection. But if you are not ignorant that such a metaphysical Love is a Chimera, why don't you agree, that 'tis impossible for you to keep within these Bounds? And yet I see nothing but Precipices upon all Hands should you transgress them. The least dangerous for you will, perhaps, be the Infamy of my Niece. 'Tis your Business to examine if the Care I have taken of your Youth, and the sincere Friendship I have for you, deserve this melancholy Recompence. Know then, my dear Marquis, that you make a very wrong Application of the Principles, which I have laid down to you. There is nothing vicious just now in your Sentiments. I'll grant it, but as you cannot miss foreseeing that they must, some time or other, become so, Honour and Virtue (to which you have recourse, as to your strong hold) ought to have made you suppress them. What can you oppose to such convincing Reasons? One single Answer, *said he*, that destroys them all. Far from pretending to be satisfied with that Chimera, which you call metaphysical Love, I propose to marry your Niece, if you consent to it. This is what I wanted, that you should understand by the Terms *of Virtue and Honour*, by which I'm directed in *the Views I have* with respect to her. Were you *still a Child, reply'd* I, such a Project were pardonable

able in you, but, at your Age, to entertain ſuch whims, is not only ſurpriſing, but very much grieves me; and I ſhould be extremely ſorry, that the Duke your Father ſhould ever know you had made me ſuch a Propoſal, and that I had heard it with ſo much Patience. No, no, Sir, *continued I*, ſtarting up from my Chair of a ſudden, don't hope to bring me as a Partner in your little Diſorders: You have hitherto, it ſeems, neither known my Character nor Principles. I would ſooner periſh, than betray, in the leaſt, your Father's Confidence. Do you know what will be the Conſequence of this whim of yours? Why truly to cure you of it, I muſt deprive my ſelf of the Pleaſure of ſeeing my Niece, by ſending her to *Aſia* with her Father. I had never ſpoke to the Marquis before ſo warmly, and the Impreſſion which my Diſcourſe made upon him, joined to the bad Succeſs of his Propoſal, and the fear of loſing *Nadina*, gave him ſuch a terrible Shock, that he ſhed Tears, which he endeavoured to conceal by holding his Handkerchief before his Eyes. I affected to be more rigid than I really was, in order to baniſh all Hopes of his ever finding me favourable to his Deſigns, and, upon retiring, exhorted him to have more command of himſelf, and to draw ſome Advantage from his Experience in former Adventures.

THE Duke did not come to his Country-Seat till two or three Days after our Arrival. I remarked that, far from being diſatisfied with the Marquis upon what had happened, he was glad of his Son's having had this Opportunity of giving Proofs of his Courage, before he made his publick Appearance upon the Stage of Life. As I expreſſed my Concern for not having been able to prevent this Quarrel, he told me that though ſuch Things ought always to be avoided, yet it was not abſolutely unpardonable in a young Man, when he came off

flying Colours, and I perceived that he embraced his Son with more Tenderness than usually. Having heard him say, that he intended to remain a Month or six Weeks in the Country, I begged he would allow me to return, for some Time, to my Daughter's, to which he consented, after we had agreed about the Time of our Departure for *Germany*. As we were not as yet entered the *Autumn*, we could easily reach *Vienna* before *Winter* came on, and pass it in that City. *Amulem* had the same Design, and I resolved, that we should go together. That Morning I was to leave the Duke's, the Marquis came into my Chamber, and begged, with a very submissive Air, that I would not think of sending *Nadina* back to *Turkey*. I told that it was I myself who begged of him not to force me to it; that my Niece being extremely dear to me, I should not willingly deprive my self of the Pleasure of seeing her, but that I had, upon the other Hand, so sincere a Friendship for him, I would sacrifice every Thing to keep him in his Duty, and to reap the Fruit of my Instructions. He promised every Thing, I desired, except ceasing to love *Nadina*. I little thought, as I was peaceably jogging on to my Daughter's, that new Troubles attended me there. The first Piece of News which I learned upon my Arrival was the Death of my Lord *R*——, of which my Lady had received Advice two Days before, by private Letters from *London*. I went to pay her my Compliments of Condoleance. 'Twas natural to think, that her Grief would not be excessive, and I even imagined that it would require no small Art to dissemble her Joy; and yet, to my Surprize, I found in her Countenance and Behavior visible Marks of a deep Concern. I was alone with her, and fully resolved not to remain long, having always, from the Experience of my *own Weakness, avoided*, as much as possible, all

private Converſations with her. and ſtood upon my Guard againſt the ſtrong Attacks that her Charms made upon my poor ſilly Heart. How a Man of my Years can make ſuch a Confeſſion without the greateſt Confuſion, is pretty odd; but Truth obliges me not to conceal my Failings, though I bluſh to own them. After ſome moments Converſation, I got up to be gone, but ſhe deſired I would ſit down again, and then told me, that ſhe wanted to be informed of ſomething from my own Mouth, on which depended her Peace and Tranquillity. You know with what Views, *continued ſhe*, I accepted the Offer you made me of retiring to your Daughter's, and what has retained me at her Houſe ſo long. As my Promiſes were ſincere, I thought your Conſent was ſo too; and yet now, when we are at Liberty to perform our Engagements, and that I rejoiced in this Liberty as a Thing that would be as agreeable to you as to my ſelf, I underſtand, by your Daughter, that you have intirely changed your Sentiments with reſpect to me; as a Favour let me beg you will, at leaſt, tell me what has made me loſe your Eſteem, and by what Means I am become deſpicable in your Eyes? This Diſcourſe was ſo intelligible, that at firſt I was in a doubt what to think of the Soundneſs of her Judgment. She no doubt took my Silence and Aſtoniſhment for a Confirmation of the pretended Contempt with which ſhe reproached me. I judged ſo by the Diſorder which appeared in her Countenance and Eyes, and more by ſome bitter Expreſſions upon my Ingratitude, Baſeneſs, and Treachery, and even upon my Age, which was not forgot, all which was followed by a Flood of Tears, which ſtreamed from her Eyes. This Scene, which I ſo little expected, put me into the utmoſt Confuſion; but having at laſt recovered my ſelf ſo as to ſpeak, I aſked her, with all the Calmneſs I was Maſter of, what had put her

into ſuch a Paſſion, and why ſhe treated me ſo roughly, without telling me in what I was ſo unlucky as to have offended her? This Queſtion would perhaps have provoked her ſtill more, had I not gone on, by proteſting that I did not in the leaſt feel myſelf guilty, that my Eſteem for her had ſuffered no Diminution, and that I never had made any Promiſes to her which I was not ready to perform, at the Expence of my Life and Fortune.

THESE Aſſurances made her ſomething eaſier. Come, Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, ſpeak ingenuouſly, for I cannot bear to be deceived. Is it not true, that your Sentiments for me are not ſuch as you gave me Ground to believe, and that I have had a miſtaken Notion of them? I tell you nothing but what I have from the Marchioneſs your Daughter, and ſhe aſſured me that ſhe had it from yourſelf. As this Diſcourſe was a Riddle which I could not comprehend, I reſtricted my ſelf to this general Anſwer, that, certainly, none had a greater Eſteem and Veneration for her than I, and that, far from any Change in my Sentiments, I could aſſure her, the more I knew her, the more my Reſpect increaſed, and then asked Permiſſion to leave her for a Minute, that I might go and clear up this Matter with my Daughter.

I was ſo impatient to have this Myſtery unriddled, that I went directly to her Apartment and began with Reproaches, which ſhe as little underſtood as I did thoſe of my Lady. Let us ſpeak plain, *ſaid ſhe*, that we may underſtand one another, what ruffles you in this Manner? I told her what had paſſed between my Lady and me. 'Tis true, *ſaid ſhe*, that my Lady when ſhe received the News of her Huſband's Death, came and deſired me to join with her in thanking Heaven for delivering her from the moſt cruel of her Enemies. That after this I became the Subject of their Converſation, my Lady declaring that ſhe was now ready to receive me as her

Husband,

Husband, which Title she imagined I would willingly accept of. I answered, *continued my Daughter*, that without doubt, you would be extremely sensible of her Goodness; but that, knowing as I did, your Inclination for Solitude and a retired Life, I doubted much if you could be easily induced to think of a married State again; upon which she pressed me to tell her plainly what I knew of your Intentions, and I made no Difficulty to inform her, that having lately founded you, I had found my Discourse so little agreeable, that I had been forced to pacify you by Excuses and Submissions. She replied not a Word, *added my Daughter*, but has been thoughtful and melancholy ever since, without discovering the Occasion of this Change of Humour.

I now saw clearly into the whole Affair, and did not doubt but that my Lady was offended at this Sort of Refusal which she imagined my Daughter had made, perhaps by my Order. I conceived well enough what she meant by her Promises, but I did not as yet understand, why she talked of my Consent, and our Engagements. I remembered perfectly well that, upon her leaving *London*, she engaged to marry me, when she was at Liberty to do it, and found me inclinable to be her Husband: But as I had then made no Answer to the Honour she did me, I could not think I lay under any Engagement, or could justly be branded with Breach of Promise. I considered how I was to behave with my Lady, and consulted with my Daughter, who, as she secretly wished that this Marriage might be accomplished, artfully made use of all the Arguments she could think of, to persuade me, and my silly Heart, I must own, joined with her; so that in some Moments, I thought it was ridiculous, and even barbarous, to reject the Offers of a charming Lady, who gave me so many Proofs of a sincere Affection, for to what else but Love, could I ascrib

the Advantages ſhe had made, and to ſuch a Love as had the Power to make her over-look my old Age and the Want of Fortune. Her Reſentment and Reproaches flattered my Vanity not a little, and this very Thought, of making a Conqueſt at my Age, of ſo charming a Lady, was like to turn the Balance and to overturn a thirty Years Reſolution. But will I be loved, *ſaid I in a Moment after to myſelf*, as I was by *Selima?* Shall I meet with ſuch Ardours, Tranſports, and unexpreſſible Delicacies? A Heart ſo accuſtomed to a Manner of being loved ſo peculiar to my dear Spouſe, is it proper to enter into Engagements with any other Heart? Will it underſtand the Language of another, or make it's own be underſtood? I muſt acknowledge, that I remained long irreſolved, and ſaw my Lady *R*—— again before I came to any ſettled Determination. She was however reſolved to know my Intentions, and preſſed me often in a Manner that almoſt made me yield; and I am deceived, if ſhe had not concerted Matters with my Daughter, who conſtantly attacked me with the moſt ſeducing Reaſons; and even *Amulem*, whom ſhe had let into the Secret, employed many *Turkiſh* Arguments to convince me that, without a Wife, there was no Happineſs, neither in this World nor in the next. I ſhould perhaps have yielded at laſt to ſuch powerful Attacks, had not Providence come to my Aſſiſtance, by an Event that opened my Eyes, and inſpired me with Courage and Strength to do my Duty; which was the ſudden Death of poor *Scoti*. That faithful Valet had ſerved me forty-eight Years, excepting the Time I was a Slave in *Turky*. I ſhould be at a Loſs to determine, whether the Confidence and Regard I had for him exceeded the Zeal, Reſpect, and inviolable Attachment he had for me; he was continually running out in Praiſes of his Maſter, and I muſt in Juſtice ſay, that never Maſter had a bette

better Servant. He died of an extraordinary Diſtemper for a Man of his Age, *viz.* a Pleuriſy which he got by over-heating himſelf at hunting, and which in three Days conducted him to his Grave. As I was by him when he breathed his laſt, ſuch Spectacles are affecting to People of Humanity. But after I had dropped ſome Tears for his loſs, my Compaſſion turned towards myſelf. I reflected how little Time I was to be behind him, and having accompanied his Corps to the Grave, I looked upon it as a Place which was e're long to be my own Habitation, and examined it with a melancholy Curioſity, not being able for a conſiderable Time to withdraw my Eyes from this fatal Object. Inſtead of returning home, when I came out of the Church, I bruſhed into a Wood that lay near the Houſe, to entertain myſelf with the melancholy Thoughts with which my Mind was wholly taken up.

WHEN I was got into the midſt of the ſhady Groves, the firſt Object that preſented itſelf to my Imagination, was that long and unfortunate Tract of Years that had revolved ſince the Time of poor *Scot's* entering into my Service; that is to ſay, ſince my Infancy, and I could fix my Thoughts on no Part of this vaſt Space, without finding Traces of Grief and Sorrow. In almoſt an Age, I could ſcarce reckon up a few Moments of Pleaſure, and not one of them that had not been followed by innumerable Croſſes and Vexations. I was deprived ſucceſſively either by Death or Fortune, of every Thing that may be called Objects of Eſteem, Love and Attachment, and the very Remedies of my Loſſes were changed into Poiſon; the only one that I thought *infallible*, and of which I had happily begun to feel the Effect, (I ſpeak of my Retreat from the World) was loſt by a ſilly Complaiſance, fo which I was ſeverely puniſhed, in launching out

to a new Sea of Troubles; but what mortifie moſt of all was, to ſee that my Misfortunes not get the better of my Follies; to ſuffer, to to be conſtantly toſſed to and fro, and depriv Joy and Reſt, is chargeable upon Fortune; b be a Slave to Love at the Age of threeſcore, the Victim of a ſhameful Flame, and a Tool the Paſſions of an effeminate Heart, is my own per Crime, and an endleſs Reproach upon my racter. Let us ſee, at leaſt, *ſaid I within n* what Excuſe I can make, or what Pretences be urged to diminiſh my Shame. Alas! in va I ſeek for any. The World, Religion, Na my own Reaſon, do they not all condemn Could I but get out of myſelf for a Moment, look upon this Body weakened with Age, Heart languid and faint for want of Blood Spirits. Theſe gray Hairs, true Emblems of I tality, in one Word, this Compound, whoſe I and Colour retire by Degrees, this tottering Machine, that gradually ceaſes to be anim what other Thoughts would ſuch a Sight as th ſpire, but thoſe of Pity, and perhaps perſonal tempt. I ſhould, no doubt, admire my fooliſh nity, in believing my ſelf as yet lovely, a ſhould laugh at my ridiculous Deſires. How r more monſtrous muſt they appear to other than my own? No, no, I ſhall neither believe Lady *R*—— nor my Daughter. Friendſhip b the one, and Gratitude the other. My Reaſon muſt be my Judge, and how happy am I that ſtill ſo ſound as to make me perceive the Preci to the Brink of which I had ſo imprudently

tell her plainly that I could not think of marrying again, and I returned to the House fully determined to execute my Scheme, with which it seems Heaven corresponded, for having entered by the Back-door of the Garden, I found her Ladyship walking alone. After some Compliments on the Death of *Scoti*, to whom she reckoned herself under some Obligation, for attending her in her Flight from *England*, she told me without any Ceremony, that if I was still in the Resolution of becoming her Husband, further Delays were useless; that in Reality the Death of my Lord *R*—— was recent yet his Behaviour to her, their long Separation, and the Time she had been in *France*, put Things in a different Light from what might be the Case of other Women. I did not in the least hesitate to make such an Answer as I had proposed to myself when I was alone. I am highly sensible, Madam, *said I*, of this generous Constancy that makes you persist in your Offers, and do assure you, that my Acknowledgment bears a just Proportion to the Obligation. But I should be unworthy of your Esteem did I not sincerely explain my Sentiments upon the Engagement which you are pleased to propose to me. You don't know me, Madam, I dare be bold to say it. The Art I have acquired of composing my Countenance makes you fancy that my Mind corresponds with my Looks, and that I am capable of relishing the Happiness you offer me; you little imagine that my exterior Tranquillity is a false and deceitful Image, and the Knowledge of the true Situation of my Mind, must make you tremble. Imagine that you see before you an unfortunate Man oppressed with the Rigours of adverse Fortune, distracted with the *Loss of what was most* dear to him upon Earth, in *the constant Habit* of Sighs and Tears for fort *Years past.* For ever uneasy, pensive, agitat

wi[illegible]

wiſhing Death as the End of his Pains, and yet dreading it as the Concluſion of a Life that has not been always regular; a Man whoſe Thoughts are gloomy, and all his Sentiments heavy and dejected. Add to this diſmal Picture, the Infirmities that old Age, Travelling, and conſtant Fatigues of all Kinds have brought upon me. Such, Madam, is the real State of what's within this impoſing Form of mine, and Truth obliges me not to diſguiſe it. You now ſee clear into the Bottom of my Heart: What fatal Preſent ſhould I make you in offering it! What a monſtrous Companion muſt a Wretch be to you who ſhould be inſenſible of your Charms, who would diſturb your Peace and Quiet by his Sighs, and perhaps oblige you to bear a Part in his Troubles; or, at leaſt, ſhun your Preſence, and ſeek in Solitude and in Tears the only Sort of Happineſs that he is capable of reliſhing. Conſider well of it, Madam, you deſerve a better Fate, your Generoſity would prove fatal, ſhould you, after all this, give Way to it. Here I left off ſpeaking and waited for my Lady's Anſwer. She had liſtened to me without lifting up her Eyes, and I could perceive no Alteration in her Countenance. She at laſt told me, in a very calm Manner, that if my Declaration was not gallant, it was at leaſt ſincere and honeſt; that ſhe ſhould perhaps think herſelf affronted by my Coldneſs and Indifference had ſhe ground to believe they proceeded from Contempt of her Perſon, but as ſhe could not but agree to the Validity of my Reaſons, ſhe gave up all Pretenſions to a Heart that could not be given without doing itſelf Violence; that my Countenance had indeed deceived her, but being very eaſy about ſenſual Pleaſures, my advanced Age wou'd have been no Obſtacle, had ſhe but found in me a Husband civil and complaiſant, as my Manners and Figure had made her hope; but being now informed, by myſelf, that I could by no Mear

ins contribute to make her happy, ſhe renounced he Rights which her Offers and Advances might : juſtly claimed to my Heart. Upon which I d her Hand, and aſſured her that ſhe ſhould als have the firſt Place in my Eſteem and Friend-

I depend ſo much the more upon the one the other, *replied ſhe*, becauſe I have not, to my wledge, given you any Occaſion to refuſe them, it will not be long before I put you to a Trial. have Occaſion to conſult with you about a new of Life; for there is no thinking of ſtaying er here, ſince I have no further Proſpect of what ned me till now, what Place ſhall I make ice of for a Retirement? I anſwered, that as as my Daughter's Company and Houſe were eable to her, ſhe had no other Retirement to for; to which, after ſome ſmall Reſiſtance, igreed, and turning towards the Houſe, 'tis then , *ſaid ſhe*, I ſhall paſs the Remainder of my 's, adding, that it ſhould be upon three Condis; the firſt, that ſhe ſhould be told without emony, if her being there happened to become iny Time inconvenient to the Family; the ſed, that ſince I could not be her Huſband, I ild direct her by my Advice and Friendſhip, as really were; and the laſt, that *Amulem* and my -in-law ſhould conſent to her adopting *Nadiva* her Daughter and Heireſs. This Generoſity w Tears from me, and gave me a different Idea his charming Lady's Character from what I had ore. You ſhall Madam, *ſaid I*, be abſolute ſtreſs in this Family; my Daughter is too happy iaving ſuch a Friend as you, and I myſelf look n the Occaſion of doing you ſome trifling Sers, as one of the greateſt Favours that Fortune done me in the whole Courſe of my Life. We went towards the Houſe and my Lady w ſt that told my Daughter what had paſſed

twixt her and me, and ſhe preſſed us ſo earne to grant her *Nadina* as her Daughter, that we co not but conſent to what ſhe ſo generouſly propo ſo that my Niece had a Bed made up for her in Lady's Apartment, and it will be ſeen in the Seq that ſhe had all the Tenderneſs of a real Mother her, and even carried it a little too far; but thi what I ſhall not as yet explain, being unwilling lay before my Reader, ſooner than is neceſſa the melancholy Scene that is to be acted in House.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, *&c.*

BOOK XIII.

THE happy Conclusion of this Adventure made me very thankful to Providence that seemed to have a particular Hand in it. I employed some Days in settling with *Amulem*, the Plan of our intended Journey to *Germany*. He was absolutely determined to set out before Winter, but not having seen *Paris*, he desired to go and pass some Weeks there before our Departure, which did not at all clash with the Measures I had taken with the Duke, so that, instead of dissuading him, I promised to conduct him there. We arrived in that great City, at a Time when Strangers were to see it in the greatest Splendour, that is to say, when the *Mississipi* System was at it's Height. Pomp and Magnificence were not confined then to certain Persons, but seemed to be the peculiar Priviledge of every individual. Gold and Money flew like Dust about Streets. Having, as it were, made their Escape f the Prisons in which they used to be con

Clothes, Equipages, high Gaming, luxurious Feasting and Diversions of all Kinds, discovered the Opulence of the Kingdom; or, rather, if I may speak sincerely, it's real Weakness, by thus foolishly consuming it's Riches in external Vanity and Nonsense. *Amulem* was so struck with what he saw, that, notwithstanding his *Turkish* Prejudice, he could not deny but *Paris* was more brilliant than *Constantinople*.

We had abundance of Difficulty to find a commodious Lodging, and still more to hire a Coach, such Demand there was for them, and so few Persons that inclined to walk the Streets a-foot. Not a Day passed without some Prodigy of Fortune, in Favour of the meanest and lowest Class of Men, and the surprizing Wheel was set a going by the celebrated Mr. *Law*, whom I had the Pleasure to see, being introduced by some *English* Gentlemen that I knew at *London*, and who were at that Time in *Paris*. This wonderful Man, though loaded with so great Variety of weighty Affairs, was not only calm and sedate, but also very far from being an Enemy to Pleasures, in which he indulged himself, now and then, and laid aside the Statesman. His Wife, not the only one he had, if Credit may be given to Fame, was a gay Dame, and in great Intimacy with the *Abbé du Bois*, without the Husband's appearing to be in the least uneasy at their Familiarity. He invited us to sup with him that Evening, and I was surprized to find that Abbé there, who immediately remembered me, and, not knowing that I had left *Paris* after I had seen him five or six Weeks ago, complained of my Unkindness in not calling to see him. He was too agreeably employed in entertaining Madam Law, next to whom he sat at Table, to think of having any serious Discourse with me, he only made me promise, that I should pay him a Visit the next Day. During

Supper

Supper, we were all full of Joy, Wit, and good Humour, and Mr. *Law* ſaid a thouſand pretty Things, but not one Word was ſpoken of the Syſtem, though I wiſhed much that the Converſation might turn to that Side: The Severities of the *Chamber of Juſtice*, and the Terrour into which it had thrown all thoſe who were concerned in the King's Revenues, were the Subjects moſtly diſcourſed upon. Mr. *Paparel*, Pay-maſter general of the Army, had been condemned to die ſome Days before, and People were at a Loſs to account for the Reaſons why his Royal Highneſs delayed the Execution of his Sentence. As it is uſual to reflect upon People condemned to a ſhameful Death, poor *Paparel* was not ſpared by Mr. *Law*, and the *Abbé du Bois*, and I muſt own that, if what they laid to his Charge was true, he muſt have been a conſummate Rogue; but this is certain, that if he had a covetous corrupted Mind, his Imagination perfectly correſponded with it; he deſerves Death, ſaid the *Abbé du Bois*, were there no other Reaſon but to purge the World of a Monſter who diſhonours human-kind, for I am credibly informed, that his moſt delicious Morſel, is the Excrement of the firſt Perſon that comes in his Way. I did not at firſt underſtand what the Abbé meant, but was ſoon informed, by his adding that this Wretch commonly fed upon what we void, that he always carried about him a little Spoon for this Uſe, and that more than once, when he happened to meet with a Footman, who appeared to be of a vigorous healthy Conſtitution, he had, by the prevailing Argument of Money, obtained from him ſome of this abominable Victuals. Such a depraved Taſte appeared to me to be ſo ſtrange, that I ſcarce ſhould have ventured to recount this as a Truth, had the Fact not been ſo poſitively aſſerted, that I could not doub[t] of it. About twelve o'clock Mr. *Law* withdre[w]

on Pretence of Bufinefs which was to be difpatched before he went to Bed, and I retired a little after with the two *Englifh* Gentlemen that had introduced me. As they lodged not far from me, we went together, and, in our Way home, the Converfation ran upon the prodigious Run of Mr. *Law's* Fortune, and the Induftry with which he had raifed himfelf. Mr. *Stepney*, one of the two who knew him better than the other, told me fome Paffages of his Life that deferve to be recounted. Mr. *Law*, faid he, is a *Scotchman*, and of a tolerable good Family. His Genius from his Youth was turned to Commerce and Bufinefs. His Parents put him, when he was young, into a Merchant's Counting-houfe, but by what Means he fcraped together, in that Place, a confiderable Sum, fo as to have no Occafion for any farther Affiftance from his Family, is ftill a Myftery. I knew, continued Mr. *Stepney*, the Merchant with whom he was at *Edinburgh*, and have heard him fay much in Commendation of his Prudence and Fidelity. He took the Road to *Briftol* with his Money and Letters of Recommendation, which foon procured him a better Place than what he left, being made firft Clerk to the *Jamaica* Company, and by his Affiduoufnefs and Ingenuity was not long of getting intirely into the good Graces of the Merchants. Neverthelefs, whether he had till then acted the Hypocrite, or that he was feduced by the large Sums that paffed through his Hands, fome Miftakes in Calculation were difcovered in his Accounts, which gave ground for Sufpicion. The *Englifh* Merchants require Exactnefs, and therefore had a ftrict Eye over him, which he perceived, and made ufe of this Stratagem to fruftrate their Attempts of difcovering his Tricks, or proving any Malverfation in his Management. He had contracted an intimate Acquaintance with the Cafhier of another confiderable Company, who was not honeft

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than himself. They agreed to support one another, and by that Means to cheat with Certainty and Impunity. When either of them was required to give up their Accounts, he had Recourse to the other for what Cash he wanted, and as they played to one another's Hands in this Shape, they were always prepared for the most rigorous Examination, and at the same Time employed considerable Sums in Trade, which People were surprized at, not being able to judge how they could raise them. Though this Scheme was very artfully contrived, yet their Employers, particularly the Company by whom Mr. *Law* was employed, had so strong Suspicions, that they could not hinder themselves from letting him know their Sentiments. Upon which he, finding that his Credit would be undone, resolved to draw himself out of the Scrape by a Treachery that ruined his Collegue, to whom he pretended an Obligation of making up his Cash Account, desiring he would furnish him, according to Agreement, with the Sum he wanted, which he accordingly received, but with no Intention to return it. The other, who expected no such Thing, called for his Money some Days after. Mr. *Law* appeared to be astonished, as if he did not understand the Meaning of such a Demand, and finding himself sorely pressed, made a Noise, which covered this poor unfortunate Fellow with Shame and Confusion, and obliged him to take to his Heels to avoid Punishment. The clearer sighted saw through his Villainy, but it would have been hazardous to attack Mr. *Law*, without a full and evident Conviction. Nevertheless, this Adventure having thrown a Blemish upon his Character, it determined him to leave *Bristol*, and to go to *London*, where he did not employ himself in the Service of other People, being *now rich enough* to act for himself, and I make *no doubt, continued* Mr. *Stepney*, but that in a little

Time he would have been one of the richeſt private Men in *England*, had not Love made him the Bubble of two Women, who had very near ruined him. The firſt was my Lady—— a profeſſed *Coquette*, who had already beggared twenty Lovers at *London*, and who was as famous for her Debaucheries as her Beauty. Mr. *Law* had the Misfortune to ſee and love her, which ſhe was apprized of before he had the Boldneſs to declare his Paſſion, and had already laid her Scheme to ſtrip him. He was a Novice in Gallantry, though well verſed in Buſineſs, and having always been in the mercantile Way, was an abſolute Stranger to polite Life; and it was upon this weak Side that my Lady made her firſt Attack. Scarce had he made his firſt Declaration, when ſhe artfully made him underſtand, that nothing wanted to make him agreeable, but ſome Alteration in his Manner; that the Public might give him the Character of a Man of polite Taſte. He underſtood well enough what ſhe meant, but could not act the Beau with any good Grace. Inſtead of accuſtoming himſelf by Degrees to the Court Airs, he thought himſelf qualified to aſſume them all at once, but was ſo aukward a *Petit-maitre*, that his Friends pitied him, and Strangers laughed at the Contraſt of his Dreſs and Manners. And yet, as he was a Man of Wit, and of an inſinuating Temper, he by Degrees attained to my Lady's good Graces, and the only Obligation he had to this Lady, was her having thus contributed to poliſh him. The other Leſſons he received from her were not ſo uſeful, having engaged him in ſuch exceſſive Expences, that he ſoon perceived a great Diminution in his Caſh, and, what was moſt ſhocking to him, when the Lady found that the Source *of his Liberalities* was in a Manner drained, ſhe ſent *him Word not to* appear any more at her Houſe *This Diſgrace* affected him ſo much, that he w[illegible]

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insensible of the Loss of a Part of his Estate. His Friends who perceived him to be of so amorous a Constitution, advised him to satisfy himself at a less Expence, that is to say, to follow the Custom of *London*, by keeping a pretty Girl, over whom he would have a more absolute Command; they accordingly procured him a very handsom Mistress, with whom he lived contentedly enough for some Months; but it was always his Fate to pay for the Pleasures of Love at a dear Rate, for his Mistress made an Elopement one Morning, and carried off with her three thousand Guineas, and a great many Jewels. Such Losses upon the Back of one another, put his Affairs into such Disorder, that all his Address could not set them to Rights. The Court Airs which my Lady—— had taught him, put his Head quite off Trade, so that he commenced Gamester, and every body knows the Life that such commonly lead. Sometimes he had immense Sums, and then he launched into all Manner of Extravagancies, and at other Times scarce a Morsel of Bread to put in his Mouth. I have seen him, for three Months, with a Coach and six, Town and Country-houses, both richly furnished, but Fortune soon turned the Scale: Colonel *Charters* ruined him in one Night, as he since did the Duke of *Wharton* and many others. After this, Mr. *Law* turned Projector, that is to say, formed Plans for trading Companies, which he presented to the Merchants; contrived Engines for the more easy Execution of several great Undertakings, particularly for cleaning Ditches, Canals, and Docks for Shipping, for which last he contrived a Machine that was extremely useful. He was the first that put the Duke of *Montague* upon *the Project of settling* a Colony in the Island of St. *Lucia, which* cost this Duke the half of his Estate, *and which* miscarried at last. In short, he support- ed *himself* in a very decent Manner, by the

ſiſtance of his Genius, till Fortune called him over to *France*, and paved his Way to the particular Favour and Protection of the Duke of *Orleans* Regent. He ſtill preſerves, added Mr. *Stepney*, a ſtrong Inclination for Women, his Heart is not Proof againſt the Charms of the fair Sex, on whom he beſtows his Favours and Liberalities with Profuſion, particularly on ſome *Engliſh* Beauties, whom he has cauſed to be brought from *London*, and with whom he, now and then, paſſes an agreeable Hour, to recreate his Spirits fatigued with Buſineſs; ſo that inſtead of bringing Horſes and Dogs from *England*, as our *French* Quality do, he brings pretty Girls, of whom he may be ſaid to have a Seraglio, which coſts him very dear.

My Head was ſo full of Mr. *Law*, when I parted with Mr. *Stepney*, that I dreamed of him after I was in Bed, and thought I ſaw him in a Situation very different from what he was, or in the leaſt apprehended to be. I imagined that I ſaw his Royal Highneſs puſhing him out of his Apartment by the Shoulders, and that being thereupon abandoned by all his former Friends and Creatures, he was obliged to go and ſeek for Bread out of the Kingdom, after having taken it from ſo many others.

The next Day I paid the *Abbé du Bois* a Viſit, who might be called a ſecond *Law* for the Looſeneſs of his Morals, and I muſt confeſs that nothing ever gave me ſo much Contempt of Fortune's Favours, as to ſee them beſtowed, with ſo much Laviſhneſs, upon People of this Character. I have a thouſand Times made this Reflection in the Courſe of my Life, and the ſeeing ſo many Wretches jump at once into immenſe Fortunes, brought it freſh into my Mind every Hour of the Day. Can it be poſſible, *ſaid I to myſelf*, that Providence eſteems what *it puts into ſuch* Mens Hands? No, their Riches *are as deſpicable as themſelves.* I do not, however

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mean to put the *Abbé du Bois* into this Claſs altogether, his Wit and Manners diſtinguiſhed him from the Crowd of thoſe worthleſs Creatures. The Viſit which I now paid him, was more familiar than the firſt, and he told me even incredible Inſtances of his Royal Highneſs's Affection, and of the Confidence he placed in him, which the Event of his Life vouched for. As he had been this Prince's Preceptor, he took the Glory of his good Taſte for Arts and Sciences to himſelf. God knows how juſt his Vanity was upon this Score, and if he was capable to inſpire him with it. He did me the Favour to get me a Sight of his Cloſet, Pictures and Laboratory. The Cloſet was full of Books and Papers lying up and down without Order. I had the Curioſity to look into ſome of his Books, being perſuaded, that the beſt Way to know the Character and Inclinations of an ingenious Man, was to obſerve what employed him moſt in his private Cloſet. In that of his Royal Highneſs I ſaw a Mixture of Divinity, Hiſtory, Literature, and particularly of natural Philoſophy. The extraordinary Works, I mean thoſe of *Spinoſa*, *Hobbs*, *Vanini*, *Toland*, *Paracelſus*, &c. were placed by themſelves, and with them a large MS. written with his Royal Highneſs's own Hand, in which he had taken the Pains to extract, by Way of Abridgment, what was moſt curious in thoſe Authors. The *Abbé du Bois* made me take Notice of a *Latin* Manuſcript *de Deo, an poſſibilis*; for which he told me his Royal Highneſs had paid fifty *Louis d'Ors*, adding, that the Duke of *Orleans* ſometimes paſſed four or five Hours among his Books, and never read without the Pen in his Hand, to put down his Remarks and Reflections. He had cauſed to be tranſlated for his own Uſe, a great many *Engliſh* Books which he highly eſteemed, and Mr. *d'Agueſſeau*, Attorney-General, who underſtood *Engliſh* perfectly well, was often his

Translator. If Credit may de given to our Abbé, this Prince's Curiosity was unlimited, and he has oftener than once caused to be brought, from the farthest Part of *Europe*, Men who had the Character of having acquired extraordinary Knowledge. One Day having read, in an *English* Relation of *Lapland*, that the People of that cold Part of our Hemisphere were much given to Magick, and that very surprizing Things happened in those Parts, he could not be easy till he had one of those Magicians brought to him in his Closet. No body ever knew what passed between them, but it is probable that he was not satisfied, the *Laplander* not having remained long with him. He was better pleased with one *Valtas*, who was taken into Favour upon Account of his profound Knowledge in Chemistry, and they wrought together sometimes two Hours in the Laboratory. He was extremely skilful in distilling and making Elixirs, and often invented new ones, which he took a Pleasure to have sold, at *London* and *Paris*, by Quacks who gained considerably by them. In short, he has made Pearls and Tinctures of Crystal beautiful to Admiration.

As for the grand Work of the Philosopher's Stone, he attempted it without Success, but found out another Secret almost equivalent, which was the Bank-Bills. He threw out a great deal of Money upon the Transmutation of Metals, assisted by Mr. *Carridge* an *Englishman*, but they could not catch the Secret of Nature. All the Fruit of their Labours was composing mixt Metals to great Perfection, but the Expence exceeded the Value. An impudent *Italian* who had heard of his *R. H.* Taste for Chemistry, demanded a private Audience in his Laboratory. When he was admitted, he took Care to *shut the Door*, and then took out of his Pocket a *small Crucible* of an extraordinary Shape, at the *bottom whereof* was a little Copper-Vessel which he

he filled with an Elixir that he had in a Bottle. He took a Bit of burnt Stick with which he put his Elixir in a Flame, and then begged that his *R. H.* would lend him a *Louis D'Or* for a Moment, which, in his Presence, he put into the Crucible, and in less than three Minutes drew out a Piece of Silver of the same Bigness, delivering it to the Duke of *Orleans*, from whom he next asked a Crown-Piece, and having put it in the same Manner into the Crucible, drew out of it a *Louis d'Or*, which only differed a little from others in Thickness. After this Operation, which he went through without speaking any Thing but to ask the Duke to give him the Money, he took his Crucible and went out of the Laboratory, telling his *R. H.* that if he would have Patience to wait a Moment, he would let him see something more extraordinary. His *R. H.* waited but to no Purpose. The *Italian* had contrived this Stratagem to facilitate his Escape. The Abbé was so kind as to shew me the two Pieces which the Duke of *Orleans* had preserved. I should make the Narration of this Visit too tedious were I to report all the curious Things that he made me observe. After giving him many Thanks for the Trouble he had taken, the Conversation began again about *England*, to which Country he proposed that I should accompany him when he went thither as Embassador, but I pleaded the Engagements I was under with the Duke of —— as an Excuse. He did not fail to ask what had brought me so soon back to *Paris*, and I mentioned my Brother-in-law *Amulem* and his Son *Muleid*. I must see them, *said he*, and procure them the Honour of paying their Respects to his *R. H.* I thanked him for this Offer, and presented them to him next Day, and he conducted them to his *R. H.* who received us very graciously. He asked *Amulem* several Questions a-

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bout the *Turkish* Government, and, ſpeaking of his Religion, told him, I don't look upon it to be very holy, and yet it appears to me to be very agreeable and convenient, were it for no other Reaſon but this, that it does not confine a Man to one Woman; *Amulem* anſwered agreeably, that if one Woman was an Evil, more than one muſt be a greater. No Equivocation, *replied the Duke of* Orleans; the Evil of being confined to one is ſo great, that 'tis no Subject to jeſt upon, and were we not a little *Turkish* in certain Articles, a poor Chriſtian would have a poor Time of it. His *R. H.* was ſo good as to order one of his Guards to attend us to *Verſailles* and to ſhew us every Thing that was to be ſeen in that glorious Place, and in the other Royal Palaces where Strangers are not admitted without being introduced.

By Chance we happened to meet, at *Fontainbleau*, with the Marquis *d'Antermond* the *Cicilian* Embaſſador. I knew him formely at *Rome*, and was even intimate with him. As I had no Notion of his being at *Paris* and much leſs of his being there with ſo diſtinguiſhed a Character, I did not remember his Face when they ſhewed me him under the Name of his Excellence. He knew me firſt, and very civilly advanced to embrace me; we walked together, and the Subject of our Converſation was our old Acquaintance, and our Adventures in *Rome*, where he had like to have periſhed by the Jealouſy of a Cardinal whoſe Miſtreſs he ſecretly viſited. Two *Sbires*, gained by this Prelate, attacked him at Night in the Street, and it was only to his Addreſs and Valour that he owed his Life. The Danger he had run gave him ſo little Concern, that he went to this *Venus* the very next Day, taking only the Precaution of diſguiſing himſelf with a *Jacobin* Monk's Habit, and continued to viſit her ...ly under this Mask. The Cardinal diſcovered

the Contrivance, and ordered him to be taken up by the Officers of the Inquifition, as a debauched Frier who gave Scandal to the Church. He was fhut up in a clofe Prifon from whence he could not get himfelf delivered, but after remaining fix Weeks. The Cardinal was malicious enough to caufe it to be rumoured all about that he had been treated there as a Monk would have been in the like Cafe, that is to fay, feverely whipt. But this Report was at laft contradicted by the Cardinal himfelf, who being foon after attacked with a dangerous Diftemper, fent to beg of the Marquis to come to his Bed-fide, where he publickly asked pardon for throwing this Scandal upon his Reputation. We had the Honour to dine with the Embaffador, and to return next Day in his Coach with him to *Paris*, where we did not remain much longer, *Amulem's* Curiofity being fatisfied, but returned to the Country.

WHEN we were not far from my Daughter's I made my Servant go before, to acquaint her that we would be there to Supper, and I was furprifed to fee him come galloping back to meet us; he informed me that the Marquis my Pupil had been there three or four Days, and, prefenting a Letter, told me it was by the Marquis's Order that he had returned, and that he begged I would read the Letter, which was from the Duke his Father, before my Arrival. I opened it immediately. The Duke wrote me that his Son had folicited him fo earneftly for Permiffion to go and wait for me at my Daughter's, that he could not think of afflicting him with a Denial, that he believed him to be in as good Hands there as his own, and that he was *perfuaded I would not* difapprove of what he had *done. As this* Letter contained nothing elfe, *ould not imagine* what had induced the Marq *fend it in this* Manner, but upon fecond Thou

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I concluded that the Fear of my being diſſatisfied on finding him there, and ſuſpicious that he had ſtole away from his Father, had engaged him to do what he had done, and at Night he confeſſed that I had gueſſed right. I was however, notwithſtanding the Letter, not at all pleaſed to find him there, and I admired how the Duke had conſented, after the Danger to which he had been but lately expoſed in that Place, without reckoning upon his Paſſion for my Niece; of which he was not ignorant, and which by frequent Opportunities of ſeeing her could not miſs but to grow upon him. I could draw no good Omen from his Preſence, and would to God, for his own Intereſt as well as that of my Family, that my Prediction and Fears had been leſs founded, and that they had not been juſtified by Events that crowned the Misfortunes of my Life, which I ſhall now recount without Interruption, for it would be difficult for me to mix foreign and indifferent Things with the Story now in Hand, and which ſo nearly concerns me.

THE Marquis had made no bad Uſe of his Time, during the four Days that he had been at my Daughter's, he not only had found many Opportunities of converſing with *Nadina*, but alſo, by an Addreſs with which Love alone had inſpired him, for naturally he was a Stranger to Artifice, had found Means to bring my Lady *R*—— ſo ſtrongly into his Intereſt that ſhe ſtrenuouſly approved of his Paſſion. Such a powerful Aſſiſtance could not well miſs to lead my Niece a long Way in a ſhort Time. Not that I ever ſuſpected my Lady capable of favouring what was criminal, but what may not two young Lovers be capable of, who are encouraged, and Means uſed to grant them Interviews commodiouſly. My Daughter, who had diſcovered the whole Myſtery, but durſt not ſpeak her Sentiments, di[d not] fail, on my Arrival, to tell me all ſhe knew, a[nd]

Fear reprefented Things to me in a more dreadful Shape than they could poffibly be. I loft no Time in coming to an Explication with my Lady, and endeavouring to know the Ground of the Affair from her, obferving, however, great Precautions, that fhe might have no Sufpicion of my Daughter. When I had faid enough to make my felf underftood, fhe acknowledged that fhe had favoured the Paffion of the Marquis, becaufe fhe believed it to be real and fincere, and becaufe the poor little *Nadina* was equally fmitten, and added laughing, that one muft have a Heart of Stone, to fee two fuch lovely Children fuffering, without having fome Compaffion for them; protefting however, that her Indulgence had gone no farther than to allow them to converfe together in her Apartment, and always in her Prefence. I am far, Madam, *replied I*, from fufpecting any other, but you will, I hope, allow that even this Favour, fmall as it is, was unneceffary. You know what a Diftance there is between the Marquis and my Niece. *Amulem* is a Stranger, whofe Rank, though confiderable among the *Turks*, is not known in *France*. *Nadina* draws no Advantage from the Quality of my Niece, being only fuch by the Mother's Side. She does not belong to my Family, and therefore nothing can bring her upon a Level with the Marquis, from whom fhe is infinitely diftant in Name, Rank, Riches, and Views of Settlement in the World. Of what Advantage can it be, Madam, to indulge the Paffion of a Child, that may be attended with bad Confequences? I am willing to look upon it now as a childifh Amufement, but don't you and I know, that thefe Amufements may in the Event become ferious. I know the Temper of the Marquis, whofe Vivacity is fuch that it would frighten you did you but know it as well as I. My Lady replied, interrupting me, that fhe had before-hand thought of my Difficulties, ar

had found them so weak, that she made no Account of them; that in reality *Nadina* was inferior to the Marquis in Rank, but that it was the common Work of Love to reconcile such Inequalities, particularly in *England*, where daily Instances happen of such Things; that the Weakness of our Sex for theirs, was almost the only Means that Providence had granted, by which the Women could raise their Fortune; that the little *Nadina* was a Prize for a Prince, and then she gave many Instances of *English* Dukes and Lords, who had only consulted their Hearts in the Choice of Wives. It is true, Madam, *said I*, that this is common in *England*, but our Customs are different. Besides, the Charge that I have taken of the Marquis's Education, obliges me in Honour to study his real Interest. Make no doubt but that if it were not so, I should be very glad to see *Nadina* made a Dutchess, that poor Child should be a Queen, were her Fortune to be proportioned to my Inclination; but I am Governor to the Marquis; his Father and Family trust to my Honour and Prudence as to his Conduct. I will not betray my Trust, I do not say only for my Niece, but even for all my Posterity. In short, Madam, *added I*, I should look upon Incertitude itself in this Affair as criminal, and I thank God that I have too much Honour, to be one Moment in Suspence between what I think a Crime and my Duty.

The Issue of this Conversation was, that my Lady *R*—— engaged not to favour their Intrigue. I should have directly clapped *Nadina* into a Convent, had I not thought it barbarous and cruel to take her from her Father during the short Time he had to remain in *France*, and therefore as I could not push Things to this Extremity, I turned my Thoughts on some new Stratagem to remove the Marquis from my Daughter's; and as I could think of no Pretence but what he might suspect, I ch

cluded to write to the Duke, and to let him know the Reasons I had to desire his Grace would recal him. I desired him to mention some Cause of this sudden Order, either Clothes that he designed to have made for him, or that he wanted that he should take some Doses of Physick before his Departure for *Germany*. The Answer came in a few Days, and the Marquis, who had a vast Respect for his Father, durst not disobey, and I played the Hypocrite so far as to express some Uneasiness at his leaving us. However, inwardly I rejoiced at the Success of my Stratagem, which I thought would prevent what I dreaded. I proposed to be with the Marquis in fifteen Days, and to take our Journey for *Germany* from the Duke's, without returning to my Daughter's. *Amulem* and his Son were to take another Road, and we proposed to meet at a certain Place that borders *France* and *Germany*. This Project was simple, and I thought infallible. But alas! it is the greatest of all human Infirmities that we cannot penetrate into Futurity. Men are obliged to labour continually, in order to render themselves more perfect; but how is this to be done, when their Knowledge is confined to the present Moment? How is it possible to avoid Errors or Misfortunes, of which we cannot foresee the Causes? What Certainty is there that we shall obtain the Good at which we aim, if we cannot promise ourselves that we shall have the Means? People talk of past Experience as a Light to direct our future Steps, and as a Help to form Conjectures on Events. But how weak will this Assistance appear to be, when we consider the infinite Variety of Motives that determine free Agents, and the Obscurity of the Springs which set the necessary Causes a going! I have sixty *Years Knowledge* and Experience of the World, *and all the Fruit I have* reaped from it, with Regard *to Futurity, is only* that I have, Day after Day

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more and more discovered, that all the Rules of Prudence are precarious, and absolutely uncertain, of which I shall now give a new and convincing Instance.

WHILE I was perfectly pleased with the Order in which I had put the Family, as well as my own private Affairs, a neighbouring Gentleman came and asked my Niece in Marriage; besides a very considerable Estate, he was a Person of Merit, so that the Match was more advantageous than what she could reasonably expect, and as Love was his only Motive, there was no Objection to his Offer but his Age, about thirty, and this Child's not above fifteen. I conferred with *Amulem*, my Son-in-law, and Daughter, upon this Match, and we all unanimously agreed, that it was by no means to be rejected. I saw no other Difficulty but the Violence that must no doubt be committed on that little Heart, where Love had taken such a deep rooting. This Thought afflicted me, for I never could relish the Tyranny of Parents, who require a blind Obedience in their Children. The Example of my Grandfather was still fresh in my Memory, and I had not forgot, that from this fatal Source sprung all the Misfortunes of my Life. Nevertheless the Case, with respect to my Niece, appeared to be very different. Her Marriage with the Marquis was a Thing impossible, and the Loss of her Life as well as of my own, would not have made me yield an Inch that way, so that on this Supposition, which was certain and unchangeable, instead of Cruelty to her, it was treating her with Affection to bring about her Cure, which I thought nothing could do so effectually as to give her a Husband, who was a Man of Merit and Honour, who loved her extremely, and who would spare nothing to make her Life easy and happy. This reasoning appeared to be solid, and does so still, notwithstanding

ing the tragical Effect that it produced; and if I found myself in the same Situation, with as little Knowledge of Futurity, I should certainly act the same Part again.

Having at last come to a final Resolution, I ordered my Niece to be called, and acquainted her that Mr. *B*—— having a very tender Love for her, and wishing to be joined with her in Matrimony, I thought it a very advantageous Match, and your Father and all the rest of the Family are of the same Opinion. Nothing remains, my dear Niece, but to know your Sentiments. She answered with a great deal of Sweetness, that to a Girl of her Age, this was a Language so extraordinary, that she was at a Loss what Answer to make, that she was ready to conform herself in every Thing to my Will, but that if I were so good as to allow her to follow her own Inclination, she would chuse to live with my Daughter, and my Lady *R*—— who was so good a Friend to her. I affected to take her Answer for an Effect of her Modesty, and mixed Embraces with my Praises, promising, that if she would trust her Fate to me, I would make her as happy as a little Queen. Mr. *B*——, *said I to her*, whom we intend for your Husband will make you a Visit this very Day, and I hope you'll receive him civilly. She said nothing but made a Courtesy, and went off in some Hurry to my Lady's Apartment.

Mr. *B*—— came to pay her his first Visit after Dinner. She appeared at last, and I remarked an Alteration in her Eyes, and I made no Doubt but that she had shed Abundance of Tears, and I was extremely concerned to see her so; but she had so much Command of herself as to appear to be easy *and even chearful,* and affected no excessive Rigour, *when her Lover,* to whom I had already promised *her, took the Liberty* to kiss her Hand. He re*tired perfectly* pleased, and begged I would co

clude the Marriage before my Departure for *Germany*, which I was resolved to do, and spoke of it in the Evening to my Lady, who affected Ignorance, because I had not 'till then declared my Intentions to her. You have so much Regard, *said I*, for my Niece and for all my Family that I'm resolved to take no Step in an Affair of Importance, without first communicating it to you. There's a Proposal of Marriage made to me for *Nadina*, and the Affair is so advantageous that I have accepted it. She was no doubt informed beforehand of what I now told her, and had prepared an Answer. You are then resolved to be your Niece's Butcher, *said she*, and to kill her more cruelly than if you were to stab her with a Dagger. Who ever saw a Girl of fourteen or fifteen Years of Age forced to marry against her Will! this poor Child is already half dead with Grief, and I am so moved with her Tears, that notwithstanding all the Friendship I have for your Daughter, I'm resolved not to stay a Moment longer in this House, if you persist in your Resolution of forcing her. Moreover, *added she, with an Air of Displeasure*, after the Right which you in the most solemn Manner gave me to her, I think I ought, in Justice, to have been consulted before you concluded upon this noble Resolution of yours. I assured her that the Proposal and Consent to the Marriage followed so close upon one another, that I had not Time to let her know of it before. As to the Rigour of which she accused me, I represented all the Reasons that made me think there was none in it, and made her acknowledge, that as my Niece could not have the Marquis, we could wish for nothing more happy for her, than the Occasion that now offered.

I agree, said she, at last; but 'tis not by the Ideas that you and I may form to ourselves that we ought to judge of the Advantages of this Occasion

but by the Satisfaction that your Niece may expect from it. She'll be unhappy, *continued my Lady*, I know by Experience what it is to be married without Inclination. To satisfy her and to end this Dispute, I desired *Nadina* might be called for, to whom I thus spoke in my Lady's Presence.

I understand that you are dissatisfied with the Marriage that I proposed to you. I love you with too much Tenderness to force your Inclinations, but I'm glad to have an Opportunity of explaining my Sentiments upon what is the Cause of your Repugnancy. I am not ignorant of your Inclination for the Marquis, nor of his for you. If you flattered yourself with any Hopes upon that Side, you must begin, my dear Niece, this very Day to undeceive yourself, for I swear by all that is sacred, that you shall never be his Spouse, 'tis a Thing impossible, and what you must not pretend to; 'tis your Business therefore to consider, since he cannot be yours, whether you will give over all Thoughts of any other Engagement. You are free, but consider that you'll afflict your Parents and Relations who expect other Things from you, and that you'll give no favourable Idea of your Modesty and Virtue.

I confess that my Discourse was somewhat subtle for a Child of that Age, who had been always accustomed to Respect and Obedience; accordingly she made no other Answer, but that she was ready to do what her Father and I required of her. I told her it was thus a Girl of Virtue ought to conduct herself, and that if it was doing Violence to her Heart to forget the Marquis, she ought to consider that it was a necessary Sacrifice which she must absolutely make in all Events. Upon which I went *out and left her with my* Lady, though I had some *Suspicion of her* Counsels. I told Mr. B—— that *he must take speedy* Measures for his Marriage, *he designed to have* it concluded before my Dep

ture. He wrote immediately to the Bishop, and, in leſs than eight Days, received the neceſſary Licences, which were no ſooner come, but the Ceremony was performed; ſo that *Nadina* was baptized and married the ſame Day, and ſhe appeared to ſupport this grand Trial with a very good Grace, but my Lady *R*—— abſolutely refuſed to witneſs her Nuptials.

THAT Lady had her Reaſons for this Behaviour, and I ſhould perhaps ſpeak of it with more Warmth, had ſhe not been too rigorouſly puniſhed. Her blind Affection for *Nadina* had made her take ſome irregular Steps to diſappoint Mr. *B*——, and ſeeing her Schemes overturned by our Expedition, ſhe was ſo vexed that ſhe would not appear during the Marriage Solemnity. She had ſent the Marquis a Letter, by an Expreſs, acquainting him that he was upon the Point of loſing *Nadina* irrecoverably; that her Marriage was concluded, and would be ſolemnized in leſs than fifteen Days; that if he ſtill loved her with the ſame Tenderneſs, nothing but a bold Stroke could now render him happy; that ſhe would befriend him in all Reſpects, and that if he could only make ſure of two truſty Men, and come in the Night-time to my Daughter's, ſhe undertook not only to put him in Poſſeſſion of his Miſtreſs, but to accompany her herſelf, that the World might have no Opportunity of branding her Reputation; that they would retire together to a Convent, or paſs over to *England*, if they were forced to it; that, in fine, he need not be under any great Concern about the Duke's Anger, becauſe ſhe was in a Condition to make *Nadina* worthy of him, by ſettling her Eſtate upon her; ſhe concluded her Letter with begging he would loſe no Time, and fixed upon *the very Night* that ſhe hoped ſhe could do him *the Service* propoſed.

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'TWAS no ſmall Happineſs that ſhe could not foreſee the preciſe Time of the Marriage, and that it happened two Days before the Term of her Aſſignation. The Marquis had taken the Alarm upon the Receipt of this Letter, and his Vivacity made him think every Minute an Age. He reſolved, without heſitating a Moment, to follow my Lady's Inſtructions, and wrote that he would be with her at the Time appointed. Inſtead of two, he brought four Men along with him. My Lady expected him in great Grief for the Diſappointment of her Project. In the Evening he ſtole up to her Apartment without being perceived by any Mortal, having left his Men and Horſes in the Wood; but good God! how great was his Deſpair, when he underſtood that *Nadina* was in the Arms of another? He told me ſince that this fatal News threw him into a fainting Fit, out of which he no ſooner recovered, than he begged to know all the Circumſtances of his Loſs, and ſeeing that there was not the leaſt Shadow of Hopes left, he gave Way to all the Extravagancies of a wretched Lover.

THE Night being far gone, my Lady adviſed him to retire, but he could not think of taking the Road ſo ſoon back to his Father's, and therefore begged ſhe would allow him to return the next Night, that he might diſcourſe with her more at large; and in order to remain as near my Daughter's Houſe as poſſible, he went and ſtaid with his People at a Village about a League off, and near the ſame Diſtance from Mr. *B*——'s Houſe, where *Nadina* was already.

I was told in the Morning that, the Night before, five Men on Horſeback had been ſeen near the Houſe, *but I had not the* leaſt Suſpicion of the *Truth, ſo far from it that* I made my Lady a Viſit *[t]hat very Day. She* appeared ſtill to be under *[c]oncern for Nadina's* Marriage, which did no[t]

however, hinder her from consenting to go witl me next Day and see her. She carried along witi her a considerable Present of Jewels which she for ced her to accept. She had a long Conversatio with her in a Corner, but as it was in the fam Hall where we were, I watched all their Motion and observed that my Niece blushed several Time I fancied that my Lady was pressing her to some thing that she did not incline to grant.

We passed a part of the Evening with her, an returned home about Midnight. On entering th Court I perceived a Stranger at a Distance, wh very much resembled the Marquis. The Night wa something dark, and he escaped my Sight so swiftly that I could not be certain. I asked my Lady i she had not perceived the same Thing; but she an swered, that it was not to be imagined he was s near us unknown to me; it was however the very Man who was wearied waiting for her. In hi former Night's Conversation with her he had ex claimed much against my Cruelty, *Nadina*'s Ingra titude, and the Malignity of Fortune; swearing that he would never see me more, and fancying that he had no true Friend now but my Lady, to whom he had laid open his Heart without Reserve The first Trial to which he had put her Friendshi was to procure a private Interview with *Nadina*. I was from himself that I afterwards learned this, a well as what I have said before.

My Lady was sensible of the Difficulty and Dan ger of this Interview, and I am apt to think that i was with Reluctancy she promised to do her Endea vours. The pressing Solicitations of the Marqui moved her, and it was with a View to serve him that she went to my Niece's. She was so accustom ed to manage the Humour of this young Creature that she succeeded in her Design. But it was -sy Matter to introduce the Marquis into

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House, where the Husband, who adored her, was always at her Heels; so that they parted without coming to any settled Resolution, but my unhappy Fate made me contribute to procure them the Opportunity that they wished for. Upon our Return to my Daughter's from Mr. *B*——'s, I proposed to my Son-in-law, in Presence of my Lady, that he would oblige me to invite him and his Lady to Supper next Night, which he promised to do: Though my Lady affected not to hear us, what was said gave her a favourable Opportunity of executing her Design, which she communicated that Night to the Marquis, and this was her Contrivance, that he should pass the whole Day in her Apartment, 'till the Hour of Supper, and to inform my Niece privately of it upon her Arrival, who, if she could not give her Husband the Slip before they sat down to Table, was to pretend, when at Supper, that an urgent Necessity obliged her to retire for a Moment. This Plan appeared very feasible, and yet my Niece, when she understood it, found a Difficulty which they could not prevail with her to over-look; to be alone in a locked Chamber with the Marquis, was what all my Lady's Rhetorick could not make her agree to, so that to make Things easy upon all Sides, that Lady was obliged, on Pretence of Indisposition, not to go out of her Apartment. Mr. *B*——, who had not seen her at his Marriage, and who knew that she did not approve of it, told us frankly when we sat down to Supper, that he attributed her Absence to her Hatred of him; but that Time would make her more tractable, or, if he continued to displease her, he was resolved to make himself easy. My Niece did not immediately *mention the Occasion* she had of leaving the Table, *she had not* Experience enough, nor Courage *to take such a Step* as this without trembling; she *rose up however about* the Middle of Supper, a

going out of the Room, told us ſhe would be back in a Moment. She was ignorant that Love ſhortens the Minutes, thoſe ſhe paſſed with my Lady and the Marquis appeared ſo ſhort, that not returning ſo ſoon as ſhe ſaid, Mr. *de B*—— became uneaſy, and roſe from the Table to inquire what was become of her. A Servant told him that ſhe was gone up to my Lady's Apartment. He returned to the Dining-room to tell us this News, and my unlucky Genius put it into my Head to tell him that he ſhould take this Opportunity of paying his Civilities to my Lady, and of engaging her to favour us with her Company. Scarce had he been four Minutes abſent, when I heard a Piſtol ſhot, and the Domeſtics crying out Murder, Murder, Help, Help. All we Men run out directly. The firſt Object that preſented itſelf to my View was the Marquis coming down the Stairs, with a fierce Countenance and a Piſtol in his Hand. Sir, *ſaid he, as he approached me*, I'm under a terrible Concern for the Misfortune that has happened in your Houſe. Mr. *de B*—— has murdered my Lady in my Preſence, and I have ſhot him through the Head. Aſſiſt your Niece whom I left above in a deep fainting Fit. I fly, Sir, *added he going off*, though I don't think myſelf criminal.

In my preſent Confuſion I took little Notice of his going out, but ran up Stairs to my Lady's Apartment, whom I found ſitting in a Chair bleeding, but having ſtill ſome Remains of Life. Mr. *de B*—— was ſtretched on the Floor quite dead, and his Brains appeared in ſeveral Places. My Niece was in a deep Swoon, and I was told by my Lady's Woman, that the Marquis had taken Care to raiſe her from the Ground, and place her in the Armchair before he went out. I made them remove the Corps of Mr. *B*——, and gave all poſſible Aſ-

ſiſtance

ance to my Lady, who scarce knew me, so much
s she weakened by the Loss of Blood. *Nadina*
n recovered her Spirits, and I begged my Daugh-
to remove her to another Chamber and to take
re of her.

When we were a little recovered out of the
rible Shock that the first Surprise gave us, I made
Lady's Woman recount all the Circumstances
this fatal Scene, to which she had been a Wit-
s. She told me, that while the Marquis was
king with my Niece in Presence of my Lady,
r. *de B*—— had come into the Apartment with-
t knocking at the outer Door; that my Lady
aring one walking in the Anti-chamber, had
ftily rose from her Chair, and half opened her
amber Door; upon which Mr. *B*—— who was
ose to it, had perceived the Marquis sitting by his
'ife, and pushed rudely to get in, in spite of my
dy; but finding that he could not force it quite
en, he had made a Thrust at her through the O-
ning, in which he had passed one of his Legs;
at the Marquis, who upon this Struggle had rose
om his Chair, seeing my Lady fall, and Mr. *B*—
ming full butt upon him, Sword in Hand, had
ed a Pistol and shot him through the Head. O
ovidence! *cried I*, I adore thy Dispensations, but
w bloody and cruel are the Effects! If thou hast
ll in reserve dreadful Thunder-bolts, their falling
my Head is not what terrifies me. Alas! I
ould be too happy, if with one Blow Heaven
ere pleased to finish my unhappy Life. My Lady
ving recovered so much Strength as to give us
ne Hopes, I left her Chamber and went to that
iere my Daughter was still with *Nadina*, who
is lying on the Bed. I sat down by her, and
serving by her Paleness and Tears, how much
was affected with the Misfortunes that had hap-
ed upon her Account, I was loth to add to

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her Affliction by Reproaches. I took her Hand, which was ſhaking, into mine, and exhorted her to take Courage, and to endeavour to ſurmount the Agitation with which ſhe was ſeized. She had too much good Senſe not to perceive that my not expreſſing a high Reſentment, was owing to an exceſſive Indulgence. In ſqueezing my Hand, ſhe told me, ah! Sir, do not treat me with ſo much good Nature, if you would not have me believe myſelf ſtill more guilty than I am. Nevertheleſs, I hope my Crime has not been magnified, and that a faithful Report has been made to you, how innocently I ſaw the Marquis, which was to be the laſt Time I was to ſee him while I lived. Good God! *added ſhe burſting out in Tears*, is it poſſible that it ſhould have been ſo fatal, and muſt I reproach myſelf with the Death of Mr. *de B*——. I gave her all the Comfort that was in my Power, and hindred her Father from ſaying any Thing that was harſh, which would have added to her Sorrow.

I had not, till then, a Moment to think of the Marquis. I knew not what was become of him, and I would have been glad to have learned ſomething about him, before I wrote to the Duke to acquaint him of our fatal Adventure. I was reſolved to ſend out Servants in the Morning different Ways, in Hopes that they would give me ſome Information what Road he had taken, but I was prevented by a Letter which was brought me from him in the Morning, of which here is the Copy without any Alteration.

WEre I not very ſure, Sir, that, notwithſtanding the Prepoſſeſſion which the Sight of two Perſons killed may have juſtly given you againſt me, you are too juſt and too good abſolutely to condemn me without a Hearing, I ſhould be extremely afflicted at my having riſked the Loſs of your Eſteem and Friendſhip; but

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I am persuaded, that if you had Difficulty, according to Appearances, to believe me altogether innocent, yet Goodness reserves one Ear to hear what I can say for my Justification. It is not Check of Conscience that made me fly, but only the Fear of augmenting your Grief by the Presence of him who is unfortunately the Cause. If I could hope that my Presence were not become too odious to you, I would propose a meeting, where I might have the Satisfaction to lay my Heart open to you, and to force your Acknowledgment of my Innocence. The Bearer of this Letter will tell you where I am, and will receive your Directions as to the Place where you think proper to see me.

I had ſcarce ended reading this Letter, when I received another from the Duke, by an Expreſs, in which he expreſſed his Uneaſineſs at his Son's having diſappeared three or four Days, but that he believed he was with me, and deſired me to let him know by the ſame Expreſs if he gueſſed right. As his Meſſenger had not any Opportunity of informing himſelf of our Misfortune, I took no Notice of it to the Duke, reſerving the diſmal Story till I ſaw him; I only wrote that his Son was ſafe, and that he and I would be with him in a few Days. I then began to think how I ſhould behave with the Marquis. In the main I could not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, ſay that he was guilty. He had killed Mr. *de B*—— in a Caſe of Neceſſity, and to preſerve his own Life. His Secret Interview with my Niece, was a Fault of which he was leſs guilty than my Niece herſelf, and my Lady *R*——. I was as yet ignorant of the Project, in Concert with this Lady, of carrying off *Nadina*, and therefore far from being prepoſſeſſed, I rather pityed than condemned him, and reſolved to treat him with more Mildneſs and Affection than he expected. The Bearer told me where he was, and I took Hor

that Moment to go to the Place, which was the ſame Village where he had been the two preceding Days. When he ſaw me come ſo ſoon, contrary to Expectation, he appeared to be greatly ſurprized. He was in a Dreſs that gave me Concern, his Linnen dirty, his Hair diſordered, his Stockings tore, in one Word, he was in the Equipage of a Man that had paſſed four or five Nights without undreſſing. I affected to aſk *Briſſant*, who was cloſe by him, if he knew where his Maſter was? I conceive, Sir, *ſaid the Marquis*, why you ſcarce know me, but ought you to be ſurprized, *continued he, drawing me aſide*, to ſee me in this Diſorder, when you know the Exceſs of my Trouble and Sorrow, which could not but give you Concern were you to know them in their full Extent. I am reſolved to give you a faithful Account of all that paſſed, and after that be yourſelf my Judge. I continued ſilent, that he might have full Liberty to ſpeak. He recounted all that he could tell me, without expoſing my Lady; he did not, for Inſtance, ſpeak at that Time of the Letter that he had received from her, nor of the Project of carrying off my Niece by her Advice, but did not conceal, that having heard of her intended Marriage, he had come with a Deſign to thwart it; that having unfortunately come too late, he had ſeen my Lady ſometimes in the Night when the Family was gone to reſt; that by Intreaties and Prayers, he had at laſt prevailed upon her to procure him the Satisfaction of ſeeing my Niece in private, &c. By what Oaths, *added he*, can I perſuade you that my whole Intention in this Interview was to adore her and weep at her Feet? Alas! during the few Moments that I paſſed with her, I had not Courage to look her in the Face, nor durſt I ſo much as accuſe her of Ingratitude and Inconſtancy. My Sighs were my only Complaints and Reproaches, and far was I from any Thoughts of diſhonouring

›nouring her Husband. Had he only attacked Life, I would have welcomed his Sword for done a good Office, so that it was much less my Preservation, than the Brutality with which ssassinated my Lady, and my Fears of the same itment to your Niece, that forced me to kill It is certain, that my Death must have en-, had I not prevented him, but I am not cer- whether for my own Sake I should have en-oured to avoid it.. The Marquis then added, he did not find himself guilty in any Thing respect to me; that I ought not to charge him a Misfortune occasioned by the Brutality of *de B*——, that all his Sentiments for my Niece ld stand the Test of an Examination of Heaven : In short, that if he had any Reproaches to e to himself it was not with regard to me, m he had constantly loved notwithstanding my :lty, but rather in having left the Duke his er without Leave, who no doubt was under Concern for his Absence. After having thus avoured to justify himself, he held his Peace in ectation of my Answer. He appeared so calm, o fully satisfied of his Innocence, that I resolved ighten him a little, and therefore spoke to him e following Manner: How terrible soever the ortune may be that you have occasioned in my ily, I am willing to make some Distinction een your Faults and those of Fortune. I nei-charge you with the Death of Mr. *de B*——, h it would seem that unfortunate Gentleman upon himself; nor do I think your Intentions, regard to my Niece, were criminal, since you : me they were innocent; but if you could not *killing Mr. de B*—— to preserve your own *how will you* justify your Rashness in com-: *to seek the* Occasion? What Irregularity *r, what* Excess of Folly, to have stole

way from the Duke your Father, and to expose yourself to a thousand Dangers, from no other Motive but a blind and useless Passion? I grant that you did not foresee them, but is it not in that very Thing that you have been wanting in Conduct and in Judgment. Such a heedless and irregular Step, could it be attended with a happy Issue? Consider what the Consequences will be. In the first Place, I see in it an irreparable Blemish upon your Character and Reputation. The World is not at the Pains to examine into the Reasons and Motives of Things; they will see nothing in you but the Murderer of my Nephew, that is to say, the Nephew of a Man whom you ought to love as a second Father. You have killed him in my House, and almost in my Sight. What horrible Return for the Friendship and Love that I bore you, and of which I have given you so many Proofs. On the other Hand, you have laid me under a Necessity of breaking all Engagements that I was under with your Family for your Education; for you must perceive, that there can be no farther Correspondence between us. It is not for an Ingrate, the Assassin of my Nephew, that I shall go to consume the rest of my Strength and Life, even Decency itself, though I were willing, puts an effectual Stop to all Thoughts of my continuing any longer about your Person; and lastly, Sir, what Reception can you expect from the Duke your Father, when he comes to be informed of all this? He is already offended at your Absence, I received a Letter from him this Morning by an Express, I know his Character, if he is indulgent and tender when he sees you attached to your Duty, do not imagine that he will suffer your Disorders to remain unpunished. This is, Sir, *added I, what I had to say* to you, and which engage *me to come here* and speak to you for the [illegible] *Time. Any other* but myself, would not per[illegible]

have come but to secure your Person, and to deliver you into the Hands of Justice that punishes Murderers; but I sacrifice my Resentments to the Ties that once bound me to you. Return to your Father's, and be assured, that you shall meet with no Prosecution from me.

UPON ending my Discourse I called for my Horse, and was preparing to be gone; but he stopped me, and said with a troubled and perplexed Air, if you have any Regard for my Life don't abandon me; for you have not seen but half of my Troubles, and I cannot tell to what Extremities they may drive me. I answered that I could not conceive what he had to disturb him so much, except it was the Trouble of Repentance. Be it Repentance or Despair, *replied he*, my Troubles are such, that if you are resolved to abandon me, as you say, and to let me return alone to my Father's this very Moment shall determine me to leave the Kingdom, and to go where it shall please Heaven to conduct me. Well, *said I*, I consent to re-conduct you to the Duke's, and thus I shall have answered, to the very last, the Trust he committed to my Care; and I wish to God you had not forced me to give up my Charge. My Promise made him a little calmer. I begged he would remain where he was till next Morning, when I should without Fail come to him. As I was ready to mount my Horse, he took me once more aside: I am afraid, *said he*, to give you new Cause of Offence by mentioning your Niece, but since you are no Stranger to my Passion for her, be so good as to let me know in what Condition you left her. I answered plainly, and without seeming to be any ways disobliged at the Question, *that she was in good* Health when I left her, and I *really found upon* my Return, that she had no o*ther Incommodity*, but that she was deeply afflict*ed; the Case however* was very different with m

Lady *R*——, the Surgeon upon probing and dreſſing her wound, declared that it was mortal; ſhe neither appeared to be ſurprized or much concerned at this News; on the contrary, having turned her Face towards me, ſhe told me that ſhe thanked Heaven for taking her out of the World ſooner than ſhe expected, that ſhe had ſo often deſired Death, it's Preſence did not in the leaſt terrify her; that ſhe asked Pardon of my Family for what had happened, but as for the Death of Mr. *de B*—— ſhe begged we would not lay it to her Charge, becauſe there was nothing criminal in all her Views, what ſhe had done being out of Friendſhip for *Nadina*, and Compaſſion for the Marquis; and that ſhe hoped Heaven would not puniſh theſe two Weakneſſes as it does Crimes. She then made her Will, by which ſhe left *Nadina* the two Thirds of all that ſhe poſſeſſed, and the other Third to the Poor and Sick of the Pariſh. That very Night ſhe died in great Agony, and I was ſincerely grieved for a Lady of her Rank and Merit; her Life had been extremely unfortunate, and her Death no leſs, of which ſhe had no doubt been the Cauſe herſelf by ſome irregular Steps, but it was eaſy to ſee that there was leſs Malice than Weakneſs in her Actions. She never was able to ſet Limits to her Paſſions, and ſhe had conſtantly been a Slave to the Caprices of Love or Hatred. Such is the Character of the Generality of your fine Women, particularly of thoſe who have leſs Reaſon and Virtue than Beauty. Their Charms thoſe precious Gifts of Heaven, are more fatal to themſelves than to the unhappy Lovers whom they load with their Chains. All their Life is in a continual Agitation, either with the Pleaſure of being loved, or the Grief of being neglected, ſo that the *moſt whimſical* Paſſion of their Lovers does not ex*poſe them to more* Viciſſitudes than their own L*vity. But if it happens* that to this Nature has jo

ed a soft and tender Heart, their Misery is complete; because, in that Case, they are at the same Time Victims to their own Folly, and the Sport of what their Hearts idolize. They have two blind and whimsical Guides, their own proper Passion, and that of the Objects beloved. *Cupid*, who was ever a Tyrant, treats them as Slaves, at the same Time that he makes Use of them to extend his Power and employs them as his Ministers.

My Lady and my Nephew's Deaths did not hinder me from setting out next Morning. I left the Care of the Funerals to my Son-in-law and Daughter, which were privately performed. The Marquis was waiting for me, attended only by *Brissant*, having sent off the three other Persons that were with him, lest I should have suspected something of the intended Design of carrying off his Mistress. On the Road he used all the Art he was Master of to persuade me not to complain of his Conduct to the Duke. He put me in Mind of his constant Respect, and the Docility with which he had always hearkened to my Advices. To convince me of the Sincerity of his Heart, he made an ample Confession of all his Faults, even those that he had resolved to conceal from me; such as the Project of carrying off my Niece, protesting however, that he did not intend to marry her without his Father's and my Consent, that his Design was only to place her in a Convent in order to prevent her Marriage with Mr. *de B*——, and then to return to his Duty, being fully resolved to use no other Means to obtain my Consent but by Tears and Prayers: That provided I would be favourable he did not Despair to obtain his Father's Consent; that he had *several Times talked* with him upon his *Spanish Adventure*, *and that* far from finding Fault with *his Passion for Donna Diana* he had expressed a ve[ry] *great Concern* for her Loss: That if it could be

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contrived, as that he might see my Niece, she would certainly please him: That he could find no great Difficulty in bringing this about, nor any just Ground of my being against it: In one Word, that if I would but countenance the Thing ever so little, he made no doubt of prevailing with his Father to approve of his Marriage. I answered, that he joined together Things that could not easily be made to correspond: That instead of asking Favours of his Father, he had Occasion to throw himself at his Feet for Pardon of Offences: That instead of an Alliance with my Family, he had broke the Ties that he had with me: That he proposed marrying my Niece, the Moment after dipping his Hands in her Husband's Blood. I thought this Answer would have perplexed him; but without the least Stop or Hesitation, he replied with an Openness of Heart that discovered the Excellency of his natural Temper; it is true, I am guilty, but nothing can ever persuade me, that I am not to depend upon your Goodness, as well as on my Father's and your Niece's. I must confess, that I was sensibly touched with this tender Mark of Confidence, and yet, that I might keep up to my Duty and reclaim him, I told him that though I would not dissuade him of the good Opinion he had of the Duke's Friendship and of mine, I wished, however, that he might not deceive himself; that he knew the Duke to be a Man inflexible in certain Points, and as for me, if he had learned to know me in the strict Commerce that we have had together, he would not flatter himself to see me one Moment in Suspence about what I thought my Duty. You are then resolved to leave me, *said he sorrowfully!* Once more, *replied I,* I am resolved to do my Duty. I could not hinder myself however, to promise that I should give the best Turn that was possible to his Absence

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and to the unlucky Accident that had happened at my Daughter's.

We found a numerous Company at the Duke's Castle, upon the Occasion of the Saint of the Parish's Festival, and it diverted him to have it solemnized in the Country Fashion, to which he had invited all the Nobility and Gentry in the Neighbourhood. On our Arrival, the Marquis was loaded with Compliments, and while they were about that Ceremonial, I took the Opportunity to talk with the Duke in private. He appeared to be very much surprised with the News of his Son's Adventure. I forgot the Interest of my Family, in order not to tell him the Story but in the most favourable Light for the Marquis. He saw, however, through the Excess of my Complaisance, and appeared to be very much taken with it: But having continued to tell him, that whatever Attachment I might preserve for the Marquis, Decency obliged me to give up my Charge of his Conduct and Education; it was then I began really to give him Concern. He asked me if I seriously thought myself obliged to take this Resolution. It appeared to me so very indispensable, that I immediately answered that his Honour and mine were equally concerned in this Separation; that his Son's Character would suffer no Harm by it, because the Publick could not be ignorant in what Manner I had behaved to him since my Nephew's Death, and People would reasonably conclude, that having resented it so little, it was evident I did not look upon the Action as a Crime in him; however, that did not hinder but that we had Measures to keep, were it for no other Reason than to prevent popular Reflections; that this should not in the least diminish my Respect for his illustrious House, nor, in particular, make any Alteration in my Affection for the Marquis, whom I should have the Pleasure of seeing often, and putting him in mind of my

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ſtructions. In ſhort, excepting ſuch a particular Intimacy as that of living and travelling together, there ſhould be no Change in my Sentiments and Manners. I added moreover, that it was not my Intention to remain longer on the publick Stage of Life; that I longed for Solitude, from whence the Deſire of obliging him had drawn me; that my Age, my late Fatigues, and new Troubles, made Retirement more neceſſary than ever to me; that I had made a Vow to retire ſo ſoon as my Brother-in-law had taken the Road to *Aſia*, and that I was at a Stand, whether I ſhould execute my Promiſe of accompanying him to *Vienna*.

The Duke did not reliſh my Reaſons, and employed all his Wit to weaken them, but finding that I was not to be beat from them, made this Propoſal: There are now in this Houſe, fifteeen or ſixteen Perſons of Quality, who are Men of Merit, and acquainted with the World, let us conſult them upon the preſent Caſe. If their Opinion agrees with yours, that you cannot with Honour ſtay with my Son, I ſhall not preſs you any more. I anſwered laughing, that the Reſpect they had for him would not fail to caſt the Balance. By no means, *ſaid he*, I will put them upon Honour to declare what they really think, excluding my own and my Son's Voice. They ſhall be our Judges, and if they are divided in Opinion, the Majority ſhall determine the Caſe, to which I agreed. In a Moment he had them all brought together, thirteen in Number, and moſt of them of great Diſtinction. The Duke began by informing them of my Nephew's Death, with all the Circumſtances of that Accident, and then propoſed our Difficulty, and to prevent Complaiſance or Favour, he begged that every one would give in his Opinion in Writing. This extraordinary Ceremony was finiſhed in a Moment, and of thirteen Voices, twelve were in

my Favour. The Duke complied with this Decree, and only teſtified in the moſt polite and civil Terms, his Concern. The Marquis was ſo much grieved that he immediately left the Aſſembly, and I followed him: In going out, he told me with Tears in his Eyes: I have been under a cruel Miſtake, Sir, in believing I had acquired a ſincere and faithful Friend. I begged he would liſten to what I had to ſay: I have to this Moment given you all the Marks of Friendſhip in my Power, and Heaven is my Witneſs, that there are none but what I am ſtill ready to give you, my Life not excepted, and therefore if you have any Thing to reproach me with, it can be none other but the Reſolution I have taken of not remaining longer with you. Conſider then, which of us is moſt to be pitied, you, who only loſe in me an ordinary Man, whoſe only Merit is Integrity and Probity; or I, who loſe in you a dear Son, whoſe Preſence and Company made the principal Part of my Happineſs. What I ſay is to make you conceive, that if I leave you, it is not without Regret, and powerful Reaſons, ſtronger indeed than that which I mentioned to the Duke, though it appeared ſufficient to ſo many Men of Honour juſt now in this Place; depend then ſo far upon my Aſſurances as to perſuade yourſelf, that it is neither Diſcontent, want of Friendſhip, nor Diffidence of yours, that obliges me to part with you.

As I found myſelf alone with him, I led him to the Garden, where we ſat down under the Shade of a covered Alley, where I thus purſued my Diſcourſe: Receive here, my dear Marquis, the laſt Sentiments of my Tenderneſs, or, rather, the laſt Expreſſions of it, *for the Sentiments* will not end but with Life. *I forget all the little* Miſtakes into which you have *fallen, by not ſtedfaſtly* following my Counſels; *lay the blame on* the Vivacity of your Youth: I ſe

get alſo the laſt Grief which you have given me, knowing to what Source it ought to be aſcribed: Your Mind is upright and without Artifice: Your Heart is ſincere, kind, and generous, ſuch as it ought to be, to make of you the moſt amiable and the moſt virtuous of all Mankind. O God! *cried I, interrupting myſelf, that I might make the ſtronger Impreſſion upon him*, why is it that the moſt perfect Works of your Hands ſhould be corrupted by the Paſſions, and disfigured by Vice! without theſe cruel Enemies, how many happy Tempers would be naturally diſpoſed to Virtue! what Fruits of Honour, Wiſdom, and Moderation, would not be reaped for the general Benefit of human Society! Love alone is capable to deſtroy them: O my dear Marquis, arm yourſelf with Courage againſt this ſhameful Weakneſs. Alas! I know that the Poiſon is lodged in the very Bottom of your Heart. Think of the fatal Effects it has already produced; in leſs than ſix Weeks you have dipt your Hands thrice in Blood. Love is violent, unjuſt, cruel, capable of all Exceſſes, and gives into them without Remorſe. Get only the better of this Weakneſs, and I pronounce you almoſt without a Fault; for Age will ripen your Virtues: It will give you the Merit of practiſing them with Knowledge, you will become an honeſt Man by Principle, that is to ſay of a conſtant and unmoveable Probity; for Reaſon fortifies Nature, and when they join in their mutual Aſſiſtance, they form the great Men and the higheſt Virtues.

I was ſo wrapt up in what I ſaid to the Marquis, that I did not perceive a Footman cloſe by me, and who durſt not interrupt me. He was ſent by the Duke, to deſire us to come in, where we were waited for, to be preſent at the Recital of a Stor which a Gentleman of the Company was to rela As they were talking of my Reſolution of leav

the Marquis, and surprized that there should have been one of the thirteen Voices against me, he who refused me his, declared openly that he differed from the rest; but Gentlemen, *added he*, you will not be surprized at this Singularity, if you can have Patience to hear the Reasons of it. I found myself in a Case something like this, and as I acted quite differently from what was your Advice in the Case proposed to us, I thought my Opinion ought to be conformable to my Conduct. He then offered to the Duke to relate his Story, which was known to some of the Company, and looked upon by them to merit the Attention of the whole Assembly, for which Reason our Presence was desired. The Gentleman's Name was Mr. *de Sauvebœuf*, who thus began hisNarration:

AFTER the Death of my Father and Mother, I remained sole Heir of my Family, with a Sister about six or seven Years of Age. I was then twenty two, and was already a Captain of Horse. My Employment not permitting me to take Care of my Sister's Education, my Father, on his Death-bed, had begged of a rich neighbouring Gentleman, who had a Daughter of very near the same Age, to bring them up together, and to be as a Father to my Sister, till she arrived at the Age, of Marriage. This honest Gentleman, named Mr. *d' Erletan*, willingly undertook the Charge recommended to him by his dying Friend. He took my Sister home to his own House, and made no Distinction between her and his own Daughter. He had besides that Daughter, two Sons about my Age, and with whom I was very intimate. Every Year I came to pass some Months in the Country, and it being dull to *remain at home alone*, I was almost continually at *Mr. d' Erletan's*, where I was always well received. *I took Pleasure in* the sensible Difference that seven or eight *Months* Absence made me perceive eve

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Year in my Sister, her Features opened, her Shape began to form, and in a few Years the young *d'Erletans* began to view her with Lovers Eyes, and both were smitten almost at the same Time. The eldest went by the Family Name, and the other was called *d'Olingry*. It was impossible that, as both their Hearts were the Conquest of the same Object, and equally favoured with Opportunities of declaring their Passion, they could be long without knowing that they were Rivals; but this Knowledge did not hinder them from being Friends. They had all along been better together than commonly two Brothers of almost the same Age are. Neverthelefs, as they could not both pretend to my Sister's Affection, they mutually promised that their Happiness should depend on her Choice to be obtained by their Services, so that he who was to be the unhappy Man, was to yield the Place without murmuring at his Fate. Their Passion, no doubt, was not rose to the full Height when they entered into this Agreement, or they knew little of Love, if they thought themselves capable of observing it. They had added a separate Article to the Treaty, which was, that they should fairly and honestly communicate reciprocally the Progress they made, and that each of them should so dispose themselves as to behold the Triumph of the happy Lover without looking upon him under the odious Title of a Rival. My Sister became the Object of their Study and Care, and they made regular Attacks to gain her Heart. Their Friendship supported itself long so perfect, that they conferred together on the Means of gaining her; and though they appeared to act differently, the two Systems were the Result of the Resolutions agreed upon by mutual Consent, and for a considerable Time they faithfully communicated to each other their most secret Designs, *'t this lasted only* while their Fortune was equal,

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and while my Siſter's Inclination was doubtful. The eldeſt was favoured, and his Brother ſoon perceived it. He was of a fiery hot Temper, and perhaps his Views were not ſo honourable as his Brother's, the Sequel, at leaſt, gives room to ſuſpect it. A Coldneſs in their Behaviour to each other ſoon got the better of their Friendſhip. *D'Erletan* was the firſt who appeared more reſerved, which was leſs from Hatred than out of Regard to his Brother; he would have gladly ſpared him the Grief of knowing his Misfortune by the Mouth of a happy Rival. In the mean-time *d'Olingry*, who perceived this Change in the Behaviour of his eldeſt Brother, eaſily diſcovered the Cauſe, and was too paſſionate, not to upbraid him with the Diſſimulation and Breach of Faith. He proteſted, but in vain, that his Diſſimulation proceeded from Friendſhip; all his Submiſſions had no Influence on a haughty Heart which could not bear the Thoughts of being ſupplanted, and which looked upon all his Careſſes as new Inſults.

Their Affairs were in this Poſture, continued Mr. *d' Sauvebœuf*, when I arrived at *Erletan*. The Diviſion between the two Brothers was one of the firſt Things I perceived. As I loved them tenderly, I uſed all poſſible Means to reconcile them. The Obſtinacy of their Hatred made me ſo attentive to all their Motions, that I at laſt diſcovered the ſecret Cauſe of their Diſcord, and I trembled for my Siſter, who was dearer to me than myſelf. I earneſtly begged of her to acquaint me with all that ſhe knew of this fatal Myſtery. I but too plainly perceived, by the Confuſion ſhe was under, that ſhe had a deep Concern in it, and though ſhe made a ſort of Confeſſion, I could ſtill ſee that one half of the Truth was kept within her own Breaſt. My Uneaſineſs became ſo great, that I reſolved to take her from Mr. *d' Erletan*'s. I did not, it is true, miſ

truſt her Virtue, but I ſaw her expoſed to an unneceſſary Danger: She was not rich enough for the Heir of the Family, and *d' Olingry*'s bad Temper made me plainly underſtand that he was not the happy Lover. I therefore deſired her to get ready for her Departure, but that I might not ſeem to do ſuch a Thing without a reaſonable Cauſe, I repreſented to the old Gentleman, that having Occaſion for one to govern my Houſe, my Siſter was now of an Age to take that Charge upon her. This Separation did not reliſh well with her Lover, being afraid that it might perhaps make him loſe his Conqueſt. His Views were honourable, and he would have married my Siſter directly, had he not been ſtopped by the Fear of diſpleaſing his Father, and out of Regard to the unhappy *d' Olingry*; ſeeing himſelf however on the Point of being ſeparated from her, and being apprehenſive of his Brother's Violence, Love ſmothered all his Scruples; ſo that he propoſed to marry her privately before her Departure, to which ſhe conſented, and that very Evening the Ceremony was performed by the Curate of the Pariſh in the Chapel of the Caſtle; however wachful *d' Olingry* was of all their Motions, they had concerted Matters ſo well, that he had not the leaſt Suſpicion of their Marriage; but they were not ſo cautious after the Ceremony was over, for having ſtopt in an Entry to concert Meaſures how they ſhould be together that Night, the bad Genius of our Family brought him near enough to hear a Part of their Diſcourſe. My Siſter's Chamber was the next to old Mr. *d' Erletan*'s, and her Woman, who was privy to the Marriage, lay in the Cloſet of her Room. *D' Erletan* agreed with my Siſter, that at the Hour of going to Bed, he ſhould come to her Door, which was to be opened upon a certain Signal, and then they parted to avoid giving Suſpicion.

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Every Body did *d' Olingry* the Juſtice to believe that he had not the leaſt Knowledge of their Marriage, otherwiſe the Project he formed muſt be looked upon as moſt horrible and inhuman. He, no doubt, imagined that my Siſter had allowed herſelf to be ſeduced by his brother, and had conſented to ſacrifice her Honour, and the Rage he was in to ſee him ſo happy, made him get over all Conſiderations, ſo that he reſolved to carry by Addreſs, what he thought the other had obtained by Artifice; in one Word, he hoped by the means of Silence and Darkneſs to paſs for *d' Erletan*, and to obtain the Favours which my Siſter was to grant him. He was at no Loſs for Inventions to keep him employed for a Part of the Night, and his horrible Deſign ſucceeded beyond Expectation. My Siſter herſelf contributed to her own Misfortume, by recommending Silence to her Husband leſt the old Gentleman ſhould be awaked; thus *d' Olingry* violated with Impunity the moſt ſacred Laws. *D' Erletan* at that Time was out of all Patience at the unforeſeen Obſtacle that had ſtopped him, and no ſooner ſaw himſelf at Liberty, than he ran to my Siſter's Chamber and made the Signal, which he repeated ſeveral Times that he might be heard. At laſt, her Woman coming to the Door, and asking ſoftly who it was, he expreſſed his Uneaſineſs for having been ſo long detained, in the ſtrongeſt Terms. This Waiting-maid, who believed *d' Erletan* to be in her Miſtreſs's Arms, puſhed him off with Rudeneſs, and believing it was *d' Olingry*, rallied him maliciouſly on his vain Hopes lying with my Siſter, and added ſome offenſive Words upon the Folly and Idleneſs of his Pretenſions. All this paſſed in the Dark. *D' Erletan* piqued to the Quick at this Treatment, retired pronouncing Curſes againſt the Inconſtancy of Women. His Ange went even ſo far, as to perſuade him that my Siſte

Deſign was to begin with haughty Airs, and to initiate him into Slavery on his very Wedding-night. Incenſed Love is capable of any Exceſs, ſo that he returned to his Chamber full of Reſentment, and forming terrible Projects of Revenge.

WHEN *d' Olingry* had ſatisfied his brutal Paſſion, he left my Siſter abruptly, and with a ſeeming Coldneſs, under Pretence of not expoſing her by ſtaying till it was Day. He went elſewhere to hug himſelf with the Succeſs of his Crime, or, perhaps, to divert the Remorſe with which it already checked him. Next Morning, as I was going to take the Air in the Gaaden, I met with my Siſter in a Parlour alone, and drowned in Tears, and my unexpected Preſence ſeemed to augment her Trouble: Being extremely moved at the Sight, I haſtily asked the Cauſe, and I ſaw that ſhe was at a Loſs what to anſwer; at laſt, ſhe ſaid, it was nothing but Fits of Melancholy to which ſhe was ſometimes ſubject. As her Looks and Sighs betrayed her, I ſuſpected ſome fatal Adventure, and preſſed her ſo much, mixing Threats with Flatteries, that ſhe at laſt conſented to open her Heart, provided I would promiſe whatever ſhe pleaſed, but ſuch Precautions made me expect a ſtrange Secret. At length ſhe diſcovered her Amour and Marriage. This Night, *continued ſhe*, he was admitted into my Bed-chamber, and made ſo much of me, that I thought myſelf the happieſt Woman alive. As he was obliged to leave me towards Day, I got up ſooner than uſual, meerly out of Eagerneſs to ſee him. I met him here, a Moment ſince, but O! Brother, *added ſhe, renewing her Sighs*, how falſe and wicked are Men! when I ran to meet him with open Arms, he puſhed me from him with an Air of Contempt, threatned me in the moſt terrible Manner, and, in ſhort, treated me with a Cruelty that kills me. [I f]ell on my Knees to ſtop him, but far from bei[ng]

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with my Tears, he thruſt me from him with
ɔlence, that I fell backwards, in which State
the Barbarity to leave me. O! ſaid ſhe,
ɔle to ſpeak, I muſt die, my Heart is cruelly
it is impoſſible I can ſupport the Affliction
ıder. I was ſo ſtruck with this Diſcourſe,
nain ſome time immoveable. My Rage can
r conceived than expreſſed. How, *cried I*,
Villain throw you down, and barbarouſly
ɔu? Ah! were he in the Center of the
I will tear out his monſtrous Heart with
ry Hands. She in vain attempted to ſtop
putting me in mind that I had promiſed
; that cruel as he was, ſhe ſtill loved him,
ıld pardon him her Death: But I got away
r, fully reſolved to plunge my Sword into
d'Erletan's Breaſt, without even giving him
o draw. The firſt Perſon I met was his
who aſked me if I had ſeen his eldeſt Son.
'*d I with a furious Look*, but I am in Queſt
and if you ſhould happen to find him be-
, you will ſee a Villain, a Raſcal. What
me, *added I*, *clapping my Hand to my*
from piercing thy Breaſt, for having given
ſuch a Monſter. Mr. *d'Erletan* was ſo
, that he remained ſpeechleſs for a Moment.
l at him with a ſtern Countenance, but at
ɔk Pity on the good old Gentleman, and
amed to have abuſed a Man who had been
ather to my Siſter and me. Alas! *ſaid I*,
'*ng him*, lay the Blame of my Folly, on the
ıat tranſported me; I am an unfortunate Man
inſulted you without a Cauſe, it is your un-
Son, *added I*, *going away*, who ſhall pay
He earneſtly begged that I would let him
he Cauſe of my Trouble; aſſuring me, that
had offended me, he would oblige him to
ch Satisfaction as would pleaſe me. O!

fended me *replied I*, the Coward durſt not, he is only proper to inſult Women. He has affronted my Siſter, and his Puniſhment ſhall ſoon follow. My Fury was ſuch, that I could not bear a Moment's Delay; however, the old Gentleman prevailed with me to tell him in two Words, the Injury done my Siſter. Your Son has married my Siſter, *ſaid I*, and has —— married your Siſter, *interrupted he with Surprize:* Yes, my Siſter, *continued I*, who is of as ancient and honourable a Family as yours, and whom a Prince might take into his Bed without Diſhonour; he married her laſt Night, and this Morning treated her in a Manner that none but a baſe unworthy Wretch could be capable of. Juſtice ſhall be done you, *replied he quickly*, if he has married her, there is no Remedy, I promiſe that he ſhall uſe her well; but I beg of you, by the Memory of your Father, to give me Time to inquire a little farther into this Affair. I give you my Word of Honour, that you ſhall be ſatisfied with the Juſtice that ſhall be done you; I will puniſh my Son by forcing him to his Duty, and I only aſk you a few Minutes to perform my Promiſe. His Intreaties were ſo earneſt and preſſing, that they had the Power of rendering me a little calmer. I promiſed to return to my Chamber, and to give him Time to uſe his Authority with his Son. While this fatal Miſtake was like to have made me cut *d'Erletan*'s Throat, his unhappy Brother had learned from a Servant ſomething of what had paſſed betwixt his Father and me, and as I was going up Stairs, I met him coming down, with an Intention, as I ſuppoſe, to inform himſelf more fully; he coloured upon ſeeing me, and aſked if there was any Thing extraordinary had happened in the Family. As I was as yet too full of Reſentment to make a Myſtery of it to any Body, I told him the Story of my Siſter's

Marriage,

arriage, and of his Brother's barbarous Behaviour, :ompanying my Narration with visible Marks of .tred against *d'Erlstan*. I did not remark the Changes iich my Difcourfe made in his Countenance, but iad fcarce left off fpeaking, when he cried out in a ›re lamentable Tone than can be expreffed, Hea- ıs! what Horrors! who is the Author of this dif- ıl Tragedy! with that he left me without faying e Word more, and I was fo full of my own Trou- : that I did not mind what became of him. I fhut ɼfelf up in my Chamber, where I remained till I ıs called to be prefent at a moft terrible and affect- ; Scene. Gentlemen, faid Mr. *de Sauvebœuf*, a ry little Time will bring you to the Cataftrophe. *D' Olingry*, continued he, needed no farther Ex- ication to know his Crime, and to make him once perceive the melancholy Confequences, hich he thought inevitable but by confeffing his ıult to my Sifter, and engaging her, for both their .kes, to Silence. He refolved to make this Trial fore he proceeded to the Extremities which he was ready revolving in his Mind. With this Refolution : went and demanded to fpeak with her in private, ıd though he was naturally bold, yet upon this 'ccafion he could not exprefs himfelf without embling. My Sifter told me before her Death, ıat though fhe was far from having any Notion of ıe Villainy with which he accufed himfelf, his di- racted Looks and pale Countenance had made her emble before he began to fpeak. He had no Oc- .fion to make a long Harangue, three or four Vords fufficed to make her underftand him. She ıve a terrible Shriek, which drew together all who ere in the neighbouring Chambers, and they found :r in a fainting Fit, that differed little from Death. ' *the mean Time, d'Olingry* thought it was proper *him to retire.* When fhe had a little recover- '*er Spirits,* fhe abandoned herfelf to all the Ex

ceſſes of Grief and Deſpair. Her dear *d' Erlstan* was for ever loſt; ſhe had complained of his Rigour, and it was now ſhe herſelf who was ſo guilty, that ſhe ought eternally to ſhun his Preſence; ſhe called upon him nevertheleſs, to her Aſſiſtance, and pronounced his Name a thouſand Times, ſo that her Women, who were ignorant of the Affair, thought themſelves obliged to acquaint him, but ſought him up and down in vain; for he had got into the Wood with his Father, to let him know his melancholy Story. *D' Erlstan* was generous and tender-hearted, and notwithſtanding his Anger, which appeared to him to be well grounded, ſtill loved my Siſter paſſionately. Though all his Father ſaid could not bend his Mind, nor bring him to a Reconciliation, yet he could not hear of her melancholy Condition, and that ſhe ſo ardently deſired to ſee him, without ſhewing a deep Concern, and therefore ran to her Apartment, leaving his Father, who willingly let him go, imagining that upon their meeting the Peace would be made up. He approached his Spouſe in a Manner ſo ſubmiſſive, as if he had really been the Offender. She, who thought he was informed of her Misfortune and Shame, and who attributed her Treatment in the Morning to that Knowledge, was ſhaking from Head to Foot, ſo that this ſtrange Interview could not be explained but by *d'Olingry*, the wretched Author of ſo many Misfortunes. Though nothing dropt from my Siſter's Mouth that could give her Husband any Knowledge of the fatal Myſtery, yet the very Obſcurity of her Expreſſions was a new Torment to him; he could by no means conceive why ſhe refuſed his Careſſes, and the Offer of his Hand, which he preſented, in order to a Reconciliation, at the ſame Time that *ſhe appeared* to be overjoyed on ſeeing him in a dif*ferent Temper from* what he was in the Mornin[g]. [H]*e obſerved, in* her Behaviour, a Mixture of [illegible]

)efpair, of Horror and of Tenderneſs; ſhe
, to have him always before her Eyes, and ſpoke
:ternal Separation. So many Contrarieties fill-
n with dreadful Apprehenſions; but it was
gry alone that could bring them to an Under-
ıg, and the unravelling Moment was not
;. This unfortunate Man was in a Place
he could hear all their Converſation,
as much moved by it; but whether his Con-
proceeded from Repentance or Deſpair, God
knows. He contrived ſomething to get his
r to call out his Brother for a few Minutes,
ıe Moment he ſaw him come out, he went
ıe Chamber, and begged of my Siſter, who
ed to be frightned at the Sight of him, to
him for the laſt Time; he told her that
ıving loſt one ſingle Word of the Conver-
which ſhe juſt now had with her Huſ-
he obſerved that he had no Knowledge, nor
ı the leaſt ſuſpicious of the Misfortune of the
:ing Night, and therefore the Evil might be
remedied, by keeping it eternally ſecret;
he had no more to do but to anſwer for herſelf
:r Women, and to live peaceably with her
ınd: That as for him, beſides his own proper
ſt and the Honour of his Family, both which
l him to Silence, he would put it out of his
'ower to reveal it, by throwing himſelf into a
:nt the reſt of his Days. My Siſter had Patience
ır him out, but anſwered, without ſo much
king at him, that it was too much he had
:d her with Shame, and ruined all the Hap-
of her Life, by a Crime of which he alone
uilty, without making her become as criminal
ıſelf by his damnable Advice, and in bring-
her Husband's Bed what he had polluted;
e *would* commit to Fortune her Life an
but would take Care not to loſe her I

 nocer

nocence. Think well of it, Madam, *replied he*, you have but a Moment for it. My Resolution is fixed, *said my Sister*, and mine too, *added he going out*. He found his Brother in another Chamber, and drawing him aside, after many bitter Reproaches for his Treachery in his private Marriage, as well as in every Step of his Courtship, he told him plainly, that he had stained his Bed the preceding Night and as *d'Erletan*, in his first Transport upon hearing this fatal News, clapped his Hand to his Sword, he prevented him with a Poniard, which he plunged into his Breast. Though the Stab was deep, *d'Erletan's* Fury hindered his being directly disabled, so that he had Strength enough to draw his Sword and run his Murderer through the Body: It is true, *d'Olingry* stood calmly and received it. The Domesticks alarmed by the Noise came running in, saw him fall, and heard him pronounce some Words as he was dying, by which he expressed his Joy that his Brother had charged himself with the Crime of his Death, as he accused him of having been guilty already of his Incest, and then expired. A horrid Mixture of Tears and Cries ringing all over the House, made me come to my Chamber-door and I saw a Servant running up Stairs to desire me to come down. O! Sir, said he, our Gentlemen are all killed. I ran, or rather flew down the Stairs and saw the two Brothers stretched, the one intirely dead, and the other expiring. Their Father frighted almost out of his Wits, was endeavouring in vain, to assist them. Come Mr. *de Sauvebœuf* said Mr. *d'Erletan*, with a feeble Voice, come and see the most criminal of all Men breathe his last. Though I did not as yet know the Cause of this melancholy Accident, I could not hinder myself from being moved at what he said, and d'Erletan without giving me Time to speak, told me, in a few Words, his Misfortune and his Brother's Crime.

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I trembled with Horror, and he perceived it. I do not know, *continued he*, if I deserve your Hatred, but how have I incurred that of Heaven? Alas! what have I done in the whole Course of my Life, to be thus cruelly treated! I exhorted him to make his Peace with God. Oh! *said he*, the Manner in which Heaven treats me, makes me but too plainly see that I have no Mercy to expect. At this instant my Sister came in, tearing her Hair, and making the House ring with her Cries; but when he opened his Arms to receive her, she stopt, and he himself appeared to be ashamed at what he had done. I must die then, *said he*, without embracing her, even that Satisfaction I must not allow myself. O abominable Crime! O wicked Brother! She, on her Part, stared at him with wild Looks, and appeared to be intirely deprived of the Use of Speech. She went round him twice or thrice, as if she had intended to come close to him, and he endeavoured to turn his Head to follow her with his Eyes. It seemed as if an invisible Hand retained her, or that she was upon the Brink of a dreadful Precipice, the Sight of which terrified her: At last, not able to support such violent Agitations any longer, she dropt down near to him in a deep fainting Fit, he made an Effort to catch hold of one of her Hands, which he greedily kissed for two or three Minutes. For Heaven's Sake, *said he to me*, take care of her, and prevent her Death. In the mean-time Endeavours were using to stop the Blood that streamed from his Wound, and he was under such Trouble for my Sister that he did not mind them, but when they were going to transport him to a more convenient Place: No, no, *cried he, tearing off the Linnen Rags that had been put upon his Wound*, I do not intend to live. He opened his Arms *to embrace his Father*, and his last Words were *to beg that he* would give me his Daughter in M-

riage, and make me his Heir. When I had seen him expire, I retired to take care of my Sister, who had been carried off under her fainting Fit; she came to herself again, but her Eyes appeared to be so dull and sunk, and her Strengh so much exhausted, that I despaired of her Life; she drooped some Time under continual Swoonings, and died soon enough to be put in the same Grave with her Husband. Mr. *de Sauvebœuf* ended his Story, by telling us that he was since married to Miss *d'Erletan*; and then addressing himself to me: You see, Sir, *added he*, that I had strong Reasons for not being of the Company's Opinion with Regard to you. The Motive that induces you to leave the Marquis is not stronger than what might have hindered me from wedding Mr. *d'Erletan*'s Sister. I though my own Example, which has been approved by all my Acquaintances, authorized me to advise to the same Conduct. I made him sensible of some Difference in the two Cases, and his Story did not alter my Resolution.

As I was persuaded that my Resolution of separating did not oblige me to break through the Rules of Civility and Friendship, I remained some Days at the Duke's, and would have staid longer, had I not been obliged to return to my Daughter's to extricate her out of a troublesom Affair. One Evening as I was at Supper with the Duke, a Servant of my Son-in-law's arrived in great haste, and demanded that he might deliver me a Letter without any Delay. The Letter was from my Daughter, and she wrote to me that the preceding Night a Billet had been patched to the Gate, with Threats to set fire to the House, if she did not order in four Days two thousand Crowns to be carried to a certain *Place mentioned in* the Letter, and she was not the *only Person who* had been thus threatned by those In*cendiaries*, a great many Gentlemen and rich F

mers had been treated with the ſame Sauce, for three or four Months paſt, and thoſe who were not willing to part with their Money, had been actually ruined by Fire. The Duke offered to ſend ſome of his Servants to guard my Daughter's Houſe. But after having maturely conſidered the Affair, I thought it was better to have Recourſe to Addreſs than Force, and therefore reſolved to return myſelf without Delay; from this to my Daughter's it was two Days ordinary Journey, but could be performed in one by Poſt, ſo that I thought I might defer ſetting out till next Morning. I took leave of the Duke that Night, and as the Moment of my Separation from the Marquis approached, he paſſed Part of the Night with me. I renewed my Advices with regard to his Conduct in Life, and drew an exact Picture of his Character, without ſparing his Faults, or concealing his good Qualities. I ran over all the Situations in which a Perſon of his Rank and Birth may find himſelf, expoſing the Dangers, and ſhewing him that Vice lay always in his Road. In ſhort, I laid before him the Path of Virtue in the moſt perſpicuous Manner. Here, *ſaid I*, you may walk with Glory and Joy; Nature and Education are your Aſſiſtants, and I know none that can attain to Wiſdom with more Eaſe than yourſelf: What Obſtacles lye in your Way? Shall ſome youthful Paſſions pretend to diſpute with the moſt powerful of all Motives? Shall they make you forget your Birth, extinguiſh your Knowledge, and combat againſt your happy natural Parts? I ſpeak in particular of Love, the only Weakneſs that will ſtill expoſe you to Danger. I know very well, that it is juſt now Maſter of your Heart, but if we *may ſpeak ſincerely*, can you be at a Loſs to *find a Cure? You ſhall* immediately ſee how many *Remedies I have in* ſtore for ſuch a Diſtemper; let *me therefore* deſcend to the Bottom of that Hear

which you think incurable, where we ſhall ſet up, in Oppoſition to Female Charms, thoſe of Virtue and Innocence; to vain ſenſual Pleaſures, the ineſtimable Advantage of being conſtantly under the Influence of Reaſon; to the Tranſports of a fleeting Enjoyment, the permanent and ſweet Tranquillity that Virtue produces. The Advantages which I mention are not chimerical, or unknown to you, ſince you enjoyed them before you gave Way to your Paſſion, and it is ſurprizing, that you made no Struggle to preſerve them; it is pardonable in the mean and groveling Part of our Species, to place Happineſs in the Pleaſures of Love, becauſe they raiſe their Minds far above their uſual Reach, by opening Sources of Joy to which they were intire Strangers in their primitive Stupidity; but a Soul truly grand is debaſed and turns effeminate, (if I may be allowed the Expreſſion) by the tender Paſſions; more delicate Pleaſures ought to be it's Object, and it's Happineſs is to be viewed in a quite different Light; ſince by it's Reflections and Taſte for Truth, Honour, Humanity and Juſtice, it finds that the Treaſure is within it's own Limits; why ſhould it then ſeek for one of leſs Value elſewhere And ſince it can certainly ſecure itſelf in the Poſ ſeſſion of this Happineſs, why ſhould it have an Dependance on a Thing ſo frail as the Beauty c Women, or ſo light as their Humour, ſtill mor ſubject to change than their Charms? No, my dea Marquis, there can be no true Grandeur of Sot in one that is a Slave to Love, for an exceſſiv Tenderneſs ſeems to exclude Reſolution; Flatter and Careſſes render effeminate; Jealouſies and Diſ quietudes diſturb the Serenity of the Mind; an when one is wholly wrapt up in the Care of pleaſing *there is no Time* left to think of any ſerious Unde *taking. In ſhort,* ſenſual Pleaſures are diametrica oppo

te to Virtue, and will sooner or later crush
ı Efforts.

ɪɒ Marquis listened to this Morality with his
Docility, but, notwithstanding my Declama-
against Love, before I left him he begged I
let him know the Duke's Sentiments about
ıclination for my Niece, and this Question
me plainly see that all I had said was to no
fe. I nevertheless answered, without appearing
dissatisfied, that the Duke had not spoke of it
Affair that was serious; that in reality, no
d could ever look upon it otherwise than as
ıusement, which had indeed produced melan-
Effects, but that I was easy, if they could
ɔntribute to make him wiser. These were
ft Words, to which I gave him no Time to
r that Night, and next Morning before Day-
I was gone in my Post-chaise.

MEMIORS

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, *&c.*

BOOK XIV.

ON my Return, my Thoughts were much employed upon the Step that I had taken of leaving the Marquis, and Heaven knows, that my first Acknowledgment for being now at Freedom from my Engagements, was directed thitherwards, and knows likewise, that my Assurance of a tender Esteem and Concern at our Separation was sincere. Neverthelesss, this Regret was perhaps less owing to the Separation itself, than to the Reasons which I thought obliged me to it; that is to say, I could have wished with all my Heart, that Age and the Disposition of my Mind had permitted me to serve the Duke, but as it was not possible to reconcile my present Situation to any such Engagement, I was inwardly overjoyed to find myself now at full Liberty. The Motives of Decency, which served *me as a Pretence*, were not the strongest, though *they had appeared* sufficient to justify my Retrea *My Age was still* a weaker Reason, for I enjoy He:

Health and Strength. The Secret and true Caufe I will here reveal. A new Scene of late paſſed in my Mind, which very much augmented it's Trouble, or rather, made me feel in it one of an extraordinary Nature unknown to me till then. I had undergone, in the Courſe of my Life, Loſſes of all Kinds, and conſequently had paſſed through all the Degrees of Grief: But having been always a Stranger to Vice, I had never loſt that ſort of inward Contentment, which accompanies Innocence. I thought I might look upon all my Misfortunes only as a Trial of my Patience from Heaven, becauſe I had never felt Remorſes that had made me dread them as a Puniſhment. This Diſpoſition of the Heart is a great Comfort and Aſſiſtance to thoſe that are unhappy, even in the very Tranſports that touch upon Deſpair. However, this ſweet Conſolation in my Troubles had of late quite abandoned me, and the Death of my Lady *R*—— diſturbed my Peace of Conſcience. I conſtantly charged myſelf with it as a Crime to which I had, at leaſt, been acceſſary. In the firſt Place, it was I who contributed to her leaving *England*, and ought I to have been inſenſible ſo long, that an Action of this Nature was offenſive to God and diſhonourable? What Right had I to take this Lady from her Huſband, and to aſſiſt her in breaking through the Ties of Marriage? What ſtrange Compaſſion is that which cannot be exerciſed without committing a Crime, and mortally injuring an innocent Perſon, in order to relieve another that's unfortunate? Beſides, *continued I*, who can aſſure me that the Motive which made me act, and which I then called Pity, was not an irregular Paſſion? It is true, I ſubdued it at laſt, but did I conſtantly ſtruggle againſt it! And if a Moment is ſufficient for Love to ſpread it's Poiſon, who can aſcertain me, that the Deſign of m Heart, in ſerving my Lady, was not the ſec

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Hopes of satisfying itself more easily, when she wa removed from her Husband; consequently, it is perhaps a criminal Inclination that drove me to undertake the Flight of a married Woman. What othe Reason could I have to procure her a Retreat a my Daughter's? Why should I have taken so much Interest in the Fortune of a Stranger? Have I forgot my Agitations, my Sighs and Tears, and can I believe, that all this could agree with Innocence? As to the fatal Accident of her Death, 'tis certain, I could not foresee it, and that I would have spared nothing to prevent it, since it's Source springs from the Weaknesses of which I have now been accusing myself. In one Word, had I not loved my Lady *R*——, a Thing repugnant to Honour, would she have left *England*, stayed with my Daughter, and there miserably perished? It is therefore I that am chargeable with the Disorder of her Flight, and the Crime of her Death.

WHETHER the terrible Concern, which such Reflections gave me, proceeded from Weakness of Mind, or from a lively Sentiment of Religion, I shall not determine; but if from the latter, a speedy Repentance to pacify Heaven was my Business; and if from the former, the Clamours of my Conscience were to be appeased, by removing my Scruples; from the one and the other this natural Consequence might be drawn, that Retirement was become more necessary to me than ever. I have now laid my Heart open to my Reader, but don't know what Opinion he will have of my Delicacies, and Fears with respect to Virtue and Vice, but what convinces me now that I ought not to repent of being so severe a Judge upon myself, is, the nearer I approach *my last Moments* of Life, the more I am pleased *with that Rigour*, which augments my Confidence *in the supreme* Judge, and diminishes the Fears *o approaching* Eternity.

In the Evening I arrived at my Daughter's, and found every body there alarmed, as if the House had been already on Fire. I had the Case explained, and particularly the Place, to which the two thousand Crowns were to be carried, which was in a large Plain about a quarter of a League from the Village, at the Foot of an old Oak-tree alone by itself, five or six Yards from a little Foot-path. I went directly to view the Place, which appeared to be well chosen for the Safety of Robbers, because they could not have been observed by Spies without their perceiving them, and yet I fell upon a Stratagem that baffled their Caution. As the Money was to be carried to the Place appointed the next Night, I caused immediately to dig a Hole in the Ground about twenty Paces from the Tree, large enough to conceal six Men, and ordered the Earth taken out of the Hole to be carried off, and spread upon Corn-ground. When this was done, I returned home, and ordered six resolute Men, with each a Gun and Provisions, to go and lodge themselves in the Hole, and remain in it the Remainder of that Night, and all the next Day, with Orders not to attack the Thieves till they were at the Foot of the Tree, and they had seized on their Prey. I should have accompanied them myself, had not my Daughter assured me that I might rely on her two Huntsmen, who were stout brave Fellows. In the Evening appointed by the Incendiaries, I gave my Servant two thousand Crowns in a Purse, to carry to the Foot of the Tree, and ordered him to make no Stay at the Place, or so much as to look back upon his Return. About eleven or twelve o'Clock at Night our People in Ambush saw three Persons advancing in the little Path, and who seemed to come from a Cottage that stood at one End of the Plain. When they were opposite to the Tree two of them walked on, and the Third stopped, sayin

loud enough to be heard from the Hole, that a natural Neceſſity preſſed him, and ſo went to eaſe himſelf at the Foot of the Tree, where he took the Purſe, and put it into his Pocket. One of our People that Moment fired upon him, and lodged a Pair of Balls in his Body, which was wrong; for he might have been taken as eaſily as the other two, who were ſurrounded in a Moment. They were brought home Priſoners, and known to be Peaſants in the Neighbourhood. I interrogated them ſeparately, and found at laſt that the wounded Perſon was only guilty. He was an old Rogue thought to be rich, and who no doubt had become ſo by the ſame Method that he made uſe of with my Daughter. His two Companions did not know him for what he was, he had engaged them to go and drink with him at the Place from whence our People had ſeen them coming, that he might, without Affectation, upon his Return take the Money, if it was placed where he had ordered it. He was ſo deſperately wounded, that we ſuffered him to die at my Daughter's Houſe; though he lived about eight Days, in which Time he might have been tried, and no doubt, would have been condemned to be broke upon the Wheel or burnt alive.

As the *Autumn* was coming on, and *Amulem* ſtill reſolved to be at *Vienna* before *Winter*, we began to think ſeriouſly of our Departure, and fixed on a time ſo ſhort, that we could not imagine any Obſtacle would prevent it. But Heaven had decreed that I ſhould not go to *Germany*, ſo that the laſt Meaſures were as fruitleſs as the former, and the Cauſe of their being broke not more advantageous to the Duke of ****, and to *Amulem* than to me. We all three had our proportionable Share in Vexation, occaſioned by a very diſagreeable Adventure but mine was in one reſpect beneficial, ſince it ſerved to advance the Moment of my retiring, a

made it ſtill more agreeable to me, which now remains to be narrated, and with it I ſhall conclude theſe Memoirs.

As I was always miſtruſtful of the Paſſion and enterprizing Humour of the Marquis, I reſolved to ſecure *Nadina* from all his Attempts before my Departure, and the Convent ſeemed to me to be the fitteſt Place for that Purpoſe; for which reaſon, I made choice of one ſome Leagues from *Paris*, called *H*——. Beſides that the Prioreſs was my Acquaintance, I knew that a great many young Ladies were educated in it, whoſe Company would hinder my Niece from looking on a Cloiſter as a Priſon. I went myſelf to the Place to make an Agreement with the Nuns about her Penſion, and my Nephew *Muleid* accompanied me out of Curioſity. The Situation of the Houſe appeared beautiful and healthful, and we viſited, with Pleaſure, every Thing that Nuns are allowed to ſhew to People of our Sex; but nothing charmed *Muleid* ſo much as the Sight of a hundred young Boarders, among whom, there were ſome exceeding handſom. It was in the Church we ſaw this fine Show, they were all drawn up in Order, and ſo nicely dreſſed out, that I was ſurprized to ſee ſuch Affectation allowed in a Cloiſter. *Muleid* looked very earneſtly at them, and I ſuppoſe they put him in mind of his Father's Seraglio. On the Road back to my Daughter's, his whole Converſation was upon the Beauty of theſe young Ladies, and I told him, laughing, that had he not been ſo near the Time of his Departure, I would not have thus expoſed him to the Danger of loſing his Heart. When we were got home, I propoſed the Convent to my Niece, who, being now pretty well recovered out of the Trouble occaſioned by her Husband's Death, was ſo far from expreſſing any Averſion to it, that ſhe proteſted it was agreeable to her Inclination, particularly, after ſhe had learn

ed from her Brother, that ſhe ſhould neither want Company nor Diverſion in it. *Muleid* was very deſirous to return with her, and not only he, but the whole Family accompanied her. My Daughter, who was of a merry Diſpoſition, having heard *Muleid* frequently extolling the Charms of ſome of the Boarders, propoſed that he ſhould dreſs himſelf in Women's Clothes, that he might be admitted with her into the Convent. He readily agreed to the Propoſal, and though I oppoſed it in a very ſerious Manner, I was forced to yield to my Daughter's comical Reaſons, who knew well how to deal with a fond Father, hardly able to contradict her in any Thing; ſo that *Muleid* was metamorphoſed into a Girl, at leaſt to outward Appearance, and his Age and Features made him look ſo like one, that the Nuns had not the leaſt Suſpicion of his Sex. He freely went into the Convent for two Days, and had not only Time to obſeve who was prettieſt among the Boarders, but to make up an Acquaintance with ſome of them. I never, however, ſhould have imagined, that he would have been capable of falling in Love in ſuch a Place, for, beſides that he had not at all the *French* Manner, he was naturally ſerious, and I believed his Thoughts and Inclinations were ſtill towards *Turkey*. His Figure was however very agreeable, and the *Turkiſh* Air, which he ſtill retained, did no Diſhonour to the Nation. After *Amulem* and he had taken a tender farewel of *Nadina*, we returned to my Daughter's, and haſtened ſo much the Preparations for our Departure, that in four Days every Thing was ready; but the very Evening before we were to ſet out, *Muleid* declared to his Father that he found himſelf ſo much *out of Order* that he was not in a Condition to undertake the Journey.

He affected the ſick Man ſo artfully, that we were perſuaded of it. A Phyſician was called, wh[o]

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could make nothing of his Diftemper by any Symptoms that he could difcover, but as great Faith was to be had to what the fick Perfon faid, we doubted fo little of his Diftemper, that we put off our Journey till he was recovered. But all was a meer Contrivance to gain Time, his Heart being deeply fmitten by the Charms of *Mademoifelle Therefa de*—— a young Lady in the Convent, about fourteen or fifteen Years of Age. I conceal her Family Name, becaufe of the great Grief which her Adventure has given her Relations. I cannot imagine what he could propofe to himfelf in the Beginning of his Paffion, for there was no Likelihood that a young Girl, brought up in a Convent from her very Infancy, would liften to a Lover of a different Country, and of a different Religion; his Hopes, no doubt, were built upon *Nadina*'s Affiftance, whom he had trufted with his Secret. In fhort, *Muleid*'s Diftemper was Love, which for eight Days he very artfully concealed, under the Name of Colick, and Pains in the Head and Stomach. One Evening having retired to his Chamber early, and worfe, as he pretended, than he had as yet been, before I went to Bed, I fent to enquire how he was; but my Servant came back and told me, that he was not in his Room; upon which I made him return to fee where he was. After fome Enquiry, he underftood that *Muleid* had gone out privately, and was gone off, accompanied by one of my Daughter's Footmen. This News obliged me to go immediately to his Father's Apartment, who was as much furprized as I, and no Mortal in the Family could imagine the Caufe of his Departure.

SOME Weeks paffed before we knew what was become of him, though we had People in Search of him every where. *Amulem* had no more Sons, and the Concern he was under for him, threw him into a Fit of Sicknefs. I fent to all the Places where

had carried him since his coming to *France*, and even to *Holland*, where we had remained some Months together; but all to no Purpose. We had been already more than a Month in this Trouble about him, when I received a Letter from the Prioress of the Convent where I had placed *Nadina*. She gave me Notice that the Marquis *de*—— Son to the Duke of——had come two or three Times to see my Niece without discovering himself; that she had made no Difficulty to permit his Visits, but as they became more frequent, she had informed herself of his Name, which he had refused to tell her, but that she had learned it from other People, and imagining that there might be something of Love in the Motive of so many Visits, she wanted my Directions how she was to behave to him.

I could not conceive by what Means the Marquis had discovered where my Niece was. I knew that he had gone to *Paris* with the Duke his Father, and made no Doubt, but that the Court and the Hurry of Pleasures, would banish *Nadina* out of his Mind. Till I could deliberate at Leisure upon this new Difficulty, I wrote to the Prioress that if he continued his Visits, I begged she would tell him, in a civil Manner, that she could not allow her Boarders to receive them so frequently. As I had always a Notion that *Muleid* had gone to *Paris*, I resolved to go and seek him there myself, with a Design, at the same Time, to see the Marquis, and once more to try what I could do with him. My first Visit was to the Duke. I could have obtained his Authority to put a Stop to his Son's Amours, but two Reasons hindered me, the one was, the Fear I had of afflicting too much the *young Lover, if* he came to know that I was the *Cause of his Father's* severe Reprimands; and the *other, not less strong*, was the Opinion, which I *had but too* good Ground to entertain of the Duke's

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Way of Thinking upon that Article. I had not delayed ſo long to ſpeak of this Affair to him in a very ſerious Manner, but ſince I make Profeſſion of Sincerity in theſe Memoirs, I ſhall not endeavour to conceal how little I was ſatisfied with his Anſwers. He had always looked upon my little Fears as frivolous, and could ſee nothing in his Son's Attachment, but a youthful Gallantry, which ſerved to amuſe him, and if there was any Danger, it was all on my Niece's Side. The high Birth of the Marquis appeared to him to be a Preſervative againſt the Sincerity as well as Duration of all Engagements, ſo that I could lay no Streſs upon his Aſſiſtance, and therefore I did not ſo much as mention a Word of it to him. When I came out of his Apartment, I went ſtreight to that of the Marquis, and I thought I had ſtill a Right to enter without ſending in my Name. Let the Reader judge of my Surprize, when, opening the Door, I perceived *Muleid* playing at Tables with him. They were both as much at a Loſs as I, nevertheleſs I put on a merry Countenance, to tell him that I thought myſelf very happy of finding, when I leaſt expected it, my dear Son and Nephew. The Marquis came and took me in his Arms, but *Muleid* kept at a Diſtance, and appeared to be much out of Countenance. I gently chid him for the Uneaſineſs into which he had thrown his Father and all the Family. He endeavoured to excuſe himſelf, by alledging that the Marquis had kept him ſo buſied in Diverſions, that he had not a leiſure Minute to write to us. I asked if he was perfectly recovered, and if he would ſoon be in a Condition to return to *Aſia*. He begged I would allow him to enjoy the Air of *Paris* a little longer, which he found agreed perfectly well with him. I could not refuſe him this Favour, and only begged he would write ſometimes to his Father, whoſe Concern for

his Abſence had impaired his Health. I dined with the two young Gentlemen, and after Dinner took the Marquis aſide to tell him that the Prioreſs of the Convent, where my Niece was, complained that he had made her, more than once, break through her Rule, which did not allow her to admit Viſits from young Gentlemen to her Boarders; that at firſt, he had been received upon account of his Name, which he had vainly endeavoured to conceal, but that for the future, ſhe was reſolved to be more exact in her Duty. He eaſily conceived the Meaning of this round-about Story, and, as his Plan was already concerted with *Muleid*, anſwered, with a ſeeming Sincerity, with which I was deceived, that he ſhould be extremely ſorry to give the Prioreſs the leaſt Diſturbance by his Viſits to my Niece, whom he promiſed to ſee no more, or, at leaſt, ſo ſeldom, that no Encroachment ſhould be made upon the moſt rigorous Rules. I paſt the remaining Part of the Day with him and my Nephew, and having nothing that retained me at *Paris*, I left it next Morning to go and viſit my Niece. The firſt Perſon I called for was the Prioreſs, who told me what had paſſed in the Viſits of the Marquis, or, at leaſt, what the Nun, who accompanied *Nadina*, according to the Cuſtom of Convents, had told her. Nothing has happened, ſaid ſhe, in Cloiſter Stile, that could throw the leaſt Spot upon the very Mirrour of Modeſty. But this pious Lady did not know that her Nun was a Cheat, who had been gained by the Addreſs of the Marquis. She next told me, that my other Niece was a very lovely Perſon, and was received, every Time ſhe came to the Convent, by the whole Community, with great Pleaſure. Of what *Niece, Mother, ſaid I, with Surprize*, do you *ſpeak? Why your* other Niece, *replied ſhe*, that *you brought here* with her, who now remains with

us. Yes, *continued she*, this young Lady has a vast Share of Merit; though she has something of the foreign Manner, yet her Sweetness of Temper and Wit have gained the Hearts of all our Sisters, and particularly of one of our young Boarders, who is never so well pleased as when she sees her here. This Discourse was too clear to admit of any Obscurity, and notwithstanding the Concern it gave me, I could not hinder myself from laughing at the Credulity of these good Nuns, who continued to take *Muleid* for a Girl, for I could not in the least doubt but that it was he who imposed upon them under the Name of my Niece. I was at a Loss what Answer to make, but at last resolved to thank her only in general, for the Favours shewed by her and the Community to my Friends, and after recommending to her, not to let *Nadina* see the Marquis any more, I used the Freedom to give her my Opinion, how necessary it was to have a strict Eye upon the Conduct of the young Ladies her Boarders. My Visit to *Nadina* was short. I was impatient to return to my Daughter's, to make *Amulem* easy about his Son, but what vexed me was, to find that his Sentiments, with respect to his Son's Intrigue with this young Girl in the Convent, were much of a Piece with those of the Duke of ***** with Regard to my Niece, that is to say, *Amulem*, extremely well pleased to have found his Son, laughed at his Love, and could not hinder himself from telling me, that he wished him good Success. Not so fast, *said I*, you fancy yourself to be at *Amasia*; besides, what Success can you wish your Son here, that is not contrary to your own Desires. Do you imagine that he can obtain a *French* Girl without becoming a good Christian. *Let him become one* with all my Heart, and you *also, and bring your* Fortune from *Asia* to France; *we shall perhaps*, after that, fall upon a Way to

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make *Muleid* happy. No, anſwered *Amulem*, I have told you a thouſand Times, that I would not abandon my Religion, good or bad, and I will not ſuffer *Muleid* to quit it neither; but if he could prevail upon his young Miſtreſs to go with us to *Aſia*, we will make her one of *Mahomet's* Daughters. That is a Thing you are not to flatter yourſelf with, *replied I*, my Nephew would greatly expoſe himſelf in the Attempt, and if you think me capable of giving you a good Advice, you will order him to return quickly from *Paris:* At laſt, he took my Advice, and wrote to his Son to come to the Country the Moment he received his Letter; but we had Occaſion to know, that paternal Authority is no more reſpected by *Turks*, than by a great many *French*. The Marquis and *Muleid* had formed a very odd Project, which was, that they ſhould carry off their Miſtreſſes to *Turkey*. No doubt but the Invention of this glorious Project was owing to my Nephew, for, on leaving my Daughter's, he had gone ſtreight to find out the Marquis, whom he informed where his Siſter was, and they had agreed to aſſiſt one another in their Amours. *Muleid* had hired an Apartment at *Paris*, and having provided himſelf with Clothes fit for a Girl, had Acceſs to *Nadina's* Convent as often as he pleaſed. He had diſcovered his Sex to Miſs *Thereſa*, and, aſſiſted by my Niece, had made a great Progreſs in a ſhort Time. The Propoſal of their going to *Turkey* was made by him, for though the Marquis had paid ſeveral Viſits to *Nadina*, he had not always the Pleaſure of entertaining her freely, it being only of late, that by his Addreſs he had gained over the Guardian Nun that attended her, not only to allow him to converſe freely with her, but likewiſe to accompany them in their Flight. Thus they went by Turns to ſee their Miſtreſſes, and he, whoſe Day it was, carried a Letter from the other

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and brought back an Anſwer. Miſs *Thereſa* was a pert little Damſel, who had Charms enough to make two pretty Girls. I do not know whether ſhe had heard of a Seraglio, but it appeared in the Event, that the Idea of it did not at all frighten her. She heartily entered into the Project of taking a Trip to *Amaſia*, and her Affection for *Muleid* was nothing inferior to that of *Nadina* for the Marquis. Such was the Poſture of their Affairs when my Nephew received his Father's Letter, and the only Effect that it produced was to make them haſten the Execution of their Deſign. They took care to provide themſelves with proper Servants, Ladders, Poſt-chaiſes, and every Thing elſe that was neceſſary. *Muleid* did not want Money, and the Marquis had ſcraped together all he could. They went to the Convent on the Night appointed, and took their Miſtreſſes over the Walls of the Garden, with the Nun who was to follow their Fortune. Their Elopement was diſcovered next Morning, but as the Convent is ſituated in a Plain by itſelf, and as the Prioreſs had not People to ſend after them, ſhe only cauſed two Servants to take Poſt, the one to inform *Thereſa*'s Father, of what had happened, and the other to me, with the ſame News, which I received about twelve o'clock. The Authors were not named, but I was at no Loſs to gueſs who they were, and it came into my Mind at once that, ſince the Marquis and my Nephew had come to this Extremity, their Deſign was to leave the Kingdom, and to take the Road to *Turkey*. As it was ſcarce to be imagined that they would run the Riſk of traverſing *France*, in order to embark at *Marſeilles*, I imagined that they had taken the Road to *Germany*. This Thought flattered me with Hopes of overtaking them, becauſe my Daughter's Seat, as I have already often ſaid, is towards the Frontier. Nevertheleſs, as the

might have resolved to pass over into *Englan*
dispatched, in all Haste, some Persons of C
dence to *Calais*, and other Sea-ports. I mou
on Horseback directly myself, and made the be
my Way to the Post-road to *Germany*, accomp
by three Men well armed. Having made I
mation at the first Stage, I understood that,
or three Hours before, two Chaises, followed by
Men on Horseback, had passed riding Post,
that they could not find Horses sufficient at e
Stage. I could see that my young Sparks had
had the Precaution to order Relays of Horses
fore they set out, and I concluded, from that C
sight, that I should come up with them before N
However, perceiving at last themselves the F
they made their Guides double the Stages nea
Frontier with the same Horses, by which M
they not only went quicker on, but retarded
because in some Places I could get no Horse
that I could not possibly get up with them b
Night. But as they stopped to pass a Part of
Mons, the first Town in the Emperor's Domin
I arrived in it next Morning before their Depar
Though I perhaps had Reason to be apprehensi
two such resolute young Men, yet I would
give the Marquis the Displeasure of seeing hi
arrested by any but myself; and therefore, wit
calling any to my Assistance, which I might
easily done, I alighted at the Inn where they
lodged, and was told upon going in that they
as yet in Bed. Though they were four, I was
ly afraid that two Beds had served them, and
they had not stayed for the Priest's Benedictio
the nuptial Bed. I artfully informed myself,
was told that one of the young Gentlemen
with one of the young Ladies, and that the
two had separate Chambers. Alas! *said I*
self, how I tremble for my Niece; she h

married, and is got over that nice Modesty of unexperienced Maids. I made them conduct me however to her Chamber, who was without a male Companion; and how rejoiced was I upon entering, to perceive the last Gown which I had seen *Nadina* dressed in. Thanks to Heaven, *cried I*, she has at least some Remains of Virtue and Modesty. As she had caused the Landlady to lock the Door herself at Night, she was frightened to see a Man when she awaked. I approached her Bedside, and told her softly not to be afraid; but she no sooner knew me, than she fainted away. And when she recovered her Spirits, she jumped out of Bed, and in spite of me threw herself at my Feet weeping bitterly. I lifted her up, and put her again into Bed, and all this was a mute Scene, neither of us having as yet spoke one Word. Ah! my dear Niece, *said I at last*, is it possible that I find you at *Mons* with a young Man who is not your Husband? Is it Charm or Poison that has made you forget your Duty? What have you done? What will become of you? Tell me at least what are your Intentions? Alas! were they innocent you would not have concealed them from your Father, nor from me; you would not in the Silence of Night have made your Escape over the Walls of your Convent; you would not now be in a Tavern abandoned to all the Desires of a Man, who, as you, has lost Sight of Virtue and Prudence. Where is he? Tell me. How afraid am I that he has already past the Night in your Arms! This Suspicion, which I designedly mentioned, made her at last open her Mouth. I confess, *said she, weeping*, that I am guilty of the greatest of Faults, but it is only in consenting to follow the Marquis; for, may Heaven punish me *with it's severest* Rigours, if I have suffered the *least Thing that may* touch my Honour. What *could I do, continued she, with streaming* Eyes?

You know but too well, that I love him. He promiſed to marry me, and ſpend his Days with me in *Amaſia*. Is it poſſible, *replied I*, that a Perſon of your good Senſe did not diſcover the Folly of ſuch a childiſh Promiſe? What Appearance could there be of his Sincerity, in promiſing a Thing which he could not perform. Have you forgot his Birth, and the Extent of his Father's Power. But ſuppoſing you had croſſed over *Germany*, without being purſued and ſtopped, what Aſſurance had you that he would not have abandoned you even in *Turkey*, when he had obtained of you what cools and often gluts a young Man? Ah! if you knew, *interrupted ſhe*, with what Tenderneſs he loves me, you would not have ſuch an Idea of him. I am ſure he would loſe his Life for me. Ha! poor Thing, *ſaid I*, how little art thou as yet acquainted with the ſeducing Ways of young Lovers. Make yourſelf quickly ready to return with me to *France*, and thank Heaven that has not permitted your entire Ruin. I asked if the Marquis had not deſired to paſs the Night with her; ſhe anſwered ingenuouſly, that he had made the Propoſal, but had not inſiſted after ſhe had declared that ſhe would by no Means conſent till after their Marriage. And Miſs *Thereſa*, ſaid I, has ſhe been as nice with your Brother? I do not know, *anſwered ſhe*; but I believe they are together in the ſame Chamber. While we were talking thus, and that my Indulgence began to give her ſome Courage, I heard the Marquis calling on his Valet de Chambre. He was juſt awaked, and far, no doubt, from imagining I was ſo near him. I ordered my Niece to dreſs herſelf, and when ſhe was getting up, I perceived the Nun, who had ſlept with her that Night, but had hid herſelf till then under the Bedclothes, that I might not ſee her. I gave her ſome ſharp Reprimand *for her bad* Conduct, and for the Part ſhe had acted

ed in this dishonourable Action, to which she made no Answer.

WHAT I have hitherto recounted, was only the Prelude to a more serious Scene. The Marquis having called his Valet, was strangely surprized to hear that I was in the House; not that his Servant had seen me coming, but had been, no doubt, told by my People, to whom I had not enjoined Secrecy. My Niece was scarce dressed, when her Lover appeared with such Consternation in his Looks, that if the Eyes are the Index of the Mind, his Grief was violent; he came however straight to me: I must in Justice acknowledge, Sir, *said he*, that I am guilty, but if you will not pardon this Fault, by attributing it to the Violence of a Passion, of which I am not Master, you must deprive me of Life without Pity, and you must not expect to drag your Niece from me, till you have pierced my Heart, for I am resolved to defend the Right which she has been pleased to give me to her Person, to my last Breath. My dear Marquis, *answered I*, it is neither in a Tavern, nor by piercing your Heart, that I pretend to dispute your Right; your Reason and Generosity will be the Arms I shall make use of. I am not surprised to see you hurried by Love to such Excesses; it is long since I was acquainted with your Vivacity on that Article, but I am not less acquainted with the Honesty and Candour of your Heart, which by the Violence of your Passion may be suspended for a Moment, but cannot be quite extinguished. Take my Advice, and let us return peaceably to *France*. If you cannot get the better of your Passion, it is by prevailing with your Father, that you are to shew us the Force of it, and what you are capable of doing to gratify it. Obtain, if possible, my Niece in this Manner, it being the only Way worthy of you, of her, and of me. He did not answer one Syllable, but stood leanin

on the Back of a Chair, with his Eyes fixed on the Floor, as if he had been in a deep Meditation. I took him by the Hand, and begged he would accompany me to *Muleid*'s Chamber; to which he allowed me to lead him without the least Resistance.

Muleid was also informed of my Arrival, and, by a Subtilty of which I did not think him capable, had like to have given me the Slip. Having understood that I was in his Sister's Chamber, he had given Orders to have the Horses put with all Expedition to the Post-chaise, while he was dressing; so that if I had delayed going to his Apartment, both he and his Mistress would have been gone. My Presence quite disconcerted him, and he waited till I spoke. I told him, in a few Words, that his Father was so dissatisfied with his Conduct, that I did not very well know how the Peace was to be made up, and that, on the other hand, I would not advise him to return to *France*, if he would avoid a great deal of Trouble and Danger; that a *Turk* who takes it into his Head to carry off a Christian Girl out of a Convent, cannot easily make up Matters with the Judges. In short, that if he took my Advice, he would let Miss *Theresa* return with us, and wait for his Father at *Mons*. This little Damsel, whom I had not till then seen, and who appeared to be extremely handsom, took up the Cudgels, with a great deal of Fire, for her Lover, and told me very pertly, that what I said with Respect to the Judges and to Justice was true, when a Lady was carried off against her Will; but that this was not the Case with Regard to her, since she acknowledged, that it was with her Consent *Muleid* had taken her out of the Convent, and that far from returning to *France*, she was resolved never to part with him. Very well, *said I*, my pretty Child, you shall remain with him; I have no Right here to use Violence with you, but I

must

must tell you, at the same Time, that you shall not leave *Mons* till your Family gives Consent. I will go and beg of the Governor to confine you within the Gates of the City. She replied, with a Sort of a Tone that had something of the *Turk* in it, that I might have her confined at *Mons*, but that she defied me to separate her from *Muleid*. As for him, he only told me, that being safely out of *France*, and having no Design to return to it, he was under no Concern about it's Laws, and that with Regard to his Father, to whom he was never wanting in the Respect due from a dutiful Son, he hoped that he would not look upon his Amour as a Crime. I begged they would come to my Niece's Chamber, and breakfast with me. *Muleid* and Miss *Theresa* eat with a very good Appetite, but the Marquis and *Nadina* only looked at one another, with a languishing Melancholy, as two Victims ready to be sacrificed. I was very much affected with their Case, and could have wished to have made them happy, at the Expence of my Blood; but it was a Thing absolutely impossible. I was surprised not to see the Nun with us, and ordered her to be called; but what I suspected happened to prove true, she being afraid that I would have her arrested, and reconducted to her Convent, had made her Escape. I did not think myself obliged to seek after her, nor had I any Right to do her the least Violence. When we had ended Breakfast, I made the following Proposal to Miss *Theresa*: As I cannot allow you to go with my Nephew without the Consent of your Parents, consider, my dear Miss, whether you'll chuse to be confined within the Gates of this City, 'till your Family is informed where you are; or, which would be more honourable for you, to go, for some Time, into a Convent here. She answered, that, to avoid a publick Scandal, she would willingly go into a Con-

vent, were ſhe not afraid that they would keep her Priſoner in it. *Muleid* was entirely againſt the Convent, which I could have wiſhed they had both agreed to; for I was loth to have Recourſe to the other Extremity. I therefore took *Muleid* aſide, and told him, that if he would give me his Word of Honour not to leave *Mons* with his Miſtreſs before he heard from me, I would leave them together 'till I could come back myſelf, or write to him. Though I ſpoke pretty low, Miſs *Thereſa*, who had Eyes and Ears every Way, heard a Part of my Diſcourſe, and very confidently told me, that if I would take her Word, ſhe engaged not to ſtir from *Mons* 'till farther Orders: That ſhe was very eaſy about her Family, becauſe ſhe was very ſure they could not take her from *Muleid*, who was her Husband, and with whom, *added ſhe*, ſhe had paſſed the Night in Quality of his Spouſe. I admired the Pertneſs of this little Creature, and I was pretty much aſſured that ſhe would prove a troubleſom Piece of Furniture in a Seraglio. However, I thought I had done enough for her, by taking this Precaution; and I only told *Muleid*, that he might depend upon his Father's Diſpleaſure, if he broke his Word.

I imagined after this, that nothing remained but to ſet out with the Marquis and my Niece, but the moſt ſerious and moſt difficult Work was ſtill to be done. I had given Orders to have the Chaiſe and Horſes ready to depart at twelve o'Clock, with a Deſign to reach my Daughter's that Night, which we could eaſily have accompliſhed going Poſt. When Word was brought that all was ready, I begged of the Marquis to walk down Stairs, but was ſurpriſed to ſee him remain in his Chair, with his Eyes fixed on the Ground, without making me any Anſwer. I reiterated my Intreaties, and got up myſelf to lead the Way. *Stop, Sir, ſaid he*, ſtop, did you im-

gine that I could so easily lose the Hopes of possessing your Niece, and that after having risked all for her, I should tamely submit to the being deprived of the Fruit of my Labours; or, if you will, of my Faults? No, no; you may take my Life, which I will not defend against you; but you shall not easily carry off the Treasure of my Heart. Be Witness, *added he*, to the Oath I make at my dear *Nadina*'s Feet, that nothing but Death shall make me abandon her. I answered laughing, that Lovers Oaths are fleeting as the Wind, and of no Account with *Jupiter*. Come, my Niece, *continued I*, *speaking to* Nadina; the Marquis, I dare say, will not refuse to follow you; upon which I took hold of her Hand, with an Intention to lead her down Stairs; but he pushed me with such Violence, that it was with great Difficulty I kept myself from falling; and then, taking her in his Arms, sat down in a Chair, holding her upon his Knees. She fell a crying, and he, still more enraged at the Sight of her Tears, loaded me with harsh and bitter Reproaches, calling me Barbarian, Tiger, a Man void of Friendship, and who had all along preached up Morals to him, directly contrary to my own Practice; adding that, besides a hundred Proofs I had given him of my Harshness and Rigour, he remembered very well, with what an Air of Mockery I had spoke of his Passion, when I had given up the Employment of being his Governor, which he would never forget; that I was much deceived, if I took him to be a Child; or if I continued to look upon myself as a Person who had any Authority over him; that my Reign was over, and that I also was under a great Mistake in ascribing to myself any Power over my Niece, whose Father was alive, and to whom alone she was accountable for her Actions; that she had been already married to Mr. *B——*, against her Inclination, by my Cruelty

and that ſhe ought rather to look upon me as her Tyrant, than her Uncle.

I liſtened to all theſe harſh Things with Patience, but my Niece, who perceived that I had Reaſon to be offended, got herſelf diſengaged from his Hold, and threw herſelf at my Feet, begging Pardon. I told her, that if ſhe retained any more Regard for me, than the Marquis did, ſhe muſt convince me of it by following me directly; and her Anſwer was, that ſhe was ready to obey my Commands. It was then he became quite outragious, and took her into his Arms a ſecond Time, ſwearing, in a moſt terrible Manner, that he knew how to defend her, both againſt herſelf and me. I was frightened with his Action, and ſaw no other Remedy but Mildneſs to calm his Fury; for fighting was a Thing not to be thought of; and leſs, that of demanding Aſſiſtance, which I was not very certain of obtaining, in a Town that was not under the Dominion of *France*, and where clandeſtine Marriages are not contrary to the Laws: Beſides, it would have been the greateſt Affront that I could have put upon the Marquis; ſo that I did not ſtop a Moment upon that Thought. He has an excellent Heart, *ſaid I to myſelf*, and with ſuch there's always Hopes of gaining Ground; ſo that I muſt, by no Means, deſpair of bringing him to Reaſon. While I was making theſe Reflections, he was ſpeaking a thouſand moving Things to my Niece. You conſent then to abandon me, *ſaid he*; you are reſolved to deprive me of an Opportunity of being your's, which I ſhall never recover: Good God! upon what can one depend, if you thus forget your Oaths? Have not you ſwore that even the Sight of Death itſelf ſhould not hinder you from being mine? What Opinion muſt I have of your Conſtancy? How can I believe but that you'll be as changeable in your Inclination, as you are in your Reſolution

following me? You betray me, I see it but too ɩinly, and perhaps this very Moment that I am ;aking, you wish me dead, that you may be at berty to return with your Uncle; is this all the ogress that I have made in your Heart? Heavens! ıat Recompence for so much Love and Fidelity! ;re I interrupted him, by begging that he would ⁄e me a Moment's Attention. He answered, ıt I was his Enemy and Persecutor, and that he ›uld hear me no more. I only ask you a Mo-:nt, *said I*; and if you grant it, you will be con-ıced, not only that I love you, and am not the rbarian you represent me, but that I seriously sh your Happiness. Let us return to *France*, I ›mise to speak to the Duke of your Passion in the ongest Terms; you yourself shall dictate my :pressions, and then it will be your Business to ›port your own Cause, and to represent the Vio-ıce of your Passion. He gave his Consent to your ırrying *Donna Diana* in *Spain*, why may not he ısent to the same Thing in Favour of my Niece? not the Case pretty much the same? Come, , and make a Merit of your Submission to him; Father's Heart is not void of Pity. As for the t, you have no Ground to doubt, on this Oc-ion, of my Sincerity; for you have too much ›d Sense not to perceive that if I had any Inten-ns to hurt you, I should have no Occasion to ⁄e Recourse to Artifice; for you may depend ›n it, that were it necessary, I should find As-ance at *Mons* sufficient to make my Niece re-n to her Duty. This last Expression afflicted *ıdina*, and she said, interrupting me, that if she l deviated in the least from it, she was ready to ke Amends; and then addressed herself to her ver, to persuade him to follow my Advice, ad-g, *that if she could* not lose him without dying, *would prefer Death* to the Loss of her Honour.

This Firmness in her pleased me much, and even had an Effect upon the Marquis himself, and I laid hold on this favourable Minute to take them both by the Hands, and conduct them to the Chaise, into which I placed them and made the best of our Way, leaving *Mulkid* and Miss *Theresa* at *Mons.*

I do not know how the Lovers entertained themselves for some Leagues that they were together in the same Chaise, but when we came to the Place, where we were to leave the publick Post-road and take that which led to my Daughter's House, the Marquis declared that he would now leave us, and go directly to *Paris*, to which Resolution I readily agreed. You ought to be satisfied, *said he to me*, with my Obedience, I deliver up your Niece, though I am in a better Condition to prevent your taking her from me here than at *Mons*; but I respect her Will, and reckon that you will grant me two Things: The first is, that you will not oblige her to return to the Convent; the other, that you will come speedily to *Paris*, to execute the Promise that you have made me. Upon these two Conditions, *added he*, I will ask your Pardon for what is past, and beg to be restored to your Friendship. I embraced him, and promised to be as good as my Word; which I really intended, because I could see no other Way of ending this Affair, but by the Duke's interposing in it, and by his laying his Commands on him to think no more of it; or by consenting to his Happiness. We then parted, and I returned with my Niece to my Daughter's. *Amulem* was very easy about his Son's carrying off *Theresa*, when I told him that he had succeeded, and was got into a Place of Safety. Do you remember, *said he*, *that you assisted* me in an Affair of this Nature at *his Age? Yes, answered I*, but it was for a Woman *to whom your* Emperor had no more Right *than you*; whereas your Son has unjustly take

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what did not belong to him, and has done an irreparable Injury to the Family of his Miſtreſs. Her Parents, *replied he*, will perhaps conſent to let her remain with us, People being often willing enough to find an Opportunity of diſpoſing of a Girl. You will find, *ſaid he laughing*, that ſhe will be a ſticking Commodity upon our Hands, and his Conjecture proved truer than I could have imagined. I wrote by Poſt to Miſs *Thereſa*'s Father who was a good Gentleman of *Picardy*, loaded with a numerous Family. I told him plainly the Caſe, and only concealed the Place where his Daughter was. I inſinuated that if he inclined to have her taken from her Lover, it might be done, and ſhe reſtored to him. I received a long Anſwer, the Concluſion of which was, that his Daughter's Misfortune appearing to him to be paſt Remedy ſince ſhe had already bedded with her Lover, he was reſolved to leave her with him; that he did not doubt but that ſhe might be as happy with a *Turk* as another Man, or if it happened otherwiſe, her Misfortune would be her Puniſhment; he only begged that I would prevail with her Father-in-law, not to ſtraiten her about Religion. I ſhewed this Letter to *Amulem*, who was very well pleaſed, and promiſed that no Violence ſhould be offered to her Conſcience. The Impatience he was under of ſeeing his Son, made him reſolve on leaving us directly. He ſtill expected that I would accompany him to *Vienna*; but I made him conceive, that *Muleid*'s Action did not permit me, leſt the World ſhould imagine that I had been concerned in the Affair. I conſented, however, to conduct him as far as *Mons*, on Condition that he would delay his Departure till my Return from *Paris*, where I was to perform my Promiſe to the Marquis. Before my Departure, I wrote a ſhort Billet to Muleid, acquainting him that his Miſtreſs's Parents had con

sented to her remaining with him, and that he might with Tranquillity wait his Father's Arrival at *Mons*.

My Journey to *Paris* was an Enterprize of no small Concern. The bare Thoughts of mentioning a second Time an Affair to the Duke, which he had several Times treated as a Jest, gave me some Uneasiness; nevertheless, I was resolved to speak to him so seriously, and in so strong Terms, that I should bring him off his merry Strain. My first Visit was to the Marquis, who was overjoyed to see me. We are now, *said I to him*, at the critical Moment, and I am going to lead up the Dance; it is your Business, after that, to push your own Affair. He proposed to be present at the Conference I was to have with his Father, which I did not think proper. Having sent in my Name to the Duke, I was directly admitted, and, after the first Civilities, I told him plainly the Subject of my Visit. I began, by begging that he would be persuaded that I had employed all that Prudence, and even Artifice could suggest to cure the Marquis: I represented, that his Passion was almost of a Year's standing, and had taken such deep rooting in his Heart, that I could scarce think it was to be removed; that it had cost me many troublesom Hours, the Death of my Nephew, and for some Time past all my Quiet; that had not my Niece embraced the Christian Religion, I should certainly have sent her back to *Turky*: But that I doubted much if even that Way would have succeeded better, since the Marquis had designed to go there himself; and here I told him the Story of his Son's carrying off *Nadina*, and his Flight with her out of the Kingdom; that I had been so lucky as to stop them at *Mons*, and to make them return to *France*; but that the Marquis had not consented to it, but upon Condition that I should come and be a Solicitor in his Favour. I would not, however, have your Grace to believe,

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continued I, that in promiſing to ſpeak to you about his Paſſion, I had any other Views but to render you Service in his Perſon; I know to what Rank Heaven has limited my Niece, and with my Will ſhe ſhall never arrive at a higher; but I beg of you to conſider, that even in the Mediocrity of our Fortune, Honour and Peace are dear to us; and that after having made ſo many Attempts to bring the Marquis to his Duty, I may at leaſt hope, that you will give me your Aſſiſtance; he propoſes to come and lay his Caſe before you himſelf, and be aſſured that, with a vaſt Reſpect for your Perſon, you will find in him a Reſolutneſs far above his Age. If I may be ſo bold as to give you an Advice, prepare your Anſwer ſuch as will either ſatisfy him, or intirely make him loſe Hopes.

The Duke liſtened to my Diſcourſe with an Air as ſerious as mine was. You ſurprize me, *ſaid he*, with the News of carrying off your Niece; at that Time I believed him to be at my Country-ſeat, where he had my Permiſſion to go and paſs ſome Days: I ſee that his Paſſion is violent, but what Anſwer do you adviſe me to make? I anſwered, that I had already gone through all the Stratagems that I could invent, and that if I could have thought of any new Method to cure him, I would not have failed to employ it. I will have him called for, *replied the Duke*, and in your Preſence tell him what Heaven inſpires me with. This Confidence in Heavenly Inſpiration appeared ſomewhat ſingular to me. The Marquis was accordingly called for, and he ſhewed ſomething of Timidity upon his entering; however, he was the firſt that ſpoke. I doubt not, Sir, *ſaid he to his Father*, but that you are now informed of my Troubles, which are heightned by the Apprehenſions I have of their *giving you ſome* Uneaſineſs; but if Heaven only *puniſhes voluntary* Faults, I hope I ſhall find the

fame Indulgence in you. The Duke anfwered, that he had, indeed, been informed that he was in Love, which was no extraordinary Thing at his Age, and did not make one the lefs an honeft Man, only that he ought to be a little more moderate. An Anfwer fo little conclufive, did not at all fatisfy the Marquis: He anfwered, however, in a refpectful Manner, that Moderation was a Virtue very difficult where Love fwayed, and that he was fo little capable of it, that without a very great Confidence in the Affection of fo good a Father, he had already funk under the Weight of his Grief: Very well, *faid the Duke to me fmiling*, he expreffes himfelf in a tender and moving Manner; I queftion if he can fpeak with more Softnefs to your Niece. This Raillery was not much relifhed by the Marquis, who made this Anfwer: I know not, Sir, what Idea you have of my Paffion, but it is certain, that if you have not fome Pity, I muft certainly die; for Death would be lefs horrible to me, than the continual Agitation and Uneafinefs I lye under. If Mr. *Renoncour* has difcovered to you what has happened to me within thefe eight Days, you muft have feen that my Conduct fpeaks a Man who has not the right Ufe of his Reafon, and who cannot be made eafy but by your Compaffion. Well, well, *faid the Duke*, what do you defire of me? Ah! my dear Father, *replied the Marquis*, what I defire of you! has not Mr. *de Renoncour* told you, and do not you plainly fee it yourfelf? No, faith, *anfwered the Duke*, for I believe you have too much Prudence to think of marrying your Miftrefs, and are too much this Gentleman's Friend to debauch her. I fwear to you, *continued he*, that if the fair Lady *were either his* Daughter or Niece, as he is Man of *Quality, I fhould* with all my Heart confent to *give you her; but I* am told fhe is only Niece to *Spoufe, and the* Daughter of a *Turk*; would you

good earneſt, make me form an Alliance with
Mahomet and the *Alcoran?* What I can do that is
ſt for your Conſolation, *added he laughing*, is to
viſe you to wait till my Death, you will then be
full Liberty to commit a Folly, but I will never
nſent to it while I live. Such were the Inſpira-
ons that the Duke received from Heaven.

THE Situation of the Marquis gave me a great
al of Uneaſineſs, ſeeing Tears trickling down his
heeks. He turned to me, Sir, *ſaid he*, you ſay
thing in my Favour, this is not fulfilling your
omiſe. I anſwered that he had no Reaſon to re-
oach me, ſince the Duke, I hoped, would ac-
owledge that I had repreſented his Paſſion in the
ongeſt Terms. He threw himſelf at his Father's
et, and, fetching a deep Sigh, cried, what muſt
then do to prevail on you, and to whom muſt I
ve Recourſe ſince he who has given me Life re-
ſes to pity me? Theſe Words were pronounced
ſo melancholy and moving a Manner, that the
uke, notwithſtanding the Air of Mockery that
had hitherto aſſumed, appeared to be very much
uched, and therefore haſted to make him get up,
nbracing him. My dear Son, *ſaid he*, in the
ain thy Melancholy affects me, but thou askeſt
Thing impoſſible. I know that the Duke *de St.*
rnan married his Wife's Woman, and the *Ma-*
ſchal de Baſſompierre a Wh—— but though there
no Compariſon to be made between them and
y Miſtreſs, yet the Example of theſe Noblemen
s no Influence on me. I love thee, however,
ith a Tenderneſs that cannot be expreſſed, and
n ſorry that I cannot ſatisfy thee. Promiſe me
ly that thou wilt no more think of this fooliſh
ſſion, and I am ready to grant whatever thou
ſireſt. The Marquis aſſured him, that if he did
t *obtain Nadina*, he deſired nothing but Death.
es the love him, replied the Duke, addreſſing him-
ſe

ſelf to me? And then turning to the Marquis without waiting for my Anſwer, as if he intended to tell him ſomething that was favourable; If ſhe loves thee, ſaid he to him, ſhe will conſent to any Thing that will make thee happy; marry her privately for ſome Years, on Condition that ſhe ſhall go into a Convent when I think proper to marry thee in Form. I could not here hinder myſelf from letting the Duke underſtand, very ſeriouſly, that ſuch a Raillery neither agreed with my Niece's Virtue, nor with that of the Marquis, and he was that Day in ſuch a Strain of jeſting, that he rallied me upon my Scruples. However, to terminate our principal Affair in a Manner to make me eaſy, I told the Marquis, that he now ſaw I had fulfilled my Engagement, by coming to *Paris*, and repreſenting to the Duke the Exceſs of his Paſſion, and that it was none of my Fault if he was not happy, but of Fortune, which had made him too great. I hope then, *continued I*, that you will endeavour to recover your Tranquillity, which will add to ours, for you are not ignorant, that ſuch Attachments in a young Girl as my Niece occaſion many Diſorders in a Family. Upon this I took Leave of the Duke and him, and went out of the Chamber where we were, and he followed me in a Moment after. I wiſh I had been born a Peaſant, *ſaid he with Tears in his Eyes*, I ſhould then have a Father who would feel my Pains, and not take a Pleaſure in rendring me unhappy. What Advantage have I from Birth, if not that I muſt ſacrifice my Inclinations? My Footmen are more happy than I. How I ought to hate you, *continued he looking at me*, for having ſtopped me at *Mons*; I *ſhould now* be perfectly happy with *Nadina*, I *ſhould adore her*, and be loved by her; O God! *how happy* ſhould I be. He added a thouſand *Things that his* Grief dictated, curſing his Grandeu
wi

with all the Dukes and Peers of the Kingdom. I never saw him shed such Floods of Tears, and all I could do, was to exhort him to take Courage and Patience. When I spoke of leaving him he would by no Means let me go. Ah! *said he*, permit me to entertain you with my Troubles. You are going to see *Nadina*, and I must remain here! what terrible Life am I condemned to! tell her, at least, that I die for her; that I have no more Happiness to expect in a Life that I must pass without her, and that I shall languish away my unhappy Days 'till Death comes to my Relief. Tell —— he here stopt short, as if he had been struck with a new Thought: No, *resumed he of a sudden*, tell her nothing; but grant me the last Favour that I have to ask of you, after which I shall never more importune your Friendship. Allow me to go with you and bid *Nadina* a last Farewel. I answered, that as the Duke had explained himself in a Manner that banished all Hopes, this Journey could only augment his Trouble. He pressed me however with so much Earnestness that I at last consented on Condition that he should obtain his Father's Permission, which he did, and we set out together. I make no doubt but that *Nadina*, seeing him arrive with me, flattered herself that the Success of my Journey had answered to her Desires; but I did not leave her long in the agreeable Error. The Marquis, *said I to her*, comes to see you for the last Time. Shew him all the Acknowledgment which the Honour he does you deserves, but remember that neither you nor he must think any more of Love. He approached with a very respectful Air, and kissed her Hand. He made some general Complaints of his unhappy Fate, to which she answered with Modesty. I conceived by the Reserve with which he spoke in Presence of the Family that he hoped to have an Opportunity of entertain

ing her in private, but being willing to prevent it, I affected to remain in the Hall under Prerence of keeping him Company. At length Night coming, and perceiving, no doubt, that he would be constantly watched, he took a Resolution which I little expected. He begged I would call for my Son-in-law, my Daughter, and *Amulem*, who had all left us, and told me in their Presence; I am glad, Sir, to tell you publickly the Motive that induced me to come with you here. Since my Father has explained himself so positively, the Knowledge I have of his Temper makes me lose all Hopes of his retracting; but if he has a Right to oppose my Inclinations, he never will have the Power to extinguish them. I take God to witness that my Passion will continue as long as my Life, and I swear by all that is sacred that I shall never be otherwise engaged. If Heaven takes me out of the World before my Father, I shall die with this Sentiment in my Heart; but if he should die before me, I shall that Minute come and offer your Niece the same absolute Power over my Fortune that she has now over my Heart. Do you consent to accept of it, continued he addressing himself to *Nadina*? May I hope that, while I am absent from you consuming myself with Melancholy, you will preserve the Remembrance of my Love, and be faithful to your Promises? He then took her by the Hand, and holding it in his, put a Diamond Ring upon her Finger, without either she or I perceiving it. He held up her Finger that I might see it, and kissing her Hand a second Time: May Heaven, *said he*, punish me with all it's Rigour, if ever I break the Faith which I now give you in Presence of all your Family. Surprised with this *Action, I ordered Nadina* to return the Ring. But *he rose from his* Chair directly, and walking towards *the Stables*, ordered his Horses to be made ... *t Moment*, and would by no Means sta[y] th

that Night, and mounted on Horfeback without faying any Thing, but that he hoped I would permit him to write fometimes to my Niece.

SHE had retired to her Chamber, from whence fhe could fcarce be prevailed upon to come to Supper. As fhe had not the Marquis's Ring upon her Finger, I begged fhe would fend for it that I might fee it, and I did not well know whether I fhould allow her to keep a Prefent that was worth, at leaft, a thoufand Crowns; but fhe appeared fo dejected, that I had not the Heart to add to her Affliction by taking it from her. I even affected not to fpeak of the Marquis, but only of *Amulem*'s Departure, which was fixed for the next Day. He had purchafed a Coach and fix Horfes. A Part of our Family placed themfelves in my Daughter's Coach, and the reft in his to keep him Company, and to go and take Leave of *Muleid.* The next Day in the Evening we arrived at *Mons. Amulem* was charmed with the Beauty of Mifs *Therefa* whofe Affection for her Lover did not feem in the leaft diminifhed; on the contrary, fhe wifhed herfelf already at *Amafia.* I made a Compliment to *Amulem* on his lofing nothing by leaving *Nadina* with us, fince he had fo foon got another Daughter. At laft we parted, after giving and receiving a thoufand Marks of Regret and Friendfhip, and after I had earneftly recommended to Mifs *Therefa* to remain, at leaft, firmly attached to the *Chriftian* Religion, and to *Muleid*, ftill to grant her the Liberty. This young Creature was fcarce fixteen. Her Father, as I have already faid, had abandoned her to her Deftiny, and I doubt much if this Indifference of his will be agreeable to all my Readers.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Marquis de BRETAGNE, &c.

BOOK XV.

WHEN I had taken ſome Days to repoſe after the Agitation of ſo many Events, I began to think of my own Condition. It was high Time to execute my Projects of Retreat, now that I was at Liberty. How many Obſtacles had I ſurmounted! I thanked Heaven with all my Soul, and without farther Delay wrote to the Father-prior of the Abbey of—— to deſire he would prepare my old Lodging. The only Thing that could Trouble me now was *Nadina*. I was ſorry to leave her behind me unſettled. She was not to be pitied upon Account of her Situation, the Generoſity of my Lady *R*—— having made her rich enough to have no Occaſion for Aſſiſtance that Way; but ſhe was extremely young, good, and without Artifice. I was afraid to leave her expoſed *to the Dangers* that conſtantly ſurround a young *Perſon, particularly* when ſhe joins an exceeding *good Temper to* a great deal of Beauty: Beſides, *was not eaſy* about the Marquis; for what Streſ

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could I lay upon the Moderation of a young Man whoſe Vivacity was not unknown to me, and who was ſo little Maſter of himſelf! I could have wiſhed for ſome new Opportunity of a Husband for her, and yet even this Wiſh carried a Regret along with it, becauſe I am no *Barbarian*. I was not inſenſible what Violence this lovely Child had already done to her Inclination in marrying Mr. *de B*——; my Heart had bled for her, and I was reſolved not to be perpetually her Tyrant. Her Sweetneſs, her Regard to my Will, and a hundred natural Charms that I could not hinder myſelf from admiring, deſerved a better Fate. After having long meditated upon this, I fancied that the Diverſions of the Town might work ſome Change in her Inclinations, and make her forget the Marquis. Ocular Impreſſions are ſtronger than thoſe that our Imagination forms. The Sight of a new Lover, *ſaid I*, will by degrees weaken her ancient Chains. I propoſed the Thing to my Son-in-law and Daughter. *D*—— is a good Town not far diſtant from her Eſtate. I adviſed them to go and paſs the Winter there with their Family. It was reſolved upon in an Inſtant, and *Nadina* was told of it, but ſhe had already formed a Scheme which ſhe longed to execute, and of which ſhe came next Day to make me the Propoſal.

SHE told me, that having ſeriouſly reflected on the State of her Heart, and on what Foundation ſtood her Hopes, ſhe could ſee nothing, but a melancholy Proſpect of an unhappy Life; that it would be ſilly in her to pretend concealing from me her Inclination to the Marquis, who ſhe confeſſed was abſolute Maſter of her Heart; but that being however ſtill ſo much Miſtreſs of her Reaſon, as to perceive the Impoſſibility of ever being united to him, ſhe had made a Vow to Heaven to renounce all the Sex, by ſhutting herſelf up in a Cloiſter the reſt of

her Days; for which Reafon, fhe begged I would make choice of one for her, the fooner the better; that fhe had refolved upon this from the Moment of our returning from *Mons*, and had been confirmed in her Refolution by the laft Vifit of the Marquis, and by the Oath he had made of continuing faithful to her; that fhe knew him too well to imagine, he would break his Oath, but faw fo plainly that in whatever Situation he might find himfelf, he would never be allowed to marry her, that fhe thought herfelf obliged to facrifice her own Liberty in a Convent, that he might be at freedom to difpofe of himfelf; that however cruel this Sacrifice might be to her, fhe felt a delicate Joy in giving her Lover this Proof of an uncommon Regard; that fhe was pretty well convinced, he would leave no Stone unturned to oppofe her Refolution, but that her Defign, and the Place of her Retreat, might be kept fecret till fhe had pronounced her Vows.

I did not fail to reprefent every Thing that I thought proper to diffuade her from this Defign, not only by laying before her Eyes all the innocent Pleafures of the World, from which fhe was going to deprive herfelf, but attacked her on the fide of Religion. A Victim, *faid I*, offered to God from fuch a Motive as yours, cannot be an agreeable Sacrifice. You do it for the fake of your Lover, and fince it is fo, what Merit can you plead upon that Account! You will be fubjected to all the difagreeable Things of a Cloifter, without the Satisfaction of imagining that fuch an aufte e Life, will, at leaft, be recompenfed, becaufe you have already had your Reward in that delicate Satisfaction of giving the Marquis fuch a Proof of your Love; and when this tender Vapour is diffipated, you will be left *to your felf*, equally deprived of human as of divine *Confolation*. My Remonftrances were much longer *but had no Influence* upon her Refolution.

n told me, in very plain Language, that if I ıld not procure her an Admiſſion into ſome naſtry, ſhe would return to the Convent, from ch the Marquis had taken her. I paſs over a ıſand endearing Things, that my Son-in-law Daughter ſaid to ſhake her Reſolution, but all ; in vain, and I was at laſt obliged to ſeek out a religious Houſe, where ſhe could be agreeably inclined to be in the Country, but I inſiſted ›lutely, that ſhe ſhould be in a Town, and accingly fixed upon the famous Abbey of ——— ere moſt Part of the Nuns are Women of Quali- and where they receive a great Number of ırders. I went with her to this Abbey, where Agreement was ſoon concluded. My Deſign ſ to bring her back to my Daughter's before ſhe uld make her Entry, but I in vain preſſed her return. No, no, *ſaid ſhe*, one never leaves their ›mb; this is mine! and I will this Moment be ied in it.

SHE begged of the Lady Abbeſs, to cauſe open : inner Door, and I accompanied her as far as it ıllowed for our Sex to go, and when ſhe ſtopped embrace me for the laſt Time, Tears run down r Cheeks, in ſpite of all my Reſolution. She at ſt affected a great deal of Compoſure, but in ſpite all her Reſolution, the Tears ſtood trembling in r Eyes, and at laſt broke forth in Streams. Adieu, y dear Uncle, *ſaid ſhe*, claſping me in her Arms, y your unfortunate Niece, think of her ſometimes, a Perſon dead that you formerly wiſhed well to. ; I was extremely affected with her Tears, and uld not preciſely tell why, I begged of the Abbeſs retire, and leave us a Moment by ourſelves. I n repeated a Part of what I had ſaid to her at y Daughter's. Conſult well, *added I*, your own rength, and don't liſten too much to a diſappoint- *Paſſion*, that may perhaps involve you into a

bitter Repentance. A happy and quiet Life can never be the Refult of a fudden and violent Refolution. Confider well thefe Iron Grates, and thefe thick Walls, that are to keep you Prifoner for Life. I dread, my dear Niece, your future Happinefs, and the Tears which you now fee me fhed, are the Effects of a tender Concern which my Heart feels for you.

She anfwered, that her Tears neither proceeded from the Sight of the Grates, nor the dread of Futurity, but from a Sentiment of Grief, of which the Caufe was not unknown to me, and which fhe hoped I would pardon. Ah! *continued fhe*, how will the poor Marquis torment himfelf, when he knows that I am for ever loft, and that it is by my own doing! My God! What if his Defpair fhould turn upon himfelf! In effect, how can I abandon him after fo many Oaths of Fidelity! Am not I wretchedly criminal, to betray a Lover fo tender, and who loves me more than his Fortune and his Life! Tell me yourfelf, my dear Uncle, is it not the Height of Cruelty, and will Heaven pardon my Treachery? As to your Oaths, *anfwered I*, if you have made any to the Marquis, I don't think they are very binding, fince neither of you had, ftrictly fpeaking, any good right to make them; but I cannot be anfwerable to myfelf to leave you here under your prefent Diforder; you muft abfolutely return with me to my Daughter's. You will always be at liberty to go into this Place, but the Cafe alters as to coming out. My Reafons had no weight, fhe begged, that the Abbefs might return, and after embracing me a fecond Time without opening her Mouth, went couragioufly into that Place of Silence and Oblivion, there for ever to remain.

I ftept into another Parlour alone, where I fell a mufing upon her Refolution, which I admired. I would have oppofed it in fpite of her, and eafily

found Means of ſtopping her Progreſs, if I had not reflected that her Ardour might cool before her ultimate Engagement. The Noviciat laſts above a Year, and beſides, my Deſign was to beg of the Abbeſs not to haſten her taking the Nun's Habit. I was long wrapt up in a ſort of Enthuſiaſm in this Parlour. Never had the World appeared to me ſo little and deſpicable as it did at that Moment. See, *ſaid I to myſelf*, how an amorous Paſſion is capable of rendering it odious. A Girl, a Child of fifteen or ſixteen Years totally abandons it; ſhe would ſacrifice the whole World for her Lover, and ſhe has even the Courage to ſacrifice her Lover with it; to what? To a vain Phantom of Delicacy and Generoſity of Love. The World then, ſince this is the Caſe, muſt be ſomething very weak and impotent! It's Benefits and Pleaſures, which are called ſtrong and weighty Chains, ought not to appear ſuch, but to mean Souls, who have not a Spark of Courage to break them! How ought I to look upon them, I who have not known it but by the heavy Weight of it's Sorrows and Croſſes! I who have one Foot in the Grave, and will by the Courſe of Nature, ſoon be obliged to leave it, though I were not led to hate it by the Experience of it's Miſeries, and by the Light of Reaſon. O dear Solitude, *added I*, with a Sort of enthuſiaſtick Rapture. Sweet Harbour to a Heart too long toſſed by a capricious World, and it's own Paſſions, ſhall I ſoon enjoy thee, ſhall I not at leaſt be allowed to make a Trial of peace and quiet before I drop into the ſilent Grave?

I asked to ſee my Niece once more at the Grate, and ſhe came with her Eyes ſwelled with Tears. Adieu, *ſaid I*, adieu, my dear *Nadina*, I am going to follow your Example, and by all Appearance, this is the laſt Time that I ſhall ever ſpeak to you. Farewel, my dear Child. I ſhall put up my Prayer

to Heaven for the Tranquillity of your poor difti
Heart, and that you may find more Happinefs
than in the miferable World which you have
doned! May Solitude become your Delight,
you have made Choice of it for the remaining
of your Life! May your Sacrifice be attended
a pure and chriftian Intention, and with
worthy of the Mafter, into whofe Service yc
yourfelf! It is from him alone, that fuch a F
is to be expected, and he grants it when he pl
His Hand opens, and fhuts, according to his in
Wifdom, unfearchable and paft finding out. I
inceffantly implore him in favour of my dear M
with all the Ardour of my Soul. Adieu, t
Victim! O that I might fay of divine Love.
God! *added I*, when will the Influeneces of
Power reach a Heart fo good and tender, and
it fenfible that it's Felicity confifts in the S
and Love of the Almighty. She faid but littl
I had ended this long Difcourfe, unlefs to beg
I would affure all the Family of her good W
and take Care that the Marquis fhould not
formed where fhe was. I at laft left her aft
commending earneftly that fhe would write
let me know fincerely her Sentiments, if the
pened to change with refpect to the Conver
returned to my Daughter's, who was very
furprifed to fee me alone. I gave her the
Hiftory of my Journey, which drew Tears
her. I told her that it was now my turn, an
I refolved fpeedily to imitate my poor Niece
ample, adding, that I forefaw all the Difficu
had to encounter from her Friendfhip, but
was fo firmly refolved upon it, neither her P
nor Solicitations could make me retract, and I
her even promife, that fhe fhould leave me
Liberty upon this Article; and yet two re
Obftacles prevented, for fome Weeks, the

tion of my Design. Upon my Return from placing my Niece in her Convent, I found an Answer from the Father Prior of * * * * to the Letter which I had wrote him eight Days before, to be admitted a second Time into his Abbey, and I had the Pleasure to see that he granted my Request with his usual Civility; so that my Occupation for some Days was putting my Books in order, and taking leave of our Neighbours. One Day, when I least expected any Hindrance, and was packing up to be gone, I received a Letter from the Viscount of * * * *, Brother to the Prince of *R*——, by which he begged, as a Relation, that I would come to the Castle of *B*——, where all his Kindred were to be assembled upon an Affair that concerned the Honour of his Family. I had entertained so little Correspondence with them, though we were nearly related, that I was in a Doubt, whether I should retard my Departure to satisfy him. Nevertheless, as I was the only Relation of my Name, my late Uncle the Count of ——s Children, being but Infants, I at last resolved to comply with his Desire, and accordingly went to the Castle of *B*——, where I found a Part of the Company already assembled. The Princess of *R*—— had been dead about eight Days, and her eldest Daughter a little Time before her. This News I learned upon my Arrival. The Prince of *R*—— was a poor silly Creature, incapable of Business, either for himself or any body else, so that the Viscount his Brother had been obliged to supply his Place in the important Affair now on the Carpet, and it was he who was to preside in the Assembly. While we were waiting for several Persons not yet arrived, I got myself fully informed of the Adventure *which had been* the Occasion of our being called, *and here is* what I was told.

The Prince of R—— chief of the illustrious Family *of B*—— had four Daughters by his Spou[se]

without a Male-child. He was, as I have already ſaid, the next Thing to an Ideot, wholly employed in telling over his Beads, and mumbling *Pater noſter's* and *Avé Maria's*, a downright Slave to his Wife, who was far from being a Saint. This Lady, though ſhe had paſt the greateſt Part of her Life in the Country, gave herſelf Airs ſuitable to her Birth. Expenſive Living, Gaming, and Diverſions of all Kinds, Gallantry not excluded, made the only agreeable Parts of her Life, and to ſpeak the Truth, how could ſhe be blamed for taking Diverſions to make amends for the ſtupid Coldneſs of a Huſband, who was ſcarce capable of doing or ſaying a kind Thing. Such was her Condition, when a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood of *St. O* **** named the Count *de B*—— undertook to get into her good Graces. He paſſed for one of the genteeleſt and beſt ſhaped Men in the Province, but of confined Circumſtances, which perhaps was the firſt Motive of his making Love to the Princeſs, who enjoyed an Eſtate of at leaſt ſixty thouſand Livres a Year. He had been married, and his Spouſe had given him an only Son, who went by the Name of Baron *de L***** a Man of a very diſagreeable Figure, to which he joined a ſtinking Breath. The Count *de B*—— had the Addreſs to get himſelf introduced to the Princeſs, and attacked her on her weak Side, that is to ſay, flattered her, and acted the paſſionate Lover, and in a ſhort Time ſupplanted all his Rivals. The Princeſs ſaw no more but by his Eyes, and he ſoon became her *fac totum*. He took upon him the Management of her Eſtate, and the Government of her Family, and he only wanted the Name to be abſolute Maſter of herſelf and all ſhe poſſeſſed. Had the Count known how to keep within Bounds, he would perhaps have drawn more ſolid Advantages from this Commerce, but Ambition and Intereſt blinded him. The haughty

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and proud Manner in which he treated the Domesticks, rendered him odious in the Family. The Intendant particularly, who was a Man of Honour and good Sense, could not easily bear the haughty Airs of this Stranger. He durst not make his Complaint to the Princess, who was entirely governed by her Lover, nor to the Prince whom he treated as a Fool and an Ideot; nor to the young Ladies, who had been brought up with infinite Fear and Respect for their Mother. The eldest, however, began to feel the heavy Yoke, but was more to be pitied, that she did so without being able to avoid it. The Count extended his Tyranny to such a length, that at last he was not at the Pains to be commonly civil, but several Times publickly affronted him, by setting Bounds to his Pocket-Expences, and took a Pleasure of offering him sometimes a *Louis d'or* or two, which he respectfully received as a Favour. But all this was not enough to satisfy the Count, he had formed a Project of greater Importance, which had long been the Motive of his Addresses to the Princess, *viz.* to get his Son married to the eldest of the young Ladies, and by that means to carry over to his Family the Title and Estate of *B*—— he conducted this Design with all the Address that he was Master of. Far from proposing it to the Princess, he had so artfully contrived it, that she herself made him the Proposal. At first he affected Surprize, and to look upon her Offer as a Thing much above his Hopes. This Disinterestedness confirmed her in the Esteem which she thought due to him, so that she at last came, not only to wish for this Marriage as much as he, but openly to declare her Intentions with respect to it, while he only endeavoured secretly by his Artifices to keep her firm in her Design. The Intendant was among the first in the House who learned the News, and his Hatred to the Count, as well as

Zeal for his Maſter, made him uſe his utmoſt Endeavours to make this odious Project miſcarry: He firſt of all addreſſed himſelf to the young Lady whom they deſigned for the Baron of *L*—— who was till then ignorant of their Intentions; her Surprize was extreme, but her Indignation was ſtill greater, and he endeavoured all he could to keep her firm in theſe Sentiments. As I had the Story from himſelf, I ſhall give it in his own Words, and if the Reader finds it dull and languid, let him at leaſt bear his Share of the Blame.

I made the young Lady very ſenſible, ſaid the Intendant, of the Plot that was hatched againſt her, and the Diſgrace that ſuch an Alliance would throw upon the whole Family of *B*—— if the Titles and Eſtates of the principal Branch ſhould paſs into a Family neither ancient nor rich; joined to this, the fine Preſent they were to make her of a Husband loaded with ſo many nauſeous Infirmities, that a Girl of the meaneſt Rank would not accept of him. I did not forget the Count's Tyranny, and his inſolent Behaviour, particularly to the Prince, whom he affronted upon all Occaſions; and though I durſt not mention all that I knew of his Intrigue with the Princeſs, I let her, however, into the Knowledge of a great many Things that extremely ſurpriſed her, and concluded the Converſation with ſome Advices how ſhe was to behave. You are very ſoon to expect, Madam, *ſaid I*, a Propoſal of Marriage: If you have the Averſion to it that you ought, my Opinion is, that you receive it at firſt with Contempt and Diſdain, rather than with Anger; if they renew the Attack, as they certainly will, the only Anſwer that you can make, is, that *in an Affair* of ſuch Importance, wherein the *Honour of the Houſe* of *B*—— is concerned, you are *reſolved to* conclude nothing, without firſt conſulting *all your illuſtrious* Family. In ſhort, I begged

she would inform me of every Step they took, that I might give her the best Advice I could. It was not long before she had Occasion to consult with me, for the Princess having called for her, openly declared, that she had disposed of her in Favour of the Baron of *L*—— and that she must look upon him as a Man who was very soon to be her Husband. The young Lady, who had been in the constant Custom of respecting her Mother's Commands, was so intimidated with the imperious Tone in which she had declared her Resolution, that she had not so much as Courage to open her Mouth, and after a low and respectful Courtesy, in sign of Obedience, left the Room and retired to her Chamber, where I was ordered to come, and found her all in Tears. She told me what had passed betwixt her Mother and her, without concealing her Weakness of not daring to make an Answer. I was inwardly provoked at this Timidity of her's, and, to inspire her with a little more Boldness, affected to look upon her Marriage as a Thing absolutely certain, and to pity her unhappy Fate. She begged that I would not abandon her, but endeavour to save her from a Disaster which she dreaded more than Death. How can you be saved, *said I*, since you voluntarily consent to your own Ruin? I make no doubt, Madam, *added I*, but that the Baron of *L*—— is agreeable to you, since you have not had the Courage to reject him as a Husband; depend upon it, he has made a greater Progress in your Heart than you are aware of, for this certainly must be the Reason of your shewing such Timidity. If it be therefore true, that you really love him, the Respect I have for you will stop my Mouth from *all Complaints* about your Marriage, or from *speaking of it to* you as a Stain upon yourself, or *the Family of B*——. This Discourse wrought her *up to the* Pitch of Courage to which I wanted

bring her, ſo that ſhe propoſed to return to her Mother, if neceſſary, and to tell her very plainly, that ſhe would rather chuſe Death than the Baron. No, *replied I*, you muſt wait 'till another Occaſion offers. But if the Baron ſhould come and pretend to make Love to you, treat him with ſo much Diſdain that he may be diſcouraged from returning a ſecond Time; upon which I left her to prepare for his Reception. The Baron did not fail to make her a Viſit in the Afternoon, and ſpoke as a Man deſtined to be her Husband, and who, being already aſſured of the Prize, only wiſhed to obtain her Heart with her Hand. She liſtened to his Compliment without ſo much as looking at him, and at laſt told him that ſhe was willing to hear him to a cloſe, becauſe ſhe did not at firſt conceive his Meaning; but ſince he had ſo plainly diſcovered his Inſolence, ſhe was reſolved to call for Aſſiſtance to have him thrown out at the Window, if he did not decamp that Moment. He attemped to anſwer and to juſtify his Boldneſs, by the Order he had received from the Princeſs and his Father, upon which ſhe gave him a threatning and diſdainful Look, and actually called upon ſome Servants. He went out of the Chamber under great Confuſion, and ran to complain of his Treatment to his Father. The Count, who was the moſt haughty Man alive, could not bear the Thoughts of ſuch Uſage, and therefore made terrible Complaints to the Princeſs, who, that Moment, called for her Daughter, and ſufficiently revenged the Baron, by loading her with all the bitter Reproaches that her Anger could ſuggeſt, proteſting that if ſhe continued to give the leaſt Sign of Unwillingneſs to obey her Commands, *ſhe would* ſhut her up the reſt of her Days in a *Convent, and* transfer to her Siſter, what by Priority *of Birth* belonged to her. The poor young *Lady was quite* confounded with ſuch Threatning

and left the Room trembling in every Joint. As I had been informed that the Baron had been to viſit her, and that a little after her Mother had called for her, I ſuſpected what had happened, and was waiting in her Apartment when ſhe returned. Her Conſternation was viſible in her Looks. I'm undone, *ſaid ſhe*, never Wretch was ſo cruelly treated as I have juſt now been by my Mother, who threatens to ſtrip me of every Thing that my Birth intitles me to, and to clap me into the moſt rigorous Cloiſter that ſhe can think of. I have a good Mind, *added ſhe*, to go of my own Accord to avoid Misfortunes that cannot be otherwiſe prevented. I anſwered, that ſhe was too ſoon diſcouraged, and then asked if ſhe had made no Objections to the Propoſal. None at all, *ſaid ſhe*, for had I given her the leaſt Contradiction, I would certainly have been mal-treated. I ſee plainly, *replied I*, that I muſt render you Service in ſpite of yourſelf. In the firſt Place, be aſſured, that her Threats with reſpect to your Rights as eldeſt, and to putting you into a Convent, are vain and empty Words, becauſe 'tis not, I am very certain, in her or the Count's Power to do either. As to the Baron's Viſits, which they will force you to receive, for the ſake of Peace, I would adviſe you not to refuſe them, but keep up to the Contempt with which you have already treated him. When he finds that you perſiſt in uſing him ill, he will perhaps be, at laſt, diſguſted, and if they ſhould preſs you to conclude the Match, I ſhall acquaint the Viſcount your Uncle, and your neareſt Relations. 'Tis ſcarce to be imagined that they will tamely ſee you ſo unworthily oppreſſed, or that, for their own Honour they will not oppoſe the Count's unjuſt Deſigns. She promiſed to follow exactly my Counſels. I would not have been ſo dilatory of letting the Viſcount know all that paſſed had not my Attachment to the Family made

loth to breed Diſturbance in it, and therefore I reſolved to lye by 'till Things came to the laſt Extremity; in which I was to blame, *continued the Intendant*, for the Diſorders ariſing from that could not have been more fatal than what has happened ſince, and which, perhaps, is owing to my Silence. The Baron renewed his Viſits by Order of the Princeſs, who was ſo zealous in the Affair, that ſhe conducted him herſelf into her Daughter's Chamber, commanding her to receive him as a Gentleman who was to be her Husband, and then left them alone. *Mademoiſelle de R——* was mute to all his fine Speeches, and continued ſo during all his Viſits, ſometimes two or three in a Day. The Princeſs was informed of her Conduct, and her Perſecutions became ſo violent and inſupportable that the poor young Lady fell into a languiſhing Diſtemper, which, in two or three Months, conducted her to the Grave; and yet this Death did not open the Princeſs's Eyes, on the contrary, ſhe was overjoyed to be rid of her eldeſt Daughter, in Hopes of finding the ſecond more tractable; ſo that her Project ſuffered no Diſappointment by this Change, and the mercenary Sighs of the Baron eaſily turned towards a new Miſtreſs. *Mademoiſelle de R——* ſucceeded to all her Siſter's Pains as ſhe did to her Fortune. This unhappy Accident gave me great Concern, being obliged to begin anew with this young Lady to inſpire her with the ſame Sentiments which I had given her Siſter, and as ſhe was much younger, I was afraid to miſcarry in the Attempt; nevertheleſs my Zeal ſurmounted all Difficulties. I raiſed her Indignation to ſuch a Degree, by repreſenting the cruel Treatment which her Siſter had met with, that ſhe ſwore ſhe would have leſs regard to the Baron, and even her Mother's Commands than her Siſter had ſhewn. Accordingly an Occaſion ſoon offering of declaring her Sentiments to the Baron

ſhe did it in ſuch a haughty Manner as muſt have made him loſe all Hopes, had he not been ſupported by the Princeſs and the Count. That Lady, who was reſolved upon this Marriage at any Rate, and who had found by the Example of her eldeſt Daughter that it is not always fit to employ Violence, tried at firſt to gain her by gentle Means, loading her with Careſſes without declaring what were her Views, and admitting her into all their Parties of Pleaſure, ſo that ſhe often paſſed whole Nights with the Princeſs, Count, and Baron, at play and feaſting, and, by the Freedoms that ſhe allowed the Count in her Preſence, endeavoured to give her a Taſte for Love and Gallantry, and the Baron put all his Addreſs in Practice to make her imitate her Mother's Example. She muſt have infallibly been undone, had I not endeavoured to fortify her daily by my Advices, and the Hatred I bore her Lover made me eloquent. I made ſuch an Impreſſion upon her Mind that ſhe reſolved to diſengage herſelf intirely from a Commerce that tended to no leſs than the Loſs of her Reputation, ſo that ſhe rejected the new Parties of Pleaſure that were propoſed to her, and abſolutely forbid the Baron to appear in her Preſence. The Princeſs aſtoniſhed at ſuch an unexpected Change, ſuſpected the Cauſe. The frequent Converſations which I had with the young Lady, made the Count ſuſpicious of me, and it was therefore reſolved that I ſhould be diſmiſſed from the Service, and it was the Count himſelf who had the Boldneſs to take the Commiſſion in Hand. As I was innocent and my Intentions good, I did not value him much, and he was ſurprized to hear me ſay, that I acknowledged no other Maſters but the Prince *and Princeſs*, and that I admired how a *Stranger pretended* to command me in a Family *where my long* Services intitled me to what he ne*r could have.* You forget yourſelf, Maſter-inte

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dant, *said he*, and you'll force me to let you k
your Diſtance, and inſtruct you in what is
Duty. My Duty, *anſwered I*, would be to de
the Princeſs from ſuch a Man as you. This An
touched him to the Quick, and he was juſt g
to attack me with all the Fury imaginable. S
ſaid I, clapping my Hand to my Sword, if
would not have me to puniſh you at once, fo
the Injuſtice that I have ſeen you commit here.
retired not doubting but that I would endeavou
be as good as my Word. I foreſaw very well
after ſuch a Scene as this, the Princeſs would
ſuffer me to remain longer in her Houſe, and I
ſolved to prevent her diſcharging me, by retirin
my own Accord; but before I went, I did h
Piece of Service, which I imagine was not at all
ceptable. I went up to her Apartment and told
of the Quarrel with the Count, and of my De
of quitting her Service, and when ſhe was goin
anſwer, no doubt, that ſhe conſented, I interr
ed her, begging ſhe would grant me a Mome
Audience. I repreſented the Scandal of her Con
in the publick Intrigue which ſhe had with
Count. I told her that even her Servants w
aſhamed, and that this alone was a ſufficient Mo
for my retiring, but I inſiſted particularly on
horrid Injuſtice which ſhe did her Daughters.
have ſent one, *ſaid I*, to her Grave, and her I
is happier than what you prepare for the ot
'Tis impoſſible, Madam, that Heaven will per
ſo baſe a Deſign to ſucceed, and I am aſtoniſ
that you do not dread it's Puniſhment. I have r
dered you all the Service in my Power, by ſecr
thwarting the baſe Deſigns of the Count, and h
endeavoured to prevent the Ruin which you
drawing upon your Family; but ſince my
Intentions are ſo ill rewarded, and that
ave thought proper that the Enemy of your

ſhould deprive you of the moſt faithful of your Servants; Adieu, Madam, adieu, I leave you. I deſpiſe the Count's Orders, but I reſolved to be before-hand with yours. The only Service that I ſhall ſtill render you, and of which I chuſe to inform you, is, to carry to the Viſcount the News of your irregular Life, and to let him know the Injuſtice that you intend to the Heireſs of the Houſe of—, upon which I retired without giving her Time to anſwer. A Servant informed me as I was going down Stairs, that the Count was ſeeking me with a Piſtol in his Hand. Very well, *ſaid I*, we ſhall ſee who is moſt terrible, he or I. I immediately went to my Chamber, took a Piſtol, and came out directly to ſearch for the Count, whom I at laſt perceived at the farther End of the Court, and he perceived me too, but finding that I was prepared for him with equal Arms, he ſlily concealed his Piſtol under his Coat. Count, *ſaid I*, coming cloſe up to him, know that it is much eaſier to tyrannize over Women than Men. I leave the Caſtle, not in Obedience to your Orders, which I highly deſpiſe, but to avoid ſeeing a Man whom I cannot endure. If I want Power to put a Stop to your Injuſtices, I ſhall, at leaſt take Care to publiſh them, and to inform thoſe who are able to do the Buſineſs. I left him without his having the Courage to open his Mouth, or to ſhew his Piſtol.

THE only Thing that gave me Uneaſineſs, upon leaving the Family, was *Mademoiſelle de R*—, for I was ſenſible that the Count would precipitate the Execution of his Deſign to prevent it's miſcarrying and the Knowledge I had of his Character, made me apprehenſive that if Artifice failed, he would *have recourſe to* Violence. The deep Concern *therefore that I* was under for the Danger to which *the young Lady* was expoſed, made me reſolve no*t to leave the* Village, that I might be at Hand

aſſiſt her as far as I was able. I only wrote by Poſt to the Viſcount and informed him of the Project which the Princeſs and Count had concerted to the Prejudice of a Family to which I was extremely attached, acquainting him at the ſame Time, how I had been obliged to leave the Houſe, and of the Motive that made me remain at *B*—— in Expectation of the Orders which he would be pleaſed to ſend me. As ſeveral of the Domeſticks in the Caſtle wiſhed me well, by their Means I kept a ſecret Correſpondence with the young Lady, and took Care to let her know that I had wrote to her Uncle, who probably would fall upon ſome ſpeedy Method to give her Aſſiſtance. She ſent me a melancholy Anſwer, by which I underſtood that the Princeſs had gone to her Chamber immediately after my Departure, and had declared that ſhe muſt marry the Baron of *L*—— upon the Return of a Meſſenger from the Biſhop with a Licence, which was, at moſt, but a Delay of three Days. I concluded ſhe was loſt, having no other Reſource now left, but to exhort her to a vigorous Oppoſition by repreſenting, with more Warmth than ever I had yet done, what ſhe owed to herſelf and to her Family. The Meſſenger arrived with the Licence at the Time appointed, and I was informed by a Note from the young Lady; but while I thought her Affairs deſperate, Heaven brought about a great Change by a melancholy and unforeſeen Accident, *viz.* the ſudden Death of the Princeſs by an Apoplectick Fit, and it was but too viſible that this Blow was ſtruck by the immediate Hand of Providence, and any other but the Count would have been terrified. Had I been ſpeedily informed of it, it is certain, that I would have ran to the *young Lady's* Aſſiſtance, and employed force, if *neceſſary, to deliver* her out of the Hands of her *Perſecutors. I* could have eaſily got a Parcel of Pea- *together,* who would have heartily concurre

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in the Delivery of their young Miſtreſs. But if Heaven did not permit ſo great an Evil, as might have been reaſonably expected, it allowed us to be involved in Trouble enough, to make a tedious Trial of our Patience. The Count was alone with the Princeſs when ſhe died, and inſtead of calling Servants to his Aſſiſtance, he reſolved to conceal her Death till he had accompliſhed his Project. He left the Room where the Corps lay, locked the Door, took the Key along with him, and, without loſing a Moment, forced *Mademoiſelle de R*—— to perform the nuptial Ceremonies with the Baron, and to get this effected, made uſe of ſuch Violence as never was heard of. The Lady having conſtantly refuſed her Conſent, and to go to the Chapel where the Baron and the Chaplain were waiting, he cauſed the Servants to drag her along notwithſtanding her Tears, Intreaties, and Shrieks; when ſhe was got there, the Count took her Hand, which ſhe endeavoured to draw back, and preſented it to his Son, upon which ſhe fell into a Swoon, during which they performed the Ceremony, and fooliſhly imagined, that ſuch a monſtrous Scene would paſs for a lawful Marriage. The Count's Tyranny did not ſtop here. He conſidered, that if the Marriage was not conſummated before the Death of the Princeſs came to be known, he ran the Riſk of loſing the Fruits of his Labour. *Mademoiſelle de R*—— would have urged Violence, and never conſented to his Wiſhes; for which Reaſon, he had her carried in her preſent Condition, that is to ſay, without Motion or Senſe, to the nuptial Bed, and the Baron made all poſſible Haſte to go to bed to her. But divine Juſtice had decreed, that the Count ſhould make himſelf as guilty as poſſibly he could, without reaping the Fruits of his villainous Enterprize. The Lady recovered her Senſes and Strength enough, being extremely animated wi

the horrid Usage she had met with, to get rid of the Baron without being really his Wife, and to shut herself up in her Chamber. In the mean Time, the Count finding that he could no longer conceal the Princess's Death, declared it to the whole Family. The News of it reached the Village in a Moment, and I learned it from some of the Peasants. While I was meditating upon this unexpected Adventure, I received a Billet from the poor young Lady, acquainting me of her Misfortune, and begging my Assistance. I advised her, in the Answer that I immediately wrote, to steal out of the Castle in the Dusk of the Evening, and to come to a little Wood behind the Garden, where I should be with Horses to receive her, adding, that if she found it impossible to make her Escape without the Count's Knowledge, she would take the Trouble to let me know directly, and that I would get Assistance sufficient to deliver her in spite of him; her Answer was, that she believed she could give him the Slip, and come to the Place appointed. I went to the Wood with some Peasants armed, where she came alone, not daring to trust her Woman. She was mounted behind me, and we took the Road to *Bethune*, which led us to the Viscount's Country-Seat. The Night was dark, and the Road slippery, which hindered me from advancing with such Speed as was necessary. Her Elopement did not long remain undiscovered by the Count, and his Fury was equal to his Surprize. He did not question, but that I was concerned in her Flight, for he could not be ignorant of my staying in the Village. He made all the Servants in the Castle mount Horse, himself on their Head, and *pursued us* almost close at the Heels. We were *marching* peaceably, when one of the Peasants, who *accompanied* us, told me, that he heard the Noise of *several Horses*. I listened, and heard them to

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and told the young Lady, that we were certainly pursued, but that I would perish, rather than let her fall into the Hands of her Tyrants. I did not doubt but that their Number was superior to ours, and therefore thought it advisable to join Address, if possible, to Resolution, unfortunately we had neither Wood nor Hedge near us, to serve as a Retreat; all we could do, was to go a little out of Road. We dismounted, and left our Horses in ploughed Ground, and I begged of the Lady to advance alone about a hundred Paces from us, and to sit down on the Ground, that she might not be perceived, and recommended to her not to stir till she heard me calling to her; I left one of my People to hold the Horses, and returning to the Road, my Companions and I clapt upon our Bellies to observe the Number, and Disposition of those who pursued us, and prepared our Fusils and Pistols. In a Moment, we discovered them ten Paces from us, only five with the Count at their Head, and the Baron not being there, I judged, that they were gone in Parties different Roads. I was resolved, finding that they neither perceived us, nor our Horses, to let them pass on peaceably, but one of the Peasants, who had a particular Cause of hating the Count, and being unwilling to miss such a favourable Opportunity, fired upon him without letting me know any Thing of his Design; by good Luck his Address did not answer to his Resentment, for the Ball neither touched him, nor any of his Company. I did not doubt but upon this we should be attacked, and therefore got speedily up to put myself in a Posture of Defence; but the Count was too fond of Life to expose it, and whether it was that he took us for Robbers, or that he only consulted his own Safety, he wheeled about, and went off with his Companions at full Gallop, and you may believe that we gave him full Liberty to make his Escap

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When they were got clear off the Field of Battle, I returned to our Horſes, and called with a loud Voice to the Lady, who was ſadly frightened with the Shot, but could not hinder herſelf from laughing at her Fears, when ſhe heard of the Count's Bravery. In the Evening, we arrived at the Viſcount's, who had received my Letter, and was preparing to come to the Caſtle of *B*—— with ſome of his Friends. He was in a terrible Rage at the new Effects of the Count and Baron's Impudence, and, at firſt, thought that this Affair could not be terminated, but by the Deaths of Father and Son, and that he would, no doubt, have made ſuch haſte as to find them ſtill at *B*——, had not ſome of his Friends hindered him from following the firſt Movements of his Anger; but prevailing with him to reflect more ſeriouſly upon the Affair, they at laſt got him over to their Opinion, which was to aſſemble the Relations and Friends of the Family, that they might deliberate together, what Satisfaction was to be had for ſo great an Injury. We only arrived at *B*——Yeſterday, and you will eaſily believe that the Count and Baron took care not to wait our Arrival.

THIS Adventure has made too much Noiſe in the Province not to be known by every Body in it. I remained four Days at the Caſtle of *B*—— and it was debated in the Aſſembly, if the Viſcount's Honour demanded Reparation in the way of fighting, and as my Age gave me the Preference of ſpeaking firſt, I went upon the pacifick Scheme, which was approved of by the Majority. My Reaſons were neither founded upon the Horrors with which Duels ought to inſpire us, nor of their Oppoſition to the Laws of Chriſtianity, ſuch Morality would not have gone down with a Parcel of young Gentlemen of a very different Way of thinking. I inſiſted only that this Affair was of a nature to be terminated by civil Juſtice. The Count of ——

ad wrought himſelf into the good Graces of the 'rinceſs, a Caſe very common. He had endeavour-d to get his Son married to the Heireſs of the Houſe f *B*——, which was, indeed, no advantageous Match to it, but of ſo great Conſequence to him, hat he could not be blamed for deſiring it; ſo that he brutal Manner in which he had gone about it, was the only Thing that ſeemed to render him guilty, and even this could plead it's Excuſe from the ſudden Death of the Princeſs, by which his Proect was in Danger of Miſcarriage. In ſhort, *ſaid I to the Aſſembly*, it would ſeem to me, that Injuries proceeding from Contempt and Hatred are the only Affronts that demand Blood, and I can ſee nothing in the Count or Baron's Conduct that ſprings from either of theſe two Sources: wherefore, I concluded, that if the Count inſiſted upon the Validity of his Son's Marriage, his Pretenſions were to be diſputed in the common Courts of Judicature, which was at laſt agreed to by the Majority of the Gentlemen then preſent.

IMAGINE a Man extremely thirſty, and who reckons every Moment a Year, till he arrives at the refreſhing Fountain, and you may form an Idea of my Impatience to be at my Solitude. Upon my Arrival at my Daughter's, I told her, that ſince her Houſe daily opened new Scenes of Trouble and Sorrow to me, I was reſolved not ſtay twenty four Hours in it. This little Spot of Ground, *added I*, has put me to more ſevere Trials than all the Parts of *Europe* or *Aſia*, where I have been. I confeſs it is ſo, *anſwered ſhe*, but you ſtill had a Daughter who ſhared in your Pains, what muſt become of her now, that ſhe is to be deprived of her dear Father, and how is ſhe to look upon his Eagerneſs to leave her? Do not accuſe me, *replied I*, of Indifference, you know too well your Father's Heart, to imagine any ſuch Thing, and you muſt allow

that it is high Time for me to go and hide myſelf in a Cell, to enjoy a little Tranquillity. What can I do here? It is true, I am neither paralytick not decrepit as yet, but do you think that I am not beginning to feel the Infirmities of old Age, and that in the Interior of this Body, there are not Signs of an approaching Diſſolution? Be aſſured, my Dear, that whatever Tenderneſs a Child may have for a Father, it is but a melancholy Thing to ſee him oppreſſed with Age and Infirmities. If he is ſincerely loved, it is afflicting, and if otherwiſe, the Sight is diſagreeable. Old Age is diſguſting, peeviſh and troubleſom, and I have remarked, that filial Sentiments extinguiſh in Proportion as the Body of a Father becomes weak and drooping, they want, if I may be allowed the Expreſſion, by Degrees the proper Nouriſhment, from whence proceeds the ſhort Grief which an old Man's Death gives. Truly, *cried my Daughter*, if ſuch be your Idea of me, I have great Reaſon to be thankful for your Affection and Eſteem. No, my dear Daughter, *replied I*, dear *Julia*, I have no ſuch mean Opinion of thy Heart. I know that it is of an extraordinary Mould, ſuch as thy Father's is, and thy Mother's was: As thou art the Child of Tenderneſs, and the Fruit of the moſt perfect Love, how can thy Heart be hard or ungrateful? It is not therefore thee that my Satire had in View, but the Reſult of my Obſervations with reſpect to the Generality of Mankind. But I ſtill lay it down as a Maxim, that a prudent Man, when he is become a Prey to old Age, ought not to appear in the World; to bear with him, is doing him a Favour, and if honeſt People do not inſult, but pity him, they draw a Vanity from their Goodneſs, and think they beſtow *Favours upon him* to which he cannot juſtly lay *Claim; believe* me, it is but a poor Story to be in *ſuch a Situation*, or the Object of Compaſſion. On

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the other Hand, if we join to these Considerations purely human, the stronger Motives of Christianity, we shall find that an old Man, attached to the World, is a Prodigy of Folly and Blindness, and there needs no stronger Proof than this, that his Judgment fails, and that he returns to a kind of Childhood. I thank God, this is not as yet my Case; but I find that I am now grown useless upon Earth, or, if I am capable of doing any Good, that it is only to myself; and therefore ought to engross my whole Care; the *Good* I mean is to procure, at any Rate, the most necessary, the most important, nay even the only sovereign *Good*.

I kept my Word to my Daughter, not to remain twenty-four Hours at her House. Our Separation was not attended with unreasonable Marks of Grief, because she expected to see me now and then at the Abbey of——and that I did not exclude myself from the Liberty of going sometimes to pass two or three Days at her House. My Son-in-law conducted me in his Coach, and he was the Occasion of another Accident that retarded for some Days the Moment of my Retreat. It had rained for three Weeks, and the Roads were very much broke, so that we advanced but very slowly, though drawn by six vigorous Horses. When we arrived at the Forest of *Senlis*, we were obliged to get out to lighten the Coach, and walk about half a League in a Foot-path. For a Man of my Age I walked briskly enough, and pushed on without taking Notice, that my Son, who followed me, had stopt. On looking about at last, I was surprized not to see him, and though I called him by his Name pretty loud, as he was above a hundred Paces from me, he did not hear me; which made me return *back in quest of him*, and I at last found him talk*ing with a Woman* of a pretty good Shape, and *well dressed*, and who might have passed for a Wo

man of ſome Diſtinction, had ſhe not been ſo dirty, that it was eaſy to ſee ſhe had been obliged to trudge on Foot. I asked him by what Accident he had met with this fine Lady, and he told me, that having by Chance looked about, he had ſeen her coming behind him, and that Curioſity to know the Meaning of a Lady walking alone in the Middle of a Foreſt, had induced him to ſtop. Have you learned from her, *ſaid I*, what you wanted to know? Yes, *anſwered he*, ſhe is a *Flemiſh* Lady, who has had the Misfortune to loſe her Husband in their Way to *Paris*, and the Expence of his Indiſpoſition and Burial has ſo emptied-her Purſe, that ſhe is forced to perform the reſt of her Journey to *Paris* on Foot, where ſhe ſays ſhe will find Aſſiſtance from her Acquaintances. I am ſorry, *added he*, that our Road does not lead us that Way, otherwiſe I ſhould willingly offer her a Place in my Coach. I made her a Compliment, to which ſhe anſwered very politely, and continued to walk with us. When we thought proper to get into the Coach, the Marquis told her, that as we were to follow the *Paris* Road two Leagues farther, if ſhe pleaſed to take the Advantage of the Coach, it would at leaſt eaſe her ſo far. She required no preſſing to accept of this Offer. We ſcarce had advanced fifty Paces, when we ſaw ſome Horſemen, whom we knew to be a Party of the Guards appointed for clearing the Roads of Highwaymen. We were not ſurprized to ſee them, knowing that the Foreſt of *Senlis* is the principal Place of their Reſidence; or, at leaſt, where they perform their greateſt Exploits. But what ſurprized us, was to ſee our Coach ſtopt, and one of the Guards come cloſe up to us, who made ſome Excuſes for their *Incivility*. You know, Gentlemen, *added he*, the Duties of our Employment, be ſo good as to tell us if you have met with any Inſult in the Foreſt

We anſwered, No; and asked if any Diſorder had lately happened in it. Scarce a Day paſſes, *ſaid the Guard*, without Robberies; in leſs than a Week three Perſons have been killed, and many ſtript to the Skin. We have certain Information, that the Gang of Robbers is compoſed of eleven Men and one Woman, and they tell ſtrange Stories of the Female, who does more Harm than all the reſt beſides. He then proceeded to tell us in what Manner this She-Robber ſtript the Travellers, and often killed them. She walks on Foot, *ſaid he*, and genteely dreſſed. She generally carries under her Arm a Box, leſs incommodious for Weight than Bulk. When ſhe perceives a Gentleman travelling this Road, ſhe appears; and there are few Men, who ſeeing a Woman of a certain Air in the Middle of a Foreſt, are not tempted by Curioſity to approach her, and to ask what Buſineſs ſhe has there: She anſwers what ſhe thinks proper, and complaining of Wearineſs gives the Traveller an Opportunity of offering to take her on Horſeback behind him; which is juſt what ſhe wants; ſhe therefore, without Ceremony, accepts; and the better to execute her wicked Intentions, begs of the Horſeman to carry her Box on the Tore of his Saddle, that his Hands not being at Liberty, ſhe may, with the more Certainty, plunge a Dagger, which ſhe carries privately about her, in his Back or Side. A poor Wretch, whom we found expiring yeſterday in the Foreſt, informed us, that he had been uſed in this barbarous Manner, by that Devil of a Woman. We perhaps might have ſeized her, *continued the Guard*, ſince ſhe could not have got far from the Place; but our Number being then too ſmall to come to Blows with her eleven Companions, we delayed till to Day, that we were in a Condition to engage them; and are actually five or *ſix Parties* in queſt of them; ſo that if the Gang be

ſtill hereabouts, they will not eaſily make their Eſcape.

DURING the Guard's Narration, the Marquis and I looked at one another, and now and then eyed our Companion, whoſe Countenance betrayed ſo little Concern, that our Suſpicion was confounded: For the Reader will eaſily conceive what our firſt Thoughts were upon hearing the Story, which ſeemed in every Circumſtance to agree with what we knew of this Woman, even to the Box, which ſhe had with her, and placed it at our Feet in the Coach. I prevented the Marquis, who was juſt opening his Mouth to ſpeak, by ſqueezing his Hand, and turning towards the Guard, told him, that if he would eſcort our Coach to the going out of the Foreſt, it would oblige us, with which he willingly complied. When he had retired from the Coach-Door, I clapt my Hand on our Female's Shoulder, who was ſitting by me, and deſired her civilly to confeſs the Truth, if ſhe did not incline to be delivered up. As ſhe plainly ſaw that Artifice would do her no Service, ſhe confeſſed that ſhe was the very Perſon, and begged earneſtly that we would ſave her Life. You don't deſerve it, *ſaid I*, but ſince your good Fortune has thrown you into our Power, we are reſolved to have no Hand in your Deſtruction, only to put you in a Place where you ſhall be at no Liberty of doing farther Miſchief. When we reached the Extremity of the Foreſt, I diſmiſſed the Guards, and whiſpered in the Marquis's Ear, that, as *Paris* was very little out of our Way, I thought it was beſt to take that Road, that we might get rid of this wretched Woman, which he agreed to, and gave his Coachman Orders to drive to *Paris*. I then turned to our Heroine, and deſired that, for the good Office we had done her, ſhe would let us know by what Accidents ſhe found herſelf engaged in ſuch a deteſtable

Kind of Life. She anſwered that ſhe would with Pleaſure ſatisfy our Curioſity, and here's what ſhe told us.

All my Misfortunes, *ſaid ſhe*, proceed from being cruelly deceived by ſeveral Lovers. I was born of an honeſt Family, with virtuous Inclinations, naturally generous and bountiful; and, finding my ſelf incapable of Deceit, I had the ſame Opinion of thoſe with whom I familiarly converſed. I had ſuch a Share of Beauty, as made a young Man in our Neighbourhood think me worthy of his Addreſſes; and he was ſo aſſiduous in his Courtſhip, that he at laſt found the Way to my Heart; I thought him the moſt paſſionate of all Lovers, and as he ſolemnly ſwore to marry me, I yielded to his impatient Deſires. The Effects of our Intrigue ſoon began to appear, but when I preſſed him to accompliſh our Marriage, to ſave me from Infamy, I was thunder-ſtruck to hear him coldly anſwer, that, his Father having purchaſed a Lieutenancy of Dragoons for him, he was obliged to join the Regiment. My Deſpair, you may eaſily believe, was intolerable; and yet the Intereſt of my Reputation obliged me to ſmother it; and my perfidious Lover had the Barbarity to leave me, without giving my Grief the ſmall Satisfaction of a ſingle Tear at parting. I remained alone, with the Shame of having been betrayed, and under the Dread of a Father extremely ſevere, and who could not but ſoon perceive the Effects of my bad Conduct. My Terror was ſuch, at the Approaches of my lying-in, that I reſolved to run away; and, to prevent Miſery, I robbed my Father of about ten thouſand Crowns, the beſt Part of his Fortune, which he had acquired by Trade. With this Sum I went to *Paris*, *where I hired* private Lodgings, and took a Maid *to attend me.* The Time of my lying-in being *come, I was ſafely* delivered of a Son, who di-

ſoon after. By Degrees, I recovered my former Tranquillity, and appeared in the Places of publick Diverſions, where I was attacked by ſeveral profeſſed Gallants, and felt, that, notwithſtanding the cruel Cheat that had been already put upon me, my Heart was willing to run the Risk of a new Engagement; I was only determined to act a little more cautiouſly, which was all the Fruit I propoſed to reap from my Experience. In a ſhort Time, a Lover came in my Way, ſuch as I would have made Choice of among a thouſand. Ye Gods! how amiable was he! and how tender and generous he appeared! All my Reſolutions of putting him to a tedious Trial were ſoon forgot, and I was ſuch a ſilly loving Fool, as to yield upon his third Viſit. He was ſo far from appearing to make a bad Uſe of his Victory, on the contrary, he affected to make me believe that Enjoyment gave new Vigour to his Paſſion. He could not be a Moment without me, and made me conſent to receive him into my Lodgings, where we were to live as Husband and Wife. I asked him why we ſhould not be ſuch in Reality, and he begged a few Days to conſider of it, for certain Reaſons; after which he returned from a little Journey, as he pretended, and we were married according to the Ceremonies of the Church. My Goodneſs, or rather my Stupidity, was ſuch, that I neither informed myſelf of his Fortune nor Family. He lived at my Expence, and I thought I could not too dearly purchaſe ſo charming a Huſband. My Happineſs laſted only fifteen Days, for on a *Sunday* Morning, when I was gone to Maſs, he took the Opportunity of my Abſence, to go off with all my Money, Jewels and Clothes; ſo that, upon my Return from Church, I found myſelf ſtript of every Thing, except what I had on my Back. My Maid was in the Plot, and they had gone off together. Upon my coming in, and finding the

all was gone, I dropped down in a fainting Fit, and remained ſo long in it, that it was next to a Miracle I ever recovered it, being almoſt Night before I came to myſelf; the State to which I ſaw myſelf reduced, was ſo deſperate, that I could think of no other Remedy but Death. My Cries, Tears, and Sighs, drew into my Chamber a Stranger, who was coming down from an upper Aparment, to which his Buſineſs had brought him. My Door being half open, Curioſity or Compaſſion made him come in. I ſhould reckon myſelf happy, Madam, *ſaid he*, could I render you any Service in the deplorable State that you appear to be under; upon which I told him my Misfortune, and he ſeemed to be very much moved with it.

As I had mentioned my being ſtript of every Farthing, he had the Generoſity to offer me ſome Money, which Neceſſity obliged me to accept; nay, he even provided Supper for me, and kept me Company the whole Evening. When he left me, he asked Permiſſion to viſit me next Day, which I could not well refuſe; he was punctual to his Word, and made me a Preſent of a larger Sum than the Day before, aſſuring me I ſhould want for nothing as long as I would do him the Favour to accept of his Aſſiſtance; ſo that his Viſits and Liberalities were frequent. At length he made me underſtand that he thought me agreeable, and that his Services were not altogether diſintereſted. I conſulted with my Heart, which told me, that, after two ſuch terrible Inſtances of the Treachery of Men, I ſhould no more truſt to their Oaths. How could I truſt to their Fidelity? I had been deceived by two Perſons whom I adored; could I expect more Sincerity and Conſtancy from thoſe that were indifferent to me; for I found I had no Diſpoſition now to Love, and thought myſelf for ever cured of that fatal Paſſion. My new Lover did not loſe Courage, tho'

I ſincerely told him the Cauſe of my Indifference; on the contrary, he loved me the more, becauſe he plainly ſaw that I was a Stranger to Deceit, and therefore continued his Courtſhip and Careſſes, and, what was ſtill more prevailing, his Liberalities. He loves me ſincerely, thought I within myſelf, what elſe but Love could make him ſo conſtant and ſo liberal. I have nothing to risk, ſince I have nothing to loſe, let me therefore embark once more. Thus, by Degrees, I came to love him, and I applauded myſelf the more upon this new Amour, as it appeared on my Part to be a reaſonable Attachment that would not be ſubject to the fatal Conſequences of a blind and irregular Paſſion. I ſoon yielded after theſe Reflections, and found in my Lover all the Tenderneſs and Complaiſance that a Woman can deſire to make her happy. We lived in this Harmony about three Weeks; after which he propoſed our going to the Country, to ſettle ſome domeſtick Affairs. I asked him if my Preſence would not give Umbrage to his Relations, and be of Prejudice to him; my Delicacy upon his Reputation ſeemed to give him Pleaſure, but he told me that he was his own Maſter, and accountable to none for his Conduct; ſo that I thought myſelf the happieſt of my Sex. We ſet out for the Place of his Nativity, where we remained a few Days. He appeared impatient to return to *Paris*, and I was no leſs; ſo that by common Conſent, we ſet out for it, and reckoned to be there after an Abſence of about fifteen Days. Perfidious Men, *cried our She-Robber*, why cannot I extinguiſh the whole Race! The third Day of our Journey being about ten Leagues from *Paris*, we went to Bed with our uſual Marks of Fondneſs, and I paſſed the whole Night in a profound Sleep. Having awaked in the Morning about nine o'Clock, and miſſing my Lover, I thought that, finding me faſt aſleep, he had gone

ne to order our Chaise to be ready. I got up, id ordered him to be called, but was told that he vas gone three or four Hours before. Gone, *cried I*: Yes, Madam, he is gone in the Chaise, and told us, that you intended to remain some Days here. I was without a Sous in my Pocket, and he even carried off the Trunk in which were my Clothes; it is true I had got them from him, but still they were my Clothes. The only Favour he had done me, was to pay our Expences at the Inn. O Heavens! *continued she*, a Woman cannot die with Rage, since mine did not kill me. It was then I wished that the whole Race of Men had but one Life, and that I could bite and scratch them to Death with my Teeth and Nails. After several Extravagancies, such as biting my Arms out of Rage and Despair, I left the Inn more like a Woman furiously mad, than any Thing else, and pursued my Traitor on Foot, without considering that I could have no Hopes of coming up with him My Rage was such, that I walked five or si Leagues, without being sensible of any Fatigue but my Strength failing me all at once, I w obliged to sit down in the Entry of a Forest, tiring a few Paces from the High-Road, tha might not be seen by Passengers. There I f cursing the whole Race of Men from the Begin of the World to this Day; and after invo Death, and delivering my perfidious Husband the infernal Furies, I spent myself so much Tears and Cries, that I could not proceed Journey. Night was coming on, and I f was impossible for me to go to any Place v could get Lodging. While I was under t quiet, augmented by Darkness, I heard th of People passing, and I made a Shift to get to desire their Assistance, or that they least conduct me to some House; and

Moment in which my unhappy Fate was to be consummated. These Passengers were a Gang of Robbers seeking for Prey; they received me, however, with Humanity; but, by their Discourse, I soon found into whose Hands I was fallen. Ought I to confess, *added our Female*, that I did not look upon this Adventure as a Misfortune. The Fury, that I was animated with against the whole Race of Men, made me rather glad than sorry, to find myself with a Dozen of Persons, who were professed Enemies to Mankind. I found them more open and sincere, than the Traitors that had deceived me, and capable of Sentiments of Humanity; for, finding me half dead with Fatigue and Want of Victuals, the first Thing they did, was to present me with a Part of their Provisions, which gave me new Strength. I was Witness that very Night to the stripping of several Travellers; and, instead of being terrified, I could have wished that they had killed them; so deeply was my Hatred against Men already rooted in my Breast.. When the Hour came of leaving the High-Road, they conducted me to the thickest Part of the Wood, where they had a Sort of Hut; and if they had not all the Conveniencies of Life, they did not want what was absolutely necessary. Lamps were lighted that we might see one another, and while Curiosity led them to observe me narrowly, I perceived among them my second Traitor, I mean him who had married me in due Form at *Paris*, and decamped with my Maid. My Fury, not yet extinguished, rose to as high a Pitch as ever at this Sight. I jumped to a Poniard, which I plunged three or four Times into his Breast, before he had Time to prevent it. Traitor, *said I*, just as he was expiring, *may all who resemble thee, be exterminated with as much Cruelty*. All his Companions looked at one another with great Surprize, and retired

at a little Diſtance from me, to wait the End of this Tragedy. Gentlemen, *ſaid I, throwing the Poniard from me*, I have now delivered the Earth and you of the greateſt of all Villains, and I have done what you ought to have done yourſelves, had you known his Crimes as I do. I then told them the cruel Trick that he had played me, and, leſt they ſhould be diffident of a Woman who could not but appear to them to be a Perſon of Reſolution, I aſſured them, that, in the ſhort Space of four Hours that I had been in their Company, I already eſteemed them more than all the reſt of Mankind, and that I heartily conſented to paſs my Life among them; to which they very readily agreed. I have now been three Months in their Company, and I dare venture to ſay, that I am in ſome Conſideration among the Gang. I did not at once exerciſe the Trade, but remained alone in the Cabin, while they were out upon the Account, and my Buſineſs was to prepare Supper againſt their Return; but my Hatred to Men (which gave me no Peace) and the Diſcourſes which they held in my Preſence, raiſed my Courage to ſuch a Pitch, that, at laſt, I propoſed to ſhare in their Exploits; my firſt Actions did me Honour; and I have ſince held one of the firſt Ranks in our Troop, both for my Courage and Conduct. All the Men that I have killed are ſo many Victims that I have ſacrificed to my Fury, rather than to Avarice, or a Deſire of getting Riches. This is, Gentlemen, *added our Heroine*, the Hiſtory that you deſired to hear. I have always concluded, that our Troop would be at laſt diſperſed or ſeized by the *Maréchauſſee*, and that we would meet with the common Fate of Robbers. I confeſs that this Thought ſometimes brought a Damp upon my Spirits, and I look upon it as a Happineſs for me to have fallen into your Hands, ſince you have promiſed to ſecure my Life;

greatest Mark, said this impudent Creature, that I can give you of my Gratitude, is to give you up my Arms, and with that she took out of her Pockets two little Pistols, and from under her Petticoat. a large Dagger. When I saw these Instruments of Death, I trembled at my Imprudence, in not taking them from her before she began her Story; for she might have easily made use of them against us. while we were listening to what she said. Being arrived at *Paris*, I sent for one of the Directors of the *Salt-peter House*, to whom I recounted her History, after having required a Promise from him, that he should take no other Advantage of this Knowledge, but that it might be a Motive of shutting her up the rest of her Days. We thus got rid of this strange Woman, and made the best of our Way to the Abbey, where we arrived without any Obstacle or bad Accident.

FROM this Day I may begin to date the Tranquillity and Peace of my Mind, and if any slight Subject of Trouble has since happened to me, it is owing to the Delicacy of my Friendship, or the Ties of Blood. Providence, seemingly satisfied with the Trials to which I had been so long exposed, has spared my Weakness in these latter Years, and treated me as an old Man, deprived of Vigour, unfit for Combat, and whose Intentions alone are henceforth the only Merit that can entitle him to a Reward. A weak one, indeed, it is in the Eyes of a formidable Master, who has a Right to require so much of his Servants; but his Mercy is the comfortable Foundation of my Hopes. He has not preserved me so long with a Design to lose me, nor has he made my Heart so sensibly feel that he is the *only proper* Object of all it's Wishes, to deprive me, *some Time or* other, of what he has made me love, *d to banish* me his Presence, after having made *upon it* as my only Felicity.

WH[illegible]

WHETHER it proceeds from the Difpofition of my Mind, or from the agreeable Situation of the Abbey of ****that it appears to me the moft charming Place in the World, I fhall not determine. The Edifice is magnificent, and the Gardens perfectly correfpond, by their Beauty and Extent. Here Art has fpared no Coft to adorn Nature; and we every where meet with the agreeable Variety of Woods, Fountains, and, almoft in every Seafon, Flowers and Verdure. I always was fond of thefe fimple Ornaments of the Earth, which are, in a Manner, the Remains of our firft Innocence; and I have an infinite Pleafure in cultivating them with my own Hands.

MY firft Occupation after my Arrival, was to lay down a Scheme how to employ all the Hours of the Day, that I might have no idle Moments. Reading, Converfation, and Walking, are the chief Parts of my Bufinefs; and I do not read for meer Amufement, but rather for Inftruction and Edification; and the new Knowledge I endeavour to acquire, ferves to extend, and render more perfect, the Ideas which I always had of Honour and Virtue. This View warms my Imagination. My Heart is more clofely than ever attached to Duty, and my Mind is unwearied in affording it the neceffary Sup port, by continual Reflections, that fortify it, an multiply it's Motives. Human Sciences have no loft their Relifh with me; or, if I reap any Adva tage from them, Age dces not permit me to ma the proper Ufe of it; fo that I look upon ufel Study to be Idlenefs, and therefore I confine my to the Study of Religion and Morality, as the o proper Sphere now for me to move in, and the ly folid Knowledge, fince it's Utility is eternal

As for Converfation, I am not anxious of *other, but what* I have with the Anchorets. *whom I live*; and though they are not emi

Knowledge, yet they are endowed with solid Sense. Solitude renders them serious and diligent, and they are not distracted or diverted by the Objects of Passions Their Reason is not interrupted by the Phantoms of a heated Imagination, and, if their Conversation is not refined and delicate, they think solidly, and reason justly.

WALKING is my third Occupation, at every Step I view the Works of Nature, and admire their Variety. I have taken some Flowers, Plants, and Fruit Trees under my Direction, and they are the Objects of my tender Care. I consider, with Admiration, that vast and immense Canopy that surrounds me; my Eyes measure the Distance from Heaven to Earth, and I sometimes complain of this Clog of Clay, that prevents my mounting up to that Region of Felicity; the Result of all which is, falling on my Knees, adoring the Power, Wisdom, and Mercy of the supreme Being, and begging with all the Ardour of a Soul, wholly wrapt up in Admiration of the wonderful Works of Providence, that I may, after this Life, be admitted to that State of Perfection, in which I shall more fully conceive the Grandeur and Beauty of the Creation, and be capable of a more exalted Adoration.

WHEN my Son-in-law left me to return Home, this was the Scheme of Life which I laid down, and which I hope I shall punctually follow to my last Hour. I heard nothing for some Months of my Pupil the Marquis, nor of my Niece *Nadina*, and I made a favourable Construction of their Silence. They are now, *said I*, calm and undisturbed, Absence has produced it's usual Effect. Nevertheless, one Day as I was peaceably at work in my little Garden, I was much surprized to see the Marquis *pop into it*; he embraced me with Transport, and *having conducted* him to my Apartment, I asked *if I might flatter* myself, that the Honour of his

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Visit was owing to the Remains of Friendship. He did not dissemble, but that with the Pleasure of seeing me, the Hopes of learning the Place where my Niece was retired, had engaged him to come. I make no doubt, *said he*, but that she is gone into some Convent. But I must confess, *added he*, that having writ to her several Times at your Daughter's, where I thought she still was, I flattered myself, at least, that wherever she might be, they would have sent her my Letters, which I am sure she has not received, since I have had no Answer. I want to know what Right the Marchioness your Daughter pretends to have to Letters that come from me, and that are not directed to herself. As he appeared to be incensed, I answered calmly, that he perhaps accused my Daughter a little rashly, and that it might be true, that she had either not received his Letters, or had sent them to *Nadina*, who, perhaps, did not think that Decency permitted her to answer them. No, no, *replied he*, I have been at your Daughter's, who not only confesses the Receipt of my Letters, but has even returned them sealed. Of what then do you complain, *said I?* If you do not find, *replied he*, that I have Reason of Complaint, it is, no doubt, because you condemn me, and in that Case I must be silent. But why should you find me culpable in writing to your Niece, since you are not ignorant of the Promises I have made her, and which I shall always willingly execute? I was at some Loss for a proper Answer. But—*said I, hesitating a little*, I would have you consider, that though such Promises may be a Mark of Goodness on your Part, they make no Change as to my Niece, who is not thereby authorized to entertain a Correspondence, which cannot but be hurtful to her Reputation. You did not, however, forbid it, *replied he*, with a dejected Air, when I asked you Permission. It is true, said I

I did not then explain myself otherwise than by my Silence, which was the Effect of Friendship, and my being loth to give you Uneasiness. Well, well, *added he*, I see but too plainly, that you are resolved not only to refuse me the Satisfaction of writing to your Niece, but also to keep the Place of her Retreat a Secret from me. I told him coldly, that it was possible she had changed the Place of her Abode since I came to this Abbey, and that I could assure him, I had not heard from her for three Months. These Words were scarce out of my Mouth, when he bluntly turned bis Back upon me, and, notwithstanding my Intreaties, went out, repeating several Times, that I made a Jest of him; but that he would fall upon a Way to find her out, were she shut up in a Dungeon by my Barbarity. He mounted his Horse directly, and was deaf to all I said. Though there was no Likelihood that he could discover where my Niece was, I wrote to my Daughter to go to her Convent, and to recommend the Secret more than ever to the Abbess; besides, I was glad that she should see *Nadina*, and let me have News of her. My Daughter immediately obeyed my Commands, came to see me on her Return, and told me that *Nadina* began to be pleased with Solitude; that she sighed no more, and her Tears were dried up. She still spoke of the Marquis, but her Passion was converted by Degrees into a tender Friendship: In one Word, that if Despair had thrown her into a Convent, it was to be hoped Inclination would keep her in it. I blessed Heaven for this Change, particularly when my Daughter added, that she was going through the Rigours of her Noviciate with great *Fervour*, and that the Abbess highly extolled her *Zeal and Piety*. In a little Time after I received *Letter from* her, and the Smoothness of her Stile ded me that her Heart had not irreparabl

loſt it's Peace. She appeared to wiſh for the Moment of taking on the Vows, and ſpoke of her former Agitations as of a diſtant Object, adding Encomiums on the Sweets of a peaceful ſolitary Life. In ſhort, I perceived in her Letter all the Symptoms of a Cure begun, which Time would finiſh. I made her a long Anſwer, to fortify ſuch happy Diſpoſitions, which, indeed, ſenſibly augmented the Peace of my own Heart, becauſe I had all along been obliged to uſe her with Severity, and, perhaps, too much Rigour, from a Punctilio of Honour, which ſome will perhaps condemn. Nothing now remained to chagrin me but the Thoughts of the Marquis, who was ſtill dear to me, and his Happineſs the only Thing wanting to complete mine. He returned to my Solitude, about two Months after his laſt Viſit. Though he ought to have known me too well, to ſuſpect my having any Reſentment for his Manner of leaving me laſt Time I ſaw him, yet he accoſted me with the Air of a Perſon, who had ſomething to lay to his own Charge, and accordingly made Excuſes for ſpeaking to me in ſuch a hot Manner; and if I let him go on, it was that I might have an Opportunity of admiring the Goodneſs of his Heart. *Nadina* muſt, to be ſure, be immediately brought upon the Tapis. He told me, in a very melancholy Manner, that he had ſent to almoſt all the Convents in the Kingdom, but to no Purpoſe. As he appeared to be exceſſively afflicted, and that his Deſign was, no doubt, to excite my Compaſſion, which he knew to be as eaſily moved, I told him, that I was now going to render him a Service, which he little expected. What would you do, *continued I*, on a *Suppoſition that Nadina* was falſe to you? He anſwered, *without* heſitating, that he would die with *Grief, or perhaps* take away his Life with his ow[n] *Hands*; but, *added he*, it is impoſſible it ſhou[ld]

so. What would you think, *replied I*, if without being false, that is to say, if, continuing to love you tenderly, she nevertheless renounced the Hopes which you have given her of being your Spouse? I should say——but I should say nothing, *replied he*, interrupting himself, for you tell me Impossibilities, I am certain she loves me, and that she is convinced I adore her. She would not throw me into Despair, which she knows very well must be the Consequence of her abandoning me. Give me leave, *said I*, to explain myself. My Niece loves you, no doubt, passionately; she would be the most ungrateful Girl in the World, if, after so many Proofs of the Ardour and Constancy of your Love, she did not make a suitable Return. But she has discovered, that her Affection produces the same Effect with Respect to you, as would the Hatred of another. It disturbs your Quiet, disorders your Fortune, makes you forget the Grandeurs to which your Birth entitles you, and to deviate from that Submission which is due to the Duke your Father. To be the Cause of so many Disorders terrified her, and therefore, by an Effort, even of Love, she has resolved to sacrifice her Inclination to your Interest; and if this be the Case, of what can you accuse her? I look upon her Procedure, as an admirable Instance of Generosity, which ought to make you esteem her as long as you live. We see Abundance of People, who offer Violence to their Heart, when they perceive that their Passions are hurtful to their Interest; but where find we Persons, who sacrifice both Passion and Fortune to the Interest of the Object beloved! This Disinterestedness is so strange, that I look upon it as a Prodigy, in a young Creature of my Niece's Age; and were I moreover to *tell you, that* she stops not here, but is resolved to *discharge you* of the Ties with which you may *think yourself* bound by your Premises and Oaths:

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and, in order to render you this Service, proposes to make a Sacrifice of her own Liberty; must you not allow, that this is perhaps the highest Effort that the Mind is capable of; an Effort which would meet with no Credit in a Romance. This, however, my dear Marquis, is what my Niece has done for you. Read the Letter which she writes me, *added I, pulling it out of my Pocket*, and you'll see to whom this poor Child sacrifices herself, and may judge if she truly loves you. He read the Letter, returned it without saying a Word, and threw himself upon a Chair, lifting his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, with a Motion that spoke the dismal Condition of his Heart. Tears dropt in a Moment from his Eyes without his being sensible of it, or endeavouring to wipe them off. I sat down by him, and told him that I thought these Tears ought to owe their Cause to Esteem and Admiration, rather than to Grief. I dare not add, *continued I*, that Joy itself ought to have some Part; and yet few there are who would not feel it from this very Thought, that their Merit, or their Happiness, has given Birth to the most noble and generous Passion that ever was. It is a Pleasure, which neither Riches nor Grandeur can afford; a Sort of Pleasure, that is not the peculiar Privilege of any particular Set of Men; and which may be said to be singular, in so far as it springs from a Cause only proper for itself: I am served from a Motive of Interest; I am praised from Flattery, and Deceit cajoles me; but Love proceeds from no By-end; and the only Motive of loving me is, because I am lovely. In vain do People endeavour to disguise a real Passion, or to counterfeit a sincere one. A thousand Things betray the Heart; and in Love and Hatred there are Proofs that will admit of no Doubt. I thus endeavoured to amuse and dissipate the Marquis's Melancholy, by vain, though flattering Arguments

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which he liſtened to without opening his Mouth, being, no doubt, taken up with the Thoughts of what he was to do. Do you know, my dear Marquis, *added I*, what Part remains for you to act? it is this; endeavour, if poſſible, from the Example of my Niece, to moderate your Paſſion, ſo as it ſhall no longer prove your Tyrant. You will by this Means recover your Tranquillity, and will ſtill ſatisfy your Heart by preſerving in it the Tenderneſs and Eſteem which you think ſhe deſerves. When you have got yourſelf brought to this Situation, I ſhall make no Difficulty to conduct you myſelf to the Place of her Retreat, and to procure to you both, the Satisfaction of ſeeing and converſing innocently together. You ſhall love her as you Siſter, ſhe ſhall receive you with the Affection that one has for a Brother, and I, whom you have ſome times honoured with the Title of Father, who loo upon *Nadina* as my Daughter, will enter into you Sentiments and partake of your innocent Careſſe and we ſhall thus be the Image of the moſt pu and moſt perfect Union, of which three Hearts a capable.

I was upon this Occaſion a Dupe to the Marqui in not reflecting that the Place of my Niece's R treat was put down with the Date in her Letter, which he took particular Notice, and took Ca not to forget it. After having long liſtened to m Diſcourſe with great Patience, and without ar other Mark of Emotion but his Tears, he too Leave of me, and when I asked if he deſigned return to *Paris*, he anſwered ambiguouſly, that I intended to remain ſome Time in the Country, b it was not where I imagined. He went directly a Caſtle of the Duke's ſome Leagues from the A *bey*, and ſtayed only there 'till ſome Domeſti *were ready* to accompany him to the Con *where my* Niece was. Before going to call fo

rrote a long Letter to prepare her for his Visit, g ignorant that by the Custom of Convents, Abbess opens and reads all Letters directed to Nuns, so that his, sent by a Footman, was by her, and she did not well know how to ive. As the Marquis made mention in it of his nded Visit that Day, she was at a Loss whe- · she should refuse or admit him. On the one id she must give Offence to the Marquis whose ility deserved Respect, and on the other Hand, vas exposing her young Novice. But as the rant was waiting and must have an Answer, at last determined to tell him, that if his ster would take the Trouble to come to the ivent, he should be very welcome. The Mar- i was there in a Moment, and took the Mes- : which his Servant brought, as a Mark of my ce's Affection; he was however surprised up- entering into the Parlour to see an unknown son waiting for him at the Grate, which was Abbess herself. She made him a Compliment in the Honour he did her in coming to the Ab- ', and entertained him for some Time on in- erent Things without daring to be the first that uld speak of *Nadina*. He had not Patience long bear this troublesom Conversation, and there- e asked if he might not be permitted to see *Na- a*. The Abbess employed all her Rhetorick in ivil Manner, to make him understand that it s contrary to the Custom of Convents to allow angers to entertain young Novices at the Grate. w, Novice, *cried the Marquis!* the Abbess told : since that he was like to drop down at this News. thousand Complaints were uttered by him against : Rigour of his Fate, and my Niece's Infidelity. : got up from his Chair, walked up and down the rlour like a distracted Man, then sat down, and · again, weeping, and sighing, so that the Ab- be

befs, who was tender-hearted, as all Nuns are, found herfelf much affected, and under a deep Concern for him. At laft he came clofe to the Grate, and begged of her in the moft preffing Manner to let him fee *Nadina*, were their Interview to be in her Prefence and but for a Moment. She thought fhe could not well refufe this, and fent to call her down. My Niece was not in the leaft expecting this Vifit, and her Aftonifhment was fo great on the Sight of the Marquis, that fhe gave a loud Shriek at the Door, without being able to advance; fo that the Abbefs was obliged to go and take her by the Hand and lead her to the Grate. The young Lover pronounced his Complaints and Reproaches in fo moving a Manner, that he drew Tears from the old Lady's Eyes. *Nadina* liftened to him with Modefty, and her Anfwers were prudent and kind, fhe recounted naturally by what Motives fhe had been determined to the religious Life; thanked him for the Affection with which he had honoured her, and even begged of him to preferve it fo far as his own Tranquillity, and the State which fhe had embraced would permit, protefting that there fhould never be any Diminution in hers. This poor Child had fo much Command of herfelf as not to fhed a Tear, fo that fhe who was the Occafion of fo many Tears, was the only Perfon that was dry-eyed. Their Converfation lafted about an Hour, and when fhe propofed to retire, the Marquis was fo little Mafter of himfelf, that one would have thought him delirious; at laft he begged of her at leaft to fuffer his Vifits, but fhe excufed herfelf from the Obligations of her Rule, and told him that it was a Pleafure of which fhe would deprive herfelf until the Time of her Engagement, at which fhe would be infinitely glad to fee him prefent. He could obtain nothing of her beyond thefe laft Words, and a general Promife to love and efteem him all her Life.

THE Abbeſs told me that the Tears, which my Niece had the Courage to retain while the Marquis was preſent, broke forth in Floods after he was gone, ſhe remained in her Chamber three or four Days without ſeeing any Body 'till the Strength of her Reaſon and the Aſſiſtance of Heaven brought her by Degrees to a State of Tranquillity. I know not what became of the Marquis for ſix Weeks, at the End of which he came again to my Abbey. I had been informed of his Viſit to my Niece, and it was the firſt Thing that he ſpoke of. It appeared to me that his Affliction was conſiderably diminiſhed, and that he expreſſed himſelf more cooly than formerly, upon the Loſs of his Hopes, which made me hope to ſee him ſo eaſy before the End of the Year that I might venture to beg he would aſſiſt with me at *Nadina*'s Profeſſion, to which, he told me, ſhe herſelf had invited him. She was no longer the But of his Reproaches, on the contrary, he admired the Grandeur of her Courage, and ſpoke with Raptures of the Delicacy and Diſintereſtedneſs of her Love; but complained bitterly of the Rigours of Heaven that denied him the Poſſeſſion of ſuch a Heart, after having been ſo happy as to make it favourable to his Wiſhes. He ſpoke of his Birth and Rank with a Contempt that would have elevated him to the Pinnacle of *Chriſtianity*, had it proceeded from a better Cauſe. As for the Liberty to which *Nadina* pretended to reſtore him, he proteſted that he would not accept of it, or ever make any Uſe of it; that he would preſerve his Paſſion while he lived, and that he would paſs the greateſt Part of his Time in the Place where ſhe was, in Hopes that he would, at leaſt, have the Satisfaction of ſeeing her, in which, having no other Felicity to expect, would conſiſt all he wiſhed or deſired. I humoured him in every Thing, ſo that we parted very good Friends. He returned to the Duke's Caſtle where he remained

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ſeveral Months, and employed his whole Time in Study and Hunting, making no other Viſits but to me thrice a Week, and from Time to Time, I went to ſee him, and *Nadina* was introduced into all our Converſations. Sometimes in ſpeaking of her, Tears dropt from his Eyes, and at other Times he appeared more reſolute; but upon the whole, I could eaſily perceive that this Image ſtill reigned in his Heart, and my Endeavours were leſs to efface it than to bring him to the Habit of keeping it there without Trouble and without Grief.

At length the Time approached in which the Sacrifice was to be conſummated, and he informed himſelf too often not to know it. I received a Letter from the Abbeſs, giving me Information of it, and begging in the Name of my Niece, that I, with the reſt of the Family, would aſſiſt at this Solemnity. I ſhewed the Letter to the Marquis. I ſhall go, *ſaid he with a profound Sigh*; make no doubt, but that I ſhall be there, happy if I can but leave my Life at the Foot of the ſame Altar where ſhe is to offer herſelf up a Sacrifice. My Son-in-law and Daughter, having come to the Abbey to take me along with them in their Coach, the Marquis took a Place in it too, though his own Coach and Servants were there, and went along with us. Being arrived at *C*——, I deſired to ſee my Niece before the Day of the Ceremony, and I could not withſtand the Intreaties of the Marquis to be preſent at our Interview. This tender Victim appeared at the Gate dreſſed in a Manner that I had not before ſeen her, and I was dazzled with her Charms. Never had ſhe appeared ſo lovely to me as under this doleful Livery of Death and Penance. The Tranquillity of a Solitude gives a Freſhneſs and Livelineſs to the Complexion of the Nuns, and an Ai of Health to which all the Art of uncloiſtered Ladi cannot attain. She was ſurpriſed to ſee the M

quis with me, for though ſhe had wiſhed that he ſhould witneſs her Profeſſion, ſhe neither durſt write to him nor deſire me to do it in her Name. I began to ſpeak to her in this Manner. You are now, my dear Niece, at the Eve of that grand Day that muſt ſeparate you for ever from the World; can nothing ſhake your Reſolution? She anſwered, that the Ceremony that ſhe was going to perform was an external renewing of what was concluded in her Heart a Year ago. It is however ſtill Time, *replied I*, to get rid of your Bonds, if they can become a Burthen to you. Examine anew to the very Bottom of your Heart, conſult your Strength and conſider that Heaven accepts only of voluntary Oblations.

The Oblation is made, *replied ſhe in a reſolute Tone*, and if it's being voluntary will make it acceptable, I flatter myſelf that Heaven has graciouſly received mine. The Marquis liſtened to us without daring ſo much as to look at her: Nevertheleſs he found ſomething ſo cruel, with reſpect to him, in her laſt Words, that he could not hinder himſelf from ſighing and interrupted her; Ah! Madam, *ſaid he*, is it poſſible that the State to which you reduce me, gives you no Concern! You deny me then the only Comfort that could allay an exceſſive Grief, and you force me to have Recourſe to Death to end my Pains! She turned her Eyes towards him and anſwered, that if he was ſtill ſo good as to retain any Affection for her,t here was nothing afflicting in the Expreſſion that ſhe had made Uſe of; that her Sacrifice was, without doubt, free and voluntary, but that he was not ignorant of the Means that Providence had uſed to inſpire her with this Will, that ſhe had two Motives to make her look upon Solitude with Joy: The one, that ſhe had an Opportunity to let him know that ſhe was not perhaps *unworthy of his* Eſteem, by her ſpeedily execu-

ended, I kiſſed my Niece's Hand, and pre
to the young Lover, who was like to fi
when he held it at his Mouth.

THE next Day, which was the Time a
for the Ceremony, he appeared to be und
Load of Grief, that I adviſed him not to
the Church, and I came to him as ſoon as
I found him under a Dejection which I
attempt to deſcribe, only mention that
was as pale as Death, and his Eyes ſwel
Tears. I uſed all the Reaſons I thought r
per to comfort him, and by which I had fo
former Occaſions, that he was moſtly touch
remained ſome Days at *C*—— during w
had often the Pleaſure of ſeeing my Niec
Marquis made one in all our Viſits, but
ſence made us all melancholy; he looked
dina ſighing, and was under ſtrange Ag
ſometimes he ſtarted up from his Chair.

quainted with the Character of this tender and wely Nobleman, that I make no doubt, but the emembrance of my Niece will accompany him to e Grave.

My Days ſince have paſſed away in a perfect Tranquillity. I exactly follow the Order of my Exerciſes, and the Perſons with whom I live charitably ſupport my Weakneſſes and the Infirmities of Age. Death, which I expect every Hour, gives me no Terror; I look upon it as the Beginning of a happier Life. Every Moment that brings me nearer, appears to be ſo much gained upon my Hopes. I count the Hours with an eager Joy, and my Sentiments will change much, if I am not pleaſed when I hear the laſt Hour ſtrike.

HEAVEN is ſo kind as to afford me ſometimes Opportunities of doing good Offices. Some Months ſince, two Perſons of Quality in the Neigbourhood quarrelled upon a very trifling Difference. Their Friends prevented a Duel, which they had reſolved on, and begged of me to be a Mediator between them. The Office I accepted with Pleaſure, and the injured Perſon was with great Difficulty pacified. I repreſented in vain to him, that his Hatred and Projects of Revenge far exceeded the ſlight Offence e had received; that conſequently there was Inſtice in his Deſigns, and that ſhould we even refer urſelves in this Caſe to the Laws of Honour, the Exceſs to which he was carried would be diſaproved of by them, and by all Men of Senſe. My Reaſons had no Influence upon him, but a Stroke f Morality, which eſcaped me in the Converſation which I had with him, diſpoſed him at once to Peace. Do not you ſee, *ſaid I*, that your Hoour not being eſſentially wounded in this Quarrel, ll *the Advantage is* on your Side? Your Enemy *is debaſed himſelf* beneath you, in offending you, *he that gives* Offence to another gives him

real Superiority, by giving him the Power of pardoning it. This Reflection was so agreeable to his Taste, that for this very Reason he consented to a Reconciliation.

I have nothing more to add to these Memoirs, but the Life of the Chevalier *de Grieu*, and a Wish in Favour of my Work; may it be read by the Publick with the same innocent Views as mine are in Writing! I do not design that it should be published before my Death, because the Publication of the two first Parts has given but too much Curiosity to know me; and whether it be this, or Compassion for my Misfortunes, but one or the other has procured me the Visits of a great many Strangers, which I resolve to avoid for the future. Besides, I doubt much if this last Part can be printed in *France* with the Approbation of the Inquisitors of the Press.

The End of the Memoirs of the Marquis de Bretagne *and* Duc d'Harcourt.

Preface by the Author, to the Hiſtory of Chevalier *de Grieu*, and *Moll Leſcaut*.

THOUGH I might have inſerted in my Memoirs, the Adventures of the unfortunate Chevalier de Grieu, *yet as they had no neceſſary Connexion with them, I thought it would be more agreeable to the Reader to read them ſeparately. A Narration of ſuch a Length would have too long interrupted the Thread of my own Story. How far ſoever I may be from pretending, in this Work, to the Title of an exact Writer. I am not, however, ignorant that a Narration ought not to be clogged with a great many Circumſtances that would render it dull and tireſom, according to the Precept of* Horace.

Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc Debentia dici.
Pleraque differat ac præſens in Tempus omittat.

There is no Occaſion for an Authority of ſuch Importance to prove ſo plain a Truth, for good Senſe is the firſt Source of thoſe ſort of Rules. If the Public has found any Thing agreeable and moving in the Hiſtory of my Life, I dare ſay that it will not be diſſatisfied with this. The Conduct of Mr. de Grieu *preſents us with a terrible Example of the Force of Paſſions. I am to paint a blind young Man, who refuſes to be happy, and precipitates himſelf voluntarily into the greateſt Misfortunes; who with all the Qualities requiſite to form the brighteſt Merit, prefers, by Choice, an obſcure and wandering Life, to all the Advantages of Fortune and Nature; who foreſees his Misfortunes, without endeavouring to avoid them; who feels them, and is ready to ſink under the Weight,* without apply*ing the Remedies that are conſtantly* offered, and which *would put an End to them;* in ſhort, an ambiguou

Character, a Mixture of Virtues and Vices, a perpetual Contrast of noble Sentiments and shameful Actions. Such is the Picture that I am going to present to my Readers, and People of good Sense will not look upon a Work of this Nature as an useless Amusement. Besides the Pleasure of agreeable reading, there are few Events in it but what may serve to improve our Manners, and in my Opinion to mix the utile *with the* dulce *is rendering a considerable Service to the Public.*

We are amazed sometimes, in reflecting upon the Precepts of Morality, to see them at the same Time esteemed and neglected, and one is apt to ask the Reason of this Extravagance in the Heart of Man, that makes him fond of Virtue in Idea, but disgusts him with the Practice of it: If, for Instance, Persons endowed with a certain Share of Wit and Politeness, will but examine what are the common Topicks of their Conversation, or even of their solitary Meditations, it will be easily remarked, that they turn almost always upon moral Reflections. The softest Moments of Life, for Persons of a certain Taste, are those which they pass alone, or with a Friend with whom they can speak freely of the Charms of Virtue, the Sweets of Friendship, of the Means of arriving at Happiness, of the Weaknesses of Nature that throw Rubs in our Way to it, and of the Remedies proper for their Cure. Horace *and* Boileau *look upon such a Conversation as the best Sketch from which they draw the Picture of a happy Life. How happens it then that we so easily fall off from those high Speculations, and find ourselves upon a Level with the lowest Class of Men. I am deceived, if the Reason that I shall here produce, does not fully explain this Contradiction of our Ideas and Practice, which is this: All the Precepts of Morality being undeterminate and general* Principles, it is very *difficult to make a particular Application of them to Manners and Actions, but to evince the* Thing by an

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Example. Generous and noble Souls are ſenſible that Sweetneſs of Temper and Humanity are amiable Virtues, and are carried by Inclination to the Practice of them; but come they to the Moment of Execution, they often remain in Suſpence. Is this really the proper Time? Are we certain how far they are to be extended? Are we not deceived in the Object? A thouſand ſuch Difficulties ariſe and ſtand in our Way: We are afraid of being Dupes by doing good-natured and generous Things, and to paſs for ſilly weak Creatures in appearing too tender and compaſſionate, in one Word, of exceeding or of being deficient in Duties which are contained too obſcurely in the general Notions of Humanity and Mildneſs. In this Uncertainty, nothing but Experience or Example can reaſonably determine the Inclination of the Heart. But as Experience is an Advantage that every Perſon cannot have, ſince it depends upon the different Situations in which Fortune has placed us, therefore, nothing but Example can ſerve as a Rule to a great many Perſons in the Exerciſe of Virtue. It is particularly to that ſort of Readers, that Works, ſuch as this, may be extremely uſeful, provided they are written by a Perſon of Honour and good Senſe. Every Fact related, is a Degree of Knowledge, and an Inſtruction that ſupplies the Want of Experience. Every Adventure is a Model after which one may copy, only taking Care to adjuſt it to the Circumſtances in which we find ourſelves; ſo that the whole Work may be called a Treatiſe of Morality agreeably reduced into Practice.

A ſevere Reader will, perhaps, be ſcandalized at my taking up the Pen again at my Age, to write Love Adventures; but if the Reflection that I have made uſe of be juſt, it juſtifies me, and if otherwiſe, my Error will at leaſt plead my Excuſe.

History of the Chevalier de Grieu *and* Moll Lescaut.

I Am obliged to lead my Reader back to that Part of my Life when I first met with the *Chevalier de Grieu*, which was about five or six Months before my Departure for *Spain*. Though I seldom went out of my Solitude; yet Complaisance to my Daughter engaged me sometimes to several little Journeys, which I shortened as much as possible. I was one Day returning from *Rouen*, where she had begged of me to go and solicit an Affair which was before the Parliament, for the Succession of some Lands, which she claimed as belonging to my Grandfather on the Mother's Side. Having taken the Road to *Evreux*, where I lay the first Night, I arrived next Day about Dinner Time at *Passy*, distant five or six Leagues. I was surpized upon entering this Borough, to find all the Inhabitants greatly alarmed, and running from all Corners to the Door of a sorry Inn, before which stood two covered Waggons. The Horses that were still harnessed and smoking with Fatigue and Heat, made me conceive that the Waggons were but newly arrived. I stopped a While to ask the Reason of this Tumult, but could learn nothing from the giddy curious Mob, that did not mind me nor my Questions, and who were still advancing to the Inn, pushing one another with great Confusion. At last a Sheriff's Officer, with a Bandoleer and a Musket upon his Shoulder, l--ing appeared at the Door, I beckoned to him to

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come to me, and begged he would tell me the Occasion of this Tumult. 'Tis nothing, Sir, *said he*, but a Dozen of Wh—— that my Companions and I are conducting to *Havre de Grace*, where they are to be embarked for *America*. There are ſome of them pretty, and this is probably what excites the Curioſity of theſe honeſt Peaſants. I would have proceeded after this Explication, had I not been ſtopped by the Exclamations of an old Woman who came out of the Inn, joining her Hands, and crying that it was the Height of Barbarity, and a Cruelty that raiſed Horrour and Compaſſion. What is the Matter, *said I to her*? Ah Sir, *anſwered ſhe*, take the Trouble to come into this Houſe, and ſee a Spectacle enough to break one's Heart. Curioſity made me alight from my Horſe, which I gave my Servant to hold, and having with great Difficulty preſſed through the Crowd, I ſaw, in Effect, ſomething very moving. Among the twelve Females, who were chained ſix together by the Middle of their Bodies, there was one whoſe Air and Figure was ſo little conformable to her Condition, that in any other Situation I ſhould have taken her for a Princeſs. Her Melancholy, and the Dirtineſs of her Linen and Clothes, were ſo far from diminiſhing her Charms, that her Sight inſpired me with Reſpect and Pity. She endeavoured, however, to turn herſelf as much as her Chain would permit, to conceal her Face from the Spectators, and the Effort ſhe made to hide herſelf was ſo natural, that it appeared to proceed from a Sentiment of Sweetneſs and Modeſty. As the ſix Guards who conducted this unhappy Band were alſo in the Chamber, I called aſide their Chief, and deſired he would let me know ſomething of the Caſe of this beautiful *Girl, but he* could only tell me that they had taken *her out of the* Work-houſe, by Order of the Lieu*tenant of Police*, where, probably, ſhe had not bee

put for her good Actions. I have asked her ſeveral Queſtions upon the Matter, but ſhe obſtinately refuſes to make me any Anſwer, and though I have no Orders to be more indulgent to her than the reſt, I nevertheleſs make ſome Difference, becauſe I think ſhe deſerves a little more than her Companions. Here is a young Man, *added he*, who can inform you better than I about her. He has followed her from *Paris*, and his Eyes have been conſtant Fountains of Tears, ſo that he muſt either be her Brother or Lover. I turned towards the Corner of the Chamber where this young Man was ſitting. He appeared to be in a profound and melancholy Thoughtfulneſs, and I think I never ſaw a more lively Image of Grief. He was in a very plain Dreſs, but it is eaſy upon the firſt Glance to diſtinguiſh a Perſon of Birth and Education. I went up to him, upon which he roſe up, and I obſerved in his Eyes, Shape, and Geſtures, ſomething ſo delicate and noble, that I felt myſelf intirely diſpoſed to ſerve him. Do not let me diſturb you, *ſaid I*, *ſitting down by him*. Will you be ſo good as to ſatisfy my Curioſity about that beautiful Perſon, who ſeems not to be calculated for her preſent unhappy Condition? He told me very civilly, that he could not tell me who ſhe was, without diſcovering himſelf, and that he had ſtrong Reaſons to wiſh that he might remain unknown. I can tell you, however, *added he*, what theſe Wretches (pointing to the Guards) are not ignorant of, that is to ſay, I love her with ſo violent a Paſſion, that it renders me the moſt unfortunate of all Mankind. I employed all the Means I could think of to procure her Liberty at *Paris*. Solicitations, Stratagems, and even Force, having all proved unſucceſsful, I have reſolved to follow her to the World's End; I ſhall therefore accompany her to *America*. But what is inhuman to the laſt Degree, is, that theſe un-

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worthy Rascals (speaking of the Guards) will not suffer me to approach her. My Design was to attack them some Leagues from *Paris*, and I got four Men, who, from the Prospect of a considerable Sum which I paid them, promised to assist me, but the Villains left me engaged alone, and fled with my Money. The Impossibility of succeeding by Force made me throw down my Arms, and I proposed to the Guards to let me follow them, for which I would reward them. Their Avidity for Gain made them consent, and they insisted upon Payment every Time they allowed me to speak to my Mistress. In a short Time my Purse was emptied, and now that I am without a Farthing, they have the Barbarity to push me rudely back when I offer to make a Step towards her, and it is but a Moment ago, that, having ventured to approach her, notwithstanding their Threats, they gave me two or three Strokes with the But-end of their Firelocks, so that I am obliged, in order to satisfy their Avarice, and to enable me to continue the Journey, at least on foot, to sell, here, a sorry Horse which till now has served me.

THOUGH he appeared to narrate what is above, with a good deal of Calmness, yet some Tears dropt when he left off speaking. This Adventure appeared to me very extraordinary and moving. I do not press you, *said I*, to discover the Secret of your Affairs, but if I can be any ways useful to you, I willingly offer you my Service. Alas! *replied he*, all Hopes have abandoned me, and I must submit to all the Rigour of my Fate. I will go to *America*, where I shall, at least, have the Liberty of seeing and speaking with the Object of my Wishes. I have writ to one of my Friends at *Paris* who will send me some Money to Havre *de Grace*, my only Difficulty is how to get there, and to procure what is necessary to this poor Creature

(looking with a languishing Eye on his Mistress) on the Road. Very well, *said I*, as to that I will now end your Trouble. Here is a Trifle that I beg you will accept of, and I am sorry that I cannot otherwise serve you. I slipt four *Louis d'ors* into his Hand without the Guards perceiving it, for I considered that if they knew that he possessed such a Sum, they would make him purchase Favours at a much dearer Rate, and it even came into my mind to bargain with them for permitting the young Lover to entertain his Mistress whenever he thought proper. I made a Sign to the Chief to come to me, and proposed the Thing to him. Notwithstanding his Impudence, he appeared to be ashamed. We do not, Sir, *said he, under some Confusion*, hinder him from speaking to that Girl, but he would be constantly about her, which being inconvenient and troublesom to us, it is but just he should pay for our Trouble. Let us see then, *said I*, what you must have. He had the Face to ask me two *Louis d'ors*, which I immediately gave him, but take Care, *said I*, not to be guilty of any Roguery, for I shall give this young Man my Direction, that he may inform me, and depend upon it, that I shall have Interest enough to get you punished. The good Grace and apparent Gratitude, with which this young Man thanked me, confirmed me in the Opinion that he was above the common Rank, and that he deserved my Liberality. I spoke a few Words to his Mistress before I went out, who answered in such a Modest and becoming Manner, that I was led into a Chain of Reflections upon the incomprehensible Character of Women.

Having returned to my Hermitage, I could *not be informed* of the Sequel of this Adventure. *Two Years past*, which made me quite forget it, *and I should never* have thought more of it, had ...ce given me an Opportunity of learning a

all the Circumſtances. As I arrived from *London* at *Calais* with the Marquis *de*—— my Pupil, we lodged, if I rightly remember, at the *Golden Lion*, where ſome Reaſons obliged us to remain a Day or two. As we were walking in the Streets after Dinner, I met with the ſame young Man, whom I remembered to have met with at *Paſſy*. He was in a very indifferent Dreſs, and much paler than the firſt Time I ſaw him. He had a Portmantle under his Arm, being but juſt then arrived in Town, but as he had ſomething extraordinary agreeable and ſtriking in his Countenance, I remembered him immediately. We muſt, *ſaid I to the Marquis*, accoſt this young Man, and when, in his turn, he called me to mind, his Joy far exceeded what can be ſaid. Ah Sir, *cried he*, *kiſſing my Hand*, have I once more an Opportunity of giving you Aſſurances of my eternal Acknowledgment. I asked from whence he came, and he told me from *Havre de Grace*, by Sea, where he had lately landed from *America*. You do not appear, *ſaid I*, to be in great Circumſtances, go to the *Golden Lion*, where I lodge, and I will come to you in a very little Time. The Impatience I was under to learn the Particulars of his Misfortune and of his Expedition to *America*, made me quickly return, and after many Embraces, I ordered that he ſhould want for nothing at the Inn. He did not wait my preſſing him to recount the Hiſtory of his Life, but told me, being in my Chamber; Sir, your Behaviour to me is ſo noble, that I ſhould accuſe myſelf of baſe Ingratitude, had I the leaſt Reſerve with you. I will not only inform you of my Misfortunes and Croſſes, but alſo of my Diſorders, and my moſt ſhameful Foibles. I am perſuaded that your Condemnation will be mixed with Pity.

I ought here to acquaint the Reader, that I wrote his Story immediately after I heard it, and that

consequently, he may be assured nothing is more exact, or truer than this Narration, even to the very Reflections and Sentiments of our young Adventurer, which he expressed with a very good Grace. Here follows then his Relation, in which, to the very End, I shall put nothing but what is his own.

At the Age of seventeen, I was ending my Course of Philosophy at *Amiens* where my Parents, who are of the best Families in *P*——, had sent me. I led so regular a Life that I was mentioned by my Masters as a Pattern to the Youth of the College. Not that I had made extraordinary Efforts to deserve this Character, but as I am naturally soft and calm, I applied myself by Inclination to Study, and they attributed to Virtue what was only an Exemption from gross Vices. My Birth, the Success of my Studies, and some good natural Qualities, procured me the Esteem of all the better Sort of People in the Place. I acquited myself in my publick Exercises with such general Applause, that the Bishop who was present proposed that I should embrace the ecclesiastical State, in which I could not fail, *said he*, to distingnish myself more than in the Order of *Malta*, to which my Parents designed me, and made me already wear the Cross, and go by the Name of *Chevelier de Grieu*. Vacation Time coming on, I was preparing to return to my Father's who had promised to send me soon to the Academy. All my Regret, on leaving *Amiens*, was the Loss of a Friend with whom I had been all along united by the tenderest Friendship. We had been brought up together, though he was some Years older than I, but the Estate of his Family being but small, he was obliged to be a Clergyman, and was to remain at *Amiens* after me to pursue the Studies necessary to that Profession. He had a thousand [illegible] lities, which the Sequel of my Story wi

will difcover, and particularly a Zeal and Generofity in Friendfhip, which furpaffes the moft celebrated Examples of Antiquity. If I had but followed his Counfels then, I had ftill been wife and happy; or if I had, at leaft, but made the proper Ufe of his Affiftance, I fhould have faved fomething of a wrecked Fortune and Reputation: But he reaped no other Fruit of his kind Endeavours than the Grief of feeing them unprofitable, and fometimes rudely rejected by an Ingrate who looked upon them as Importunities.

I had fixed the Day of my Departure from *Amiens*. Alas! that it fhould not have been a Day fooner! I fhould have returned to my Father with all my Innocence. The Evening before I thought of leaving the Town, as I was taking a Turn with my Friend, whofe Name was *Tiberge*, we faw the *Arras* Coach come into Town, and Curiofity made us follow it to the Inn, where they ufually fet up. We had no other Defign but to fee what Perfons were in it. Some Women alighted and made the beft of their Way, only one remained very young who ftopped in the Court while an elderly Man, who appeared to be her Conductor, was bufy getting out her Baggage. She was fo charming that I, who had never thought of the Difference of Sexes, and who had perhaps never looked at a Girl for a Minute, I fay, me whom every Body admired for my Difcretion and Modefty, to be at once inflamed even to Folly and Madnefs, was furprifing, and yet fuch was my Fate. I was naturally extremely bafhful and eafily dafhed, but far from being then ftopped by that Weaknefs, I boldly accofted the Miftrefs of my Heart. Though fhe was younger than I, fhe received the civil Compliment I made her without appearing to be in the leaft difconcerted. I asked what had brought her to *Amiens*, and if fhe had any Acquaintances in it. She anfwered ing

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nuously that her Parents had sent her here to be a Nun. Though Love had not been but a Minute in possession of my Heart, yet it rendered me so knowing, that I looked upon her in a Manner that made her conceive my Sentiments, for she had more Experience than I; the Convent was a Place she did not at all relish, and she was sent to it against her Will, and no doubt to stop her Inclination to Pleasure, which had already declared itself, and which, in the Sequel, was the Cause of all her Misfortunes, and of mine. I opposed the cruel Intention of her Parents by all the Reasons that my Infant-love and scholastic Eloquence could suggest to me, and she neither affected Rigour nor Disdain, but told me after a Moment's Silence that she too clearly saw she was going to be unhappy, but that it was probably the Will of Heaven, since it deprived her of all Means to avoid it. The Softness of her Looks, a charming languishing Air in pronouncing these Words, or rather the Influence of my unhappy Stars that dragged me to my Ruin, did not permit me to hesitate in the least upon my Answer, which was an Assurance that if she could lay any Stress upon my Honour, and on the violent Passion with which she had already inspired me, I would risk my Life for her Deliverance from the Tyranny of her Parents, and for to render her happy. I have often been astonished since, how I came then to have so much Assurance and Facility in expressing myself; but Love would not be a Divinity, did it not work Miracles. I added a thousand tender and pressing Things, and my Fair unknown was very sensible that there could be no Deceit in a Person of my Age. She confessed that if I could think of any Project that might set her at Liberty, she would *believe herself* indebted to me for something dearer *than Life.* I answered that I was ready to under-*take any Thing*, but not having Experience enough

to contrive, at once, Means of serving her, I went no farther than a general Assurance, which could be of no great Use to her. The old *Argus* her Conductor, having at last joined us, my Hopes were upon the Wing, had not her Invention supplied the Sterility of mine. I was surprised to hear her call me Cousin in his Presence, and, without appearing to be under the least Concern, to tell me that since she was so happy as to find me at *Amiens*, she would delay her entering into the Convent 'till next Day, that she might have the Pleasure to sup with me. I easily took the Hint, and proposed that she should lodge at an Inn, of which the Master, who had been long my Father's Coach-man, was intirely at my Devotion. I conducted her myself to the Place, whilst the old Fellow was grumbling, and my Friend *Tiberge*, to whom this Scene was a perfect Mystery, following me without speaking one Word. He had heard nothing of our Conversation, having walked to and fro, while I was in hot Engagement with the fair Lady. As I dreaded his Prudence I got rid of him under Pretence of a Commission that I begged he would execute for me, so that being arrived at the Inn, I had the Pleasure of *a Tete a Tete* with the Sovereign of my Heart. I soon found out that I was less a Child than I believed myself to be. My Heart opened to a thousand Sentiments of Pleasure, which I had never before felt, nor had so much as an Idea of them. A pleasing Warmth run through all my Veins, and I was in a Sort of Transport, that for some Time tied up my Tongue, and could not be expressed but by my Looks. Miss *Moll Lescaut*, which she told me was her Name, was highly satisfied with this Effect of her Charms, and I *thought I perceived* that she was not less moved *than myself.* She said something very favourable *and flattering* as to my Person, and owned that she *would be* very glad to owe her Liberty to me. Sh

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desired to know who I was, and this Knowledge augmented her Esteem, because, not being a Person of Quality, though of a pretty good Family, it flattered her to have made the Conquest of such a Lover as me. We soon came to talk of a mutual Happiness in the Possession of one another, but after many Reflections, we could find no other Method but that of Flight. The grand Difficulty was, how to give the old Fellow the Slip, who, though a Servant, had a Sort of Authority which her Parents had given him. We came to this Resolution, that I should get a Post-Chaise, and come to the Inn very early before he was awake, that we should slip privately out of Town, and go streight to *Paris*, where we were to commit Marriage on our Arrival. I had about fifty Crowns which I had saved of my Pocket-money, and she had about a hundred. We fancied, like Children without Experience, that this Sum would never be at an End, and we did not less depend upon the Success of our other Schemes.

AFTER I had supped with more Satisfaction than ever I felt, I retired to execute our Project, which was the more easy, as I designed to return the next Day to my Father's, so that my little Luggage was all ready. I had therefore no Difficulty in getting my Trunk transported, and to have a Chaise ready by Five o'Clock in the Morning, which was the Hour when the Gates of the Town are opened. But I found an Obstacle that I did not mistrust, which had like to have ruined my whole Design.

TIBERGE, though only three Years older than me, was a young Man of solid Sense, and of a very regular Conduct. He loved me with an extraordinary Tenderness. The Sight of such a pretty Girl as *Miss Molly*, my Forwardness to conduct her, and the Art I had used to get rid of him by a feign

ed Commiſſion, gave him a ſtrong Suſpicion that my Caſe was Love. He durſt not return to the Inn for Fear of offending me, but went to my Lodgings to wait for me, where I found him, though it was pretty late before I came Home. His Preſence gave me Uneaſineſs, and he eaſily perceived it. I am ſure, *ſaid he*, that you are upon ſome Project that you deſign to conceal from me. I ſee it by your Air. I anſwered bluntly that I was not oblig-ed to render him an Account of all my Deſigns. No, *replied he*, but you have ſtill treated me as a Friend, and that Quality ſuppoſes a little Confidence and Frankneſs. He preſſed me ſo long and ſo ſtrongly, to diſcover my Secret, that never having been upon the Reſerve with him, I made him the Confident of my intended Flight. He told me that he was too much my Friend not to oppoſe my De-ſign with all his Power, that he was willing in the firſt Place, to repreſent every Thing that he thought might diſſuade me, but if after all I perſiſted in this ſhameful Reſolution, he would acquaint thoſe who could certainly prevent the Execution. Upon which he held a ſerious Diſcourſe that laſted above a Quar-ter of an Hour, and ended by renewing the Threat of informing againſt me, if I did not engage my Word that I would behave with more Prudence and Reaſon. I was extremely vexed that I had ſo fooliſhly betrayed myſelf. Nevertheleſs, Love hav-ing made me very intelligent and ingenious, in two or three Hours, I conſidered that I had not diſcovered that my Project was to be executed the next Morning, and therefore reſolved to deceive him by an Equivocation. *Tiberge*, ſaid I, 'till now I thought you was my Friend, and this Confidence has made me put you to the Teſt. 'Tis true, I love, in that I have not deceived you, but as to my Flight 'tis not a Thing to be raſhly undertaken. Call upon me to morrow at nine o'Clock, I w[illegible]

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endeavour to procure you a Sight of my Miſtreſs, and you'll judge if ſhe deſerves that I ſhould do ſuch a Thing for her. He wiſhed me good Night after many Proteſtations of Friendſhip. I employed the whole Night in getting Things in Order, and repairing to Miſs *Molly*'s Inn at break of Day, I found her waiting for me at a Window that looked into the Street, ſo that having perceived me, ſhe came and opened the Door herſelf. We went out very quietly, and as ſhe had no other Baggage but her Linen, I took it in my Arms. The Chaiſe being ready, we were in a Moment out of the Town. I ſhall hereafter relate what *Tiberge* did, when he had found that I had given him the Slip; his Zeal was not leſs ardent, and you will ſee to what Exceſs he carried it, and what Floods of Tears ought to ſtream from my Eyes, when I reflect upon the Returns that he has met with.

We made ſuch Expedition on the Road, that before Night we arrived at *St. Dennis.* As I rode Poſt on Horſe-back, we had no Opportunity of converſing, but at the Stages where we changed Horſes; but when we found ourſelves ſo near *Paris*, that's to ſay, almoſt out of Danger, we took Time to refreſh ourſelves, having taſted nothing ſince we left *Amiens.* However ſtrong my Paſſion was for charming *Moll*, ſhe had the Art of perſuading me that her's for me was nothing inferior. We were ſo fond of one another, that we had no Patience to forbear kiſſing, 'till we were by ourſelves. The People of the Houſe gazed on us with Admiration, and were ſurprized to ſee two Children of our Age ſo paſſionately in Love.

Our Projects of Marriage were quite forgot at *St. Dennis*, we defrauded the Church of it's Rights, *and found* ourſelves Man and Wife without Thought *or Reflection.* 'Tis certain that conſtant and tender ... *naturally am*, I was happy for the reſt of my Days

Days, had *Moll* been faithful to me. The more I knew her, the more I discovered in her new Perfections. Her Mind, her Heart, her Sweetness of Temper, and her Beauty, formed so strong and charming a Chain that I had placed all my Happiness in being for ever bound. Terrible Change! the Cause of my Despair might have been that of my Felicity. I find myself the most unfortunate of all Men, by that same Constancy from which I might have expected an agreeable Fate, and rewards suitable to the Delicacy of my Love.

We took a furnished Lodging at *Paris* in *V—— Street*, and unhappily for me, in the Neighbourhood of Mr. *de B——* the famous *Farmer General*. During the first three Weeks I was so wrapt up in my Passion, that I did not so much as think of my Family, nor of the Grief that my Elopement must have given my Father; but as we lived in perfect Harmony and Peace, and that *Moll* behaved with great Prudence and Modesty, and was besides, so charming, I began to think of making my Peace with my Father, not doubting, but the Merit of my Mistress would prevail with him to consent to our Marriage, which I now plainly saw could not be effected without that. I communicated my Project to *Moll*, and made her take Notice, that besides the Motives of Love and Duty, that of Necessity made the Execution of my Reconciliation necessary; for our Funds were much diminished, and I saw, but too plainly, my Error, in thinking they were inexhaustible. She appeared not to relish the Proposal, but as the Difficulties which she opposed, proceeded from her Affection, and her Fears of losing me, should my Father, when he knew where we were, not consent to our Marriage, I had not the least Suspicion of the cruel Stroke that was preparing for me. As to the Objection of Necessity, she answered that we had wherewithal to subsist for some

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Weeks, and that after that, ſhe would write to ſome Relations in the Country who ſhe was ſure would not let us want. She ſweetned her Refuſal with ſuch tender and paſſionate Embraces, that I, who loved her to Diſtraction, and who had not the leaſt Miſtruſt of her Heart, approved of all ſhe ſaid. I left to her the Diſpoſal of our Money and the Payment of our daily Expence. A little Time after, I perceived that our Table began to be a little better furniſhed than uſual, and that ſhe had purchaſed ſome Apparel of an extraordinary Price. As I was not ignorant that, at moſt, we could not have above twelve or fifteen Piſtoles remaining, I told her how much I was ſurpriſed at this Augmentation of our Riches. She begged of me laughing, to be under no Concern. Did I not promiſe to you, *ſaid ſhe*, that I would find a Remedy to our Wants. I loved her with ſo much Simplicity that I was not to be ſpeedily alarmed.

I went out one Day after Dinner, and told her that I believed I ſhould remain longer than uſual, and I was ſurpriſed on my Return, that they made me wait two or three Minutes at the Door. We were ſerved by a little Girl about our own Age, who came at laſt and opened the Door, and when I aſked why ſhe made me wait ſo long; ſhe anſwered, under ſome Confuſion, that ſhe had not heard me knocking, and as I had knocked only once, I asked her, if ſhe had not heard me, why did ſhe come to open? This Queſtion ſo daſhed her, that, not having Wit enough to anſwer it, ſhe fell a crying, aſſuring me that it was none of her Fault, and that Madam had forbid her to open the Door, 'till Mr. *de B*—— was gone down the back Stair from the Cloſet. I was ſo confounded with what I heard, *that inſtead of* going into the Apartment I went *down Stairs on* Pretence of Buſineſs, and ordered *he Girl to tell* her Miſtreſs that I would return in a Moment

a Moment, and not to let her know that ſhe had ſpoken to me of Mr. *B*——.

My Conſternation was ſo great, that I wept as I went down Stairs, without knowing, as yet, to what Cauſe I ſhould attribute my Tears. I went into the firſt Coffee-houſe I could find, and ſitting down at a Table, began to think of this odd Adventure, and to account, if poſſible, for the heavy Load of Grief that lay upon my Heart. I ſcarce durſt, after all, call to Mind what I had heard. I wanted to take it for an Iluſion, and was two or three Times upon the Point of returning Home. It appeared to me to be a Thing ſo impoſſible, that *Molly* could betray me, that I was afraid of injuring her by ſo much as ſuſpecting her. I adored her, that was certain; and I had given her no more Proofs of Love than I had received from her: Why ſhould I accuſe her of being leſs ſincere and leſs conſtant to me than I was to her? What Reaſon could ſhe have had to deceive me! It was ſcarce three Hours ſince ſhe loaded me with tender Careſſes and received mine with Tranſport, and I could have ſwore that I was acquainted with her Heart as well as my own. No, no, *cried I*, it is impoſſible that ſhe can betray me, knowing as ſhe does, that I live in her and adore her, which can be no Ground for her hating me.

Nevertheless, I was at a Loſs how to explain the Viſit, and ſecret going out of Mr. *de B*—— I alſo called to Mind her late Acquiſitions, which far ſurpaſſed our Riches. This ſmelt a little of the Liberalities of a new Lover; add to this, that Confidence ſhe had in finding Supplies unknown to me. I could ſcarce put ſuch a favourable Conſtruction upon all this, as my Heart deſired. On the other Hand, I had ſcarce loſt Sight of her ſince our Arrival at *Paris*, in all our Occupations, Walks, or Diverſions, we had ſtill been at one another's Sides

my God! a Moment's Separation would have been insupportable to us, and if we passed an Hour, nay, a Minute, without telling how we loved one another, all was lost, and we were both in the Dumps, so that I could not imagine one single Minute in which she could think of any other but me. At last I imagined that I had found out the Mystery. Mr. *de B——*, *said I within my self*, is a Man of great Business and extensive Correspondence, her Parents have, no doubt, made use of this Man to send her some Money. She has, perhaps, already received of him, and is come to Day to give her more. She makes her Game in concealing it, that she may surprize me agreeably, and perhaps she would have spoke of it, had I gone instead of coming to torment myself here; at least, I dare say she will satisfy me when I speak to her of it.

I was so prepossessed with this Opinion, that I found my Heart much eased; and therefore directly returned to my Lodging, where I tenderly embraced *Mall* upon my Entry, and was well received. I was tempted to tell her my Conjectures, which I now looked upon as certain, but retained myself, in hopes that she would prevent me, by discovering all that had passed. Supper was served, and I sat down to Table in a very jovial Humour, but by the Light of the Candle placed between us, I could observe a certain sort of Melancholy in the Countenance and Eyes of my dear Mistress, which made me soon change my Gaiety. I took Notice that she fixed her Eyes now and then upon me, in a Manner very different from her usual Way; and though I could see that it was in a soft and languishing Manner, I could not rightly distinguish whether it was the Effect of Love or Compassion. I looked at her with the same Attention, and perhaps she was equally at a Loss to judge of the Situation of my Heart by my Looks, so that neither of us

minded

minded eating nor drinking. At laſt, I perceived Tears dropping from her fair Eyes: Perfidious Tears! O Gods! *cried I*, you weep, my dear *Moll*, your Affliction draws Tears, and you tell me nothing of your Trouble. She anſwered no otherwiſe than by heavy Sighs that augmented my Anguiſh. I got up trembling, and begged of her, with a Lover's Eagerneſs, to diſcover the Cauſe of her Tears, and I not only ſhed ſome myſelf wiping of hers, but was more dead than alive. A Barbarian would have been affected with the terrible Effects that Grief and Fear had upon me. While I was thus wholly taken up about her, I heard the Noiſe of People coming up Stairs: They knocked ſoftly at our Door, upon which ſhe kiſſed me, and getting out of my Arms flew to the Cloſet, ſhutting the Door when ſhe was got in. I fancied that being under ſome Diſorder, ſhe did not care to appear before Strangers; ſo that I went to the Door myſelf, and had ſcarce opened it, when I was ſeized by three Men, whom I immediately knew to be my Father's Footmen. They offered no Violence, but two of them having held me by the Arms, the third ſearched my Pockets for Arms, and took out a little Knife, which was all he could find that might do any Miſchief. They asked Pardon for the Neceſſity they were under to uſe me in this diſreſpectful Manner, and told me plainly that it was by my Father's Orders, and that my Brother waited for me in a Coach at the Gate. I was ſo much confounded that I ſuffered them to conduct me without Reſiſtance, or opening my Mouth. I was put into a Coach where my Brother actually was, and the Coachman, having his Orders, drove at a great Rate to St. *Dennis*. My Brother embraced me with great Marks of Affection, but ſpoke nothing, ſo that I had all the Leiſure I could deſire to think of my Misfortune.

I found

I found at first so much Obscurity in it, that I could not form the least Conjecture. I was cruelly betrayed, but by whom? *Tiberge* was the first that I suspected. Traitor, *said I*, if my Suspicion proves true, thy Life shall pay for it. But then I considered that he knew not the Place of my Retreat, and that consequently they could not have learned it from him. To accuse *Moll*, was a Thing that my Heart durst not be guilty of. That extraordinary Melancholy with which I saw her oppressed, her Tears, the tender Kiss which she gave me upon retiring, appeared, indeed, to be a sort of Riddle; but I found myself inclined to explain it as a Foresight of our common Misfortune; and while I was cursing the unhappy Accident that forced me from her, and tormenting myself with Rage and Despair, I had the Credulity to believe, that she was still more to be pitied than I. The Result of my Mediation was to persuade myself, that I had been seen in the Streets of *Paris*, by some Persons that knew me, and had informed my Father. This Thought comforted me, because I laid my Account to be quit for Reproaches, or for some harsh Treatment that I must go through in Obedience to paternal Authority. I resolved to bear all with Patience, and to promise whatever was required of me, that I might the sooner get an Opportunity of returning to *Paris*, and to bring Life and Joy to my dear *Moll*.

We soon arrived at St. *Dennis*, and my Brother, surprized at my Silence, imagined that it was the Effect of Fear. He undertook to comfort me, by assuring me that I had nothing to apprehend from my Father's Severity, provided I was disposed to return peaceably to my Duty, and to deserve the Affection he had for me. He made me pass the Night at St. *Dennis*, with the Precaution of causing the three Footmen to lye in my Chamber. What gave

me great Trouble was, to find myself in the same Inn where I had stopt upon my coming to *Paris.* The Landlord knew me again, and easily guessed what was the Case. I heard him say, *Ha! it is the pretty Youth who passed about a Month since, with a young Miss, of whom he was so fond. My God! how charming was she! the poor Things how they kissed! By my Honesty, it was a Sin to part them!* I affected to hear nothing, and appeared as little as possible. My Brother had a Chair for two, at St. *Dennis,* in which we set out early, and arrived next Day at my Father's Seat. He saw my Father before me, to prepossess him in my Favour, by acquainting him with what Docility I had allowed myself to be conducted, so that I was better received than I expected; my Father having made me only some general Reproaches on the Fault I had committed, in absenting myself without his Permission. As to my Mistress, he told me that I richly deserved what had happened to me, in throwing myself into the Arms of a Stranger; that he had entertained a better Idea of my Prudence, but that he hoped this little Adventure would make me wiser. I interpreted these Words in the Sense that agreed best with my Ideas. I thanked my Father for his Goodness in pardoning me, and promised that my Conduct for the future should be more submissive and regular. I triumphed in my Heart, for in the Manner that Things turned, I did not doubt, but that I should find an Opportunity of giving them the slip this very Night. We sat down to Supper, and I was rallied upon my Conquest at *Amiens,* and Flight with my *Venus,* all which I bore with a good Grace; and I was even charmed that I could talk of her who constantly possessed my Heart. But some Words that dropped from my Father made me all Attention. He spoke of Treachery and of the interested Service

rendered by Mr. *de B*——. I was ſtunned on his pronouncing this Name, and humbly begged that he would explain himſelf a little farther, upon which he turned to my Brother to aſk him if he had not informed me of the whole Story. My Brother anſwered that he found me ſo quiet and eaſy upon the Road that he did not think I had Occaſion for that Remedy to cure me of my Folly. I remarked that my Father was in a Doubt whether to go on with the Story, but I begged of him ſo earneſtly, that he ſatisfied me, or rather aſſaſſinated me cruelly by a moſt horrible Narration.

He at firſt aſked me if I had the Simplicity all along to believe that my Miſtreſs loved me. I told him boldly, that I was ſo ſure, that nothing could make me believe otherwiſe. Ha, ha, ha, *cried he laughing with all his Force*, that is excellent. Thou art a fine Dupe indeed, and I love to ſee thee in theſe Sentiments. It is a crying Sin, my poor Chevalier, to make a Knight of *Malta* of thee, ſince thou art ſo well calculated to make a commodious and patient Husband, adding a thouſand Railleries, ſuch as theſe, upon what he called my Folly and Credulity. As I remained quite ſilent, he continued to tell me, that according to the Calculation he could make of the Time ſince my Departure from *Amiens*, *Moll* had loved me about twelve Days; for, *added he*, I know that thou left *Amiens* the 20th of laſt Month, and we are now in the 29th of this; Mr. *de B*—— wrote eleven days ago, and I ſuppoſe it coſt him eight to make up Matters with thy Miſtreſs, conſequently ſubſtract eleven and eight from thirty one, which is the Number of Days from the 28th of one Month to the 29th of the next incluſive, the Remainder is twelve. Upon which the Company fell into a Fit of Laughter. I heard all with ſuch an Oppreſſion upon my Heart that I was apprehenſive of ſinking down before t

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Conclusion of this melancholy Comedy. Thou must know then, *continued my Father*, since thou art as yet in the Dark, that Mr. *de B*—— has gained the Heart of thy Princess, for he ridicules me when he pretends to tell me what he has done is out of Zeal and Respect for my Family. Such noble Sentiments belong not to such a Man as him, and to whom I am besides a Stranger. He learned from her that thou art my Son, and to be delivered from thy Importunities, he informed me by Letter of the Place of thy Retreat, and the Disorder in which you lived, making me understand that he would have Occasion for Assistance to make sure of thy Person. He offered to give Directions to take thee napping, and it was by his and thy Mistress's Contrivance that thy Brother found thee unprovided. Congratulate thyself now on the Duration of thy Triumph. Thou vanquishest with Rapidity, but does not know how to preserve thy Conquests.

I could no longer support a Discourse, of which every Word had pierced my Heart. I rose from Table, and scarce had walked four Steps to go out of the Hall, when I fell upon the Floor without Sense or Knowledge. But as I soon recovered by the Means of speedy Assistance, I opened my Eyes, from which flowed Floods of Tears, and my Mouth to utter the most melancholy and moving Complaints. My Father, who had always a particular Affection for me, did all he could to comfort me. I listened, but could not tell what he said. I threw myself at his Feet, and begged with joined Hands, that he would allow me to go and stab *B*——. No, *said I*, he has not gained *Moll's* Heart, he has seduced her by a Charm or Poison, and perhaps brutishly forced her. *Moll* loves me, don't I know it well? He has forced her with a Dagger at her Breast to abandon me. What is it that he would not have done to rob me of so charming

ing a Creature! O ye Gods! can it be poſſible that *Molly* has betrayed me, and ceaſed to love me! As I ſtill ſpoke of going quickly to *Paris*, and got up every Moment to be gone, my Father plainly ſaw, that in my preſent Tranſport nothing was capable to ſtop me. He conducted me himſelf to a high Chamber, and placed two Servants as Centinels over me, who had Orders not to loſe Sight of me. I was quite diſtracted, and would have given a thouſand Lives to be in *Paris* only a Quarter of an Hour. I conſidered that having explained myſelf ſo openly, they would not allow me to ſtir out of the Chamber. I examined the Windows, and finding that there was no Poſſibility of eſcaping that Way, I made Application in a ſoft and moving Manner to my two Guards, engaging myſelf by a thouſand Oaths to make their Fortune ſome Time or other, if they would conſent to my Evaſion. I preſſed, careſſed, and threatned, but this Attempt not ſucceeding, I loſt all Hopes, and found that Death alone could end my Pains, for which Reaſon I threw myſelf upon a Bed with a full Reſolution not to leave it as long as there was Life in me. In this Situation I paſſed the Night and all the next Day, and refuſed what was brought me to eat. My Father came up to my Chamber after Dinner, and had the Goodneſs to ſoften my Pains by all the comforting Reaſons that he could think of. He commanded me ſo abſolutely to take ſame Nouriſhment, that I obeyed out of Reſpect to his Orders. He continued ſtill his Endeavours to inſpire me with a Contempt of the treacherous *Moll*, and it is certain that I eſteemed her no more, knowing her to be the moſt fickle and perfidious Creature living, but her Charms had made too ſtrong an Impreſſion upon my Heart, to be eaſily defaced. I *may die, ſaid I*, and indeed after ſo much Shame, *it ought to be my* Wiſh, but I would ſuffer a thou-

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ſand Deaths without being able to forget the un-grateful *Moll.*

MY Father was ſurprized to ſee me ſtill oppreſſed with Grief. He knew that I had Principles of Honour, and not doubting but that her Treachery would make me deſpiſe her, he fancied that my Conſtancy proceeded leſs from that Paſſion in particular, than from a general Inclination for the Women, and in this Belief he thus ſpoke to me. Chevalier, *ſaid he*, till now my Deſign was to make thee a Knight of *Malta*; but I ſee that thy Inclinations are not turned that Way. Thou loveſt pretty Women, and I have a Mind to ſeek out one that may pleaſe thee; tell me plainly thy Sentiments upon this. I anſwered, that all Women were now alike to me, and that after what had happened, they were all equally odious to me. I ſhall endeavour to find out one, *continued my Father, ſmiling*, who reſembles *Moll*, and will be more faithful. Ah! if you have any Regard for me, *ſaid I*, 'tis ſhe that muſt make me happy: Be aſſured, my dear *Papa*, that ſhe has not deceived me, for ſhe is not capable of ſo much Baſeneſs. The perfidious *B*—— deceives you, her, and me: If you knew how tender and ſincere ſhe is, you would, I'm ſure, love her yourſelf. You are a Child, *replied my Father*, how is it poſſible that you can be ſo far blinded after what I have told you of her? It was ſhe herſelf that delivered you up to your Brother, you ought to forget her very Name, and make a good Uſe of the Indulgence that I ſhew you. I ſaw but too plainly that ſhe was in the Right, and it was in a Manner againſt my Will that I endeavoured to excuſe her? Alas! *replied I after a Moment's Silence*, it is but too true that I *am the* unfortunate Object of the blackeſt Perfidy. *Yes, continued I*, ſhedding Tears out of mere *pite, I* ſee plainly that I am but a Child. T

impose upon my Credulity was no hard Task to them, but I know well how I shall be revenged. My Father would know my Design. I shall go to *Paris*, said I, set Fire to *B*——'s House, and burn him with the perfidious *Moll* alive. This Transport made my Father laugh, and only served to make me be confined more closely in my Prison.

I remained in it six whole Months, in the first of which there was no Alteration in my Sentiments, which were nothing but a perpetual Alternative of Hatred and Love, of Hope and Despair, according to the *Idea* under which *Moll* presented herself to my Imagination. Sometimes I only considered in her the most amiable of her Sex, and then I languished with a Desire to see her, at other Times I saw nothing but a base and false Mistress whom I swore not to seek after but with a View to punish her. I got Books which helped to settle my distracted Mind. I read over all my former Authors, acquired new Knowledge, and took great Delight in Study; you'll see of what Advantage it was to me in the Sequel. The Insight which I owed to Love, made me perfectly understand a great many Passages in *Horace* and *Virgil*, which formerly seemed to be very obscure. I made an amorous Commentary on the fourth Book of the *Æneid*. I resolve to have it printed, and am hopeful that it will please the Publick. Alas! *said I*, when I was composing it, It was a Heart such as mine that should have been the Conquest of the faithful *Dido*. *Tiberge*, whom I had not thought of for some Time, came popping into my Prison when I least expected him. I found such an Alteration to the Advantage, in his Shape and Behaviour, since five or six Months that I had not seen him, that I was awed with a *Sort of Respect* when he spoke of my bad Conduct, *not indeed* as a School-Comrade; but rather as *wise and experienced* Tutor. He congratulated

on my Cure which he thought far advanced, and exhorted me to make this Error of Youth subservient to open my Eyes upon the Vanity of Pleasures. I looked at him with Astonishment, and he perceived it. My dear Chevalier, *said he*, I tell you nothing but what is solid Truth, and of which I have not been convinced but after a serious Examination. I was naturally as much inclined to Sensuality as you, but Heaven had given me at the same Time a Taste for Virtue. I made Use of my Reason to compare the Fruits of the one and the other, and was not long before I discovered the Difference by the Assistance of Heaven joined to my Reflections, so that I conceived a Contempt for the World that cannot be expressed. Can you guess, *added he*, what prevents my throwing myself into a Cell! Nothing else but the tender Friendship I have for you. I know the Excellency of your Heart and Mind, and there's nothing that's good but what you are capable of. The Allurements of Sensuality have led you astray, and what a Loss is it to Virtue. Your Flight from *Amiens* gave me so much Grief, that I have not enjoyed a Moment's Satisfaction since, and I leave yourself to judge whether it be so or not, after I tell you what Steps it has made me take. He then recounted that after he found I had deceived him, and was gone with my Mistress, he had mounted on Horseback to follow me, but that having the Advantage of five or six Hours of him, he could not possibly get up with me; that he had arrived at St. *Dennis* about half an Hour after I had left it; that being very certain I would stop at *Paris*, he had sought me up and down for six Weeks to no Purpose; that as he visited all the publick Places where there was any Appearance of finding me, he had at last discovered my Mistress at the Play so magnificently dressed, that he judged she owed her Grandeur to the Liberality of some

new Lover; that he had followed her Coach Home to her House, and learned from one of the Domesticks that she was kept by Mr. *de B*——. I returned next Day, *added he*, to know from herself, what was become of you, but the Moment I mentioned your Name, she brushed from me, and I was obliged to return to the Country as wise as when I came from it, and having since been informed of your Adventure, and the terrible Consternation into which it threw you, I did not incline to make you a Visit 'till I was assured to find you more easy.

You had the Pleasure then of seeing *Moll*, *answered I with a Sigh*, alas! you are happier than I, who am condemned never to see her more. He reproached me for this Sigh, which was a Sign that I still loved her, and then flattered me so artfully upon the Excellency of my Character and Inclination, that I began from this very Visit to have a strong Desire to renounce, as he had done, all the Pleasures of the Age, and to enter into the ecclesiastical State. I was so fond of this Idea, that when alone I could think of nothing else. I called to Memory the Discourses of the Bishop of *Amiens*, who had given me the same Advice, and the happy Predictions which he made in my Favour, should I happen to chuse that State: Piety also stept in with all her Charms, and urged her invincible Arguments. I shall lead a pure and Christian Life, *said I*. Study and Devotion will be my sole Occupation, and will not permit my Thoughts to be taken up with the dangerous Pleasures of Love. I shall despise what the Generality of the World admire, and as I am pretty certain that my Heart will desire nothing but what it esteems, I shall have as few Cares as Desires. Upon this Footing I formed beforehand the System of a peaceful solitary Life, not forgetting a retired House with a little Grove, and a Rivulet of clear Water at the End of a Garden;

den; a Library composed of choice Books; a few sensible and virtuous Friends; a Table proper, but frugal and moderate; to all which I joined a corresponding by Letters with a Friend at *Paris*, who should inform me of the publick News, less to satisfy my Curiosity, than to laugh at the foolish Bustle of the World. Shall I not be happy, *added I*, in such an innocent Life? And would not all that the Heart of Man can reasonably wish for, be the Result of such a comfortable Situation? I was, it is certain, intirely wrapt up in this agreeable Project for some Time; but shall I own it, my Heart gave in a Demurrer, and told me plainly, that to complete my Happiness in the most agreeable Solitude, *Moll*, the charming *Moll* must be there.

In the mean Time, *Tiberge* continuing to render me frequent Visits upon the Design that he had inspired me with, I took an Opportunity of proposing it to my Father, who declared that his Intentions were to leave his Children at Liberty in the Choice of their Condition, only reserving to himself the right of advising; and his Advices to me tended less to disgust me with my Project than to embrace it with Prudence, and after mature Deliberation. When the Time of entering the Seminaries approached, *Tiberge* and I determined to go together, to that of St. *Sulpice*; he to finish his Studies in Theology, and I to begin mine. His Merit, known to the Bishop of the Diocese, made this Prelate bestow a considerable Benefice upon him before our Departure.

My Father believing me entirely cured of my Passion, made no Difficulty to let me go, and upon our Arrival at *Paris*, the ecclesiastical Habit succeeded to the Cross of *Malta*, which I laid aside, and the Name of *Abbé de Grieu* to that of *Chevalier*. I applied myself so closely to my Studies, that in a few Months I made an extraordinary Progress, so

that my Reputation became ſo great, that I was congratulated upon future Dignities, and without any Solicitation was entered in the Liſt of eccleſiaſtical Promotions. *Tiberge* was charmed with what he looked upon as his own Work, and I have frequently ſeen him moved to Tears with what he called my Converſion. That human Reſolutions ſhould be ſubject to Change, is what never ſurprized me. One Paſſion gives them Birth, and another may deſtroy them; but when I think of the Motives that conducted me to St. *Sulpice*, and of the inward Joy that accompanied the Execution of my Plan, I am frightened when I think how eaſily I abandoned it. If 'tis true, that divine Aſſiſtance is at all Times of an equal Force to that of the Paſſions, I would gladly know by what fatal Aſcendant we are hurried at once out of the Road of our Duty, without being capable of the leaſt Reſiſtance, and without feeling the leaſt Remorſe. I thought myſelf entirely cured of the Follies of Love and that I would have preferred the reading of a Page of St. *Auſtin*, or a Quarter of an Hour of Chriſtian Meditation to all ſenſual Pleaſures, even the Enjoyment of the bewitching *Moll*; and yet an unlucky Minute plunged me once more into the Gulph of Folly and Miſery, and my Overthrow was the more irreparable, in that I found myſelf at once precipitated to the ſame Depth as before; nay, the new Diſorders into which I fell drove me to the very Bottom of the Abyſs.

I had remained a whole Year at *Paris* without ſo much as inquiring after her. At firſt my Heart murmured ſadly, but the conſtant Aſſiſtance of *Tiberge*'s good Advices, joined to my own Reflections, gave me Courage to ſtand my Ground, and during the laſt Months I was ſo eaſy, that I believed myſelf upon the Point of eternally forgetting this charming falſe Creature. The Time came

in which I was to make my first publick Exercise in the Theological School, and I invited several Persons of Distinction to honour me with their Presence, which made my Name known all over *Paris*, and it even reached the Ears of my false one, who though she was not certain, under the Disguise of *Abbé*, yet Curiosity, or perhaps Remorse of having betrayed me, I know not which, made her come to the *Sorbonne* with some other Ladies the Day of my publick Appearance, and she soon discovered her abandoned Lover. As there are private Closets in that Place where the Ladies can see without being seen, I knew nothing of her being there; and I returned to St. *Sulpice*, about six at Night covered with Glory and loaded with Compliments. A Moment after my Arrival I was told by the Porter, that a Lady wanted to see me, and I went immediately to the Parlour. Ye Gods! what a surprising Apparition to find *Moll* there, but more charming and brilliant than ever I had seen her.

I was quite stunned at the Sight of her, and not being able to guess at the Design of this Visit, I waited trembling and with down cast Eyes, till she should speak. Her Confusion for some Time was equal to mine, but finding that I continued silent, she told me with a timorous Voice, that she confessed her Treachery deserved my Hatred, but that if it was true I had ever loved her, there was also some Cruelty on my Part, to let two Years pass without inquiring about her, and that there was still more to see her now oppressed with Grief, without so much as opening my Mouth. The Disorder into which this Discourse threw me is not to be expressed. She sat down, and I remained standing with my Body half turned, not daring to look her in the Face. I several Times began an Answer, but could not finish it. At last I made an Effort to cry out in a melancholy Tone, Perfidious Moll

…berous, treacherous Creature! She represented, weeping bitterly, that ſhe did not pretend to juſtify her Treachery. What do you then pretend, *cried I*, ſhedding Tears which I in vain endeavoured to reſtrain, ask my Life, which is the only Thing that I can now offer thee; for my Heart never ceaſed to be thy Slave? I had ſcarce pronounced theſe laſt Words, when ſhe ſtarted up with Tranſport, claſped me in her Arms, and loaded me with a thouſand paſſionate Embraces; calling me by all the Names that Love invents to expreſs it's ſtrongeſt Ardours, to which I did not as yet make a ſuitable Return. In Effect, what ſtrange Paſſage from the peaceable Situation in which I had been, to the tumultuous Motions which I now felt coming upon me. I trembled like one that loſes himſelf in a Deſert, and is filled with Horror at the Approach of a dark and gloomy Night.

We ſat down cloſe to each other, and I took hold of her Hands. Ah! *Moll*, ſaid I, looking on her with languiſhing Eyes, I did not expect that ſo pure a Love as mine ſhould have been ſo baſely rewarded. To deceive a Heart which acknowledged you as it's ſovereign Miſtreſs, and placed all it's Felicity in pleaſing and obeying you, was no difficult Matter. Tell me now if you have found any ſo tender and ſubmiſſive. No, no, Nature forms few tempered as mine is. Tell me at leaſt, if it ſometimes gave you Concern. What Dependance am I to have on the Return of Friendſhip that brings you here to Day, to afford it Comfort. I ſee but too well that you are more charming than ever, but by all that you have made me ſuffer, tell me, dear *Moll*, if you will be more conſtant and faithful. She ſaid *ſo many* moving Things upon her Repentance, and *engaged* her Fidelity by ſo many Proteſtations and *Oaths*, *that* I was quite melted into an unexpreſſible ſoftneſs. Charming *Moll*, ſaid I, with a profane Mixture

Mixture of amorous and theological Expreſſions, thou art too adorable for a Creature, and I find my Heart tranſported by a victorious Delectation. All that is ſaid about Liberty at St. *Sulpice* is a Chimera. I am going to loſe my Fortune and Reputation for thee, I plainly foreſee it; I read my Deſtiny in thy fair Eyes, but of what Loſſes would not thy Love comfort me? Fortune's Smiles are indifferent to me, I look upon Glory as an empty Shadow, all my Projects of the eccleſiaſtical State were fooliſh Imaginations; in ſhort, all Pleaſures or good Things different from what I expect with thee are contemptible, ſince they cannot ſtand their Ground in my Heart againſt one of thy Glances. Upon granting a general Pardon of her Faults, I inſiſted to know in what Manner ſhe had been ſeduced by *B*——, ſhe anſwered, that having ſeen her at her Window, he became paſſionately in Love with her; that he made his Declaration as a *Farmer General*, that's to ſay, by letting her know in a Letter, that the Payment ſhould be proportioned to the Favours; that ſhe had at once capitulated, but with a Deſign only to pick his Pocket of a conſiderable Sum, that might ſerve to make us live commodiouſly, but that he had dazzled her with ſuch magnificent Promiſes, that ſhe had by Degrees allowed herſelf to be gained; that I ought however to judge of her Remorſes, by the Concern that ſhe was under the Moment of our Separation; that notwithſtanding the Riches that he beſtowed upon her, ſhe had never been happy with him; becauſe, *ſaid ſhe*, I neither found him in the Delicacy of your Sentiments, nor Politeneſs of your Manners, but becauſe even in the midſt of Pleaſures and Diverſions, which he conſtantly procur[ed] me, I carried in the Bottom of my Heart the R[e]*membrance* of your Love, and the Remorſe of [my] *own Infidelity.* She ſpoke of Tiberge, and the [ter]*rible* Confuſion which his Viſit gave her; an[d]

told me how Curiosity from the Name, had lec to the Place of my publick Exercise, where soon knew me, and had great Difficulty not on stop her Tears, but to hinder herself from shrie out; in short, that upon her coming out, gi full Scope to the Dictates of her Heart and Imp osity of her Desires, she had come streight to *Sulpice* with a Resolution to die in it, if she did find me disposed to pardon her. Where car find a Barbarian who could have rejected this Penitent? For my Part, I confess that I would sacrificed for her all the Bishopricks of *Christen* I asked her how we were now to dispose of selves, and she answered, that the first Thing to get away from the Seminary, and to consid a Place of more Safety what was to be done consented to what she pleased. She got into Coach, and went to wait for me at the Corner Street. In a Moment I was with her, and we first to a Broker's Shop, where I bought with Money, not having a Farthing in my Pocke Sword and laced Clothes: She was so rich with Liberalities of Mr. *B*——, that she underva the little Trifle that I had laid by in my Char at St. *Sulpice*, and would not allow me to st Minute for it. We conferred at the Broker's on Measures to be taken, and that she might ma Merit of sacrificing *B*——, she resolved to l him without any Formality. I will leave the l niture of the House, *said she*, that belongs to h but as for the Jewels, and about sixty thou Livres which I have squeezed from him in Years, as this Treasure belongs to myself, I can in Justice be blamed for securing it. I am unde Engagement with him, *added she*, consequently *may safely* remain at *Paris*, by taking a conver *House*, where we shall live happily together. *presented that* if there was no Danger for he

Case was different with me, who sooner or later must be discovered, and continually exposed to the Misfortune I had already undergone. But as she made me understand that she would be loth to leave *Paris*, I was so afraid of making her uneasy, that I would have run any Hazard to please her; at last we thought of an Expedient, which was to hire a House in some neighbouring Village, from whence we could easily come to Town when Diversion or Business called us. We fixed upon *Chaillot*. I went to wait for her at the back Door of the Garden of the *Thuilleries*, where she came about an Hour after in a Hackney-Coach, with her Maid and some Trunks, in which she put her Clothes and Treasure.

WE lodged the first Night at an Inn, and next Day hired a commodious Apartment in a private House. My Happiness I now thought was established in a Manner not to fear the Power of Fortune. *Móll* was all Complaisance and Sweetness, and had such a tender Regard for me, that I thought myself too well recompensed for all my past Pains. As we had both of us acquired a little Experience, we reasoned upon the Solidity of our Fortune. Sixty thousand Livres our capital Stock, was not a Sum sufficient for a long Life. Neither of us were much disposed to restrict our Expences, and Oeconomy was a Thing unknown to us both. Here's the Plan that I proposed to her. Sixty thousand Livres, *said I*, may serve us ten Years at the Rate of six thousand Livres yearly, which will be enough if we continue to live at *Chaillot*, in a decent but moderate Manner. Our only Expence will be the keeping a Coach, and for the Diversions at *Paris*. You love the Opera, we shall go to it thrice a Week, and for gaming we will be so moderate as not to lose ten Pistoles in a Year, and 'tis scarce possible, but that in ten Years, some Change will happen in

my Family; my Father is already old and may die in which Case I ſhall have my Fortune, which wil put an End to all our Fears. This Scheme was rea ſonable enough, but we loſt Sight of it in a very little Time. *Moll* was paſſionately fond of Diver ſions, and I was paſſionately fond of her. New Occaſions of expending Money happened daily and far from finding Fault with what ſhe threv out ſometimes with Profuſion, I was the firſt tha propoſed what I thought might be agreeable to her Our Stay even at *Chaillot* began to appear dull and te dious to her. The Winter was coming on, and eve ry Body was leaving the Country; ſhe propoſed ou taking a Houſe again at *Paris*, ſo that we had Town and Country Houſes, which was the Occaſion c two Adventures that brought on our Ruin.

MOLL had a Brother in the Life-Guards, wh happened unfortunately to lodge in the ſame Stree with us. He chanced to ſee his Siſter at the Win dow, and knowing her, came running to ou Houſe. He was a hair-brained Sort of a Man, an void of Honour. As he knew a Part of his Siſter' Story, he loaded her with injurious Language, an it was a Happineſs for him or me that I was gon out, for I was not at all of a Temper to bear a Inſult. I returned a little after he was gone, an judged by *Moll*'s Melancholy, that ſomething ex traordinary had happened. She told me of he Treatment, and I was ſo provoked, that had ſhe not ſtopped me by her Tears, I ſhould have gone directly to find him out. While we are diſcourſing upon this Adventure, who ſhould come in but the very Man, without ſending in his Name. I would not have received him ſo civilly as I did, had I known him; but having ſaluted us in a very friend-ly Manner, he had Time to tell his Siſter that h came to make Excuſes for his late Behaviour, whi proceeded from his Opinion of her leading a diſ

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rly Life, which had provoked him; but that be-
g informed by one of our Domesticks who I was,
id heard so much to my Commendation, he de-
red to live well with us. Though this Information
rom a Footman had something odd and fantastical
n it, I received his Compliment civilly, which I
thought would please his Sister, and indeed she appeared to be overjoyed that he would be reconciled to her. We invited him to dine with us, and in a few Moments we became so familiar, that hearing us talk of our Return to *Chaillot*, he would absolutely accompany us, which he accordingly did in our Coach. Being thus as it were installed, he took or pretended to take so much Pleasure in our Company, that he made our House his own, and under the Pretence of fraternal Liberty, put himself upon the Footing of bringing all his Friends to *Chaillot*, and treating them there at our Expence; not only this, but purchased fine Clothes with our Money, and engaged us to pay all his Debts. I overlooked all this to please *Moll*, and even seemed not to perceive that from Time to Time he drew considerable Sums from her. 'Tis true, that being a Gamester by Profession, he was so honest as to return her a Part when Fortune favoured him, but our's was too small to furnish long to so immoderat
Expences. I was upon the Point of telling him m
Mind plainly to get rid of his Importunities when
fatal Accident spared me the Pains by bringing abo
another that ruined us to all Intents and Purposes.

WE happened to lye at *Paris* one Night as
frequently did. The Maid who remained alone
our House at *Chaillot* came in the Morning to
quaint me, that it had taken Fire in the Nig
time, and that it had been extinguished with g
Difficulty. I asked if our Furniture and Cl
and other Things had suffered great Damage.
answered, that the Confusion had been so

the Concourſe of People who came to aſſiſt, that ſhe could not certainly inform me. I trembled for our Money which was in a little Box, and went directly to *Chaillot*, but the Bird was flown. I then found by Experience, that one may love Money without being covetous. This Loſs was ſo terrible that I had almoſt gone mad upon it, conceiving at once, into what new Misfortunes it would in all Probability plunge me. I knew *Moll*'s Character; and had already found by Experience, that however faithful and tender ſhe might be while Fortune favoured us, there was no depending upon her if we were reduced. I ſhall loſe her, *cried I*, unhappy *Chevalier* thou wilt once more loſe what is ſo dear to thee! This Thought threw me into ſuch a terrible Conſternation, that I was at a Doubt for a few Minutes whether I ought not at one Blow to end my Miſery. Nevertheleſs I had ſo much Reaſon ſtill remaining as to examine, before I had Recourſe to this Remedy, whether there was any other, and Heaven inſpired me with a Thought that prevented the Effects of my Deſpair. I did not think it impoſſible to conceal our Loſs from *Moll*, and that either by my Induſtry or ſome favourable Turn of Fortune, I might be enabled to furniſh what would entertain her in a moderate Way. I reckoned, *ſaid I*, to ſooth my Pain, that our ſixty thouſand Livres would ſerve us ten Years, now ſuppoſe that Time expired, and no Changes in my Family, what muſt I do? I cannot well tell, but what hinders me to do now what I ſhould do, were that the Caſe. How many Perſons live at *Paris*, who have neither my Genius nor Talents, and yet to theſe, ſuch as they are, owe their Livelihood. Providence, *added I*, in reflecting upon the different States of *Life, has it not* diſpoſed every Thing wiſely? The *Majority of* the Great and Rich, are they not *Fools? This is* a Thing notorious to every one who

has the leaft Acquaintance with the World. If they joined Wit to Riches they would be too happy, and the reft of Mankind too miferable. The Qualities of Body and Mind are granted to thefe, as Means to keep them from Poverty and Mifery. Some fhare in the Riches of the Great, by contributing to divert them and ferving them in their Pleafures, and by this Means makes Dupes of them; others ferve to inftruct them, and endeavour to make them Men of Honour; 'tis true indeed, that they feldom fucceed, this not being the Defign of Providence, but rather that they fhould ftill reap fome Fruit of their Labours by living at their Expence, and whatever Way we turn the Thing, it ftill appears that the inferior People draw an excellent Subfiftence from the Folly of the Rich and the Great. Thefe Reflections fet my Mind and Head a little to rights. I refolved to go and confult with Mr. *Lefcaut*, *Moll's* Brother, who perfectly knew *Paris*, and I had but too great Occafion to know that it was neither by his own Family Income, nor the King's Pay that he fubfifted. I had only about twenty Piftoles remaining, which I happened to have about me, and which I fhewed him as the Remains of my Fortune, and afked him if after fuch Misfortunes as mine, there was any Medium between dying with Hunger and fhooting one's felf through the Head. He anfwered, that the laft belonged only to Lunaticks, and as for dying for Hunger, that there were feveral Perfons of Wit who faw themfelves reduced to this, when they would not employ their Talents; that it was my Bufinefs to confider what I was proper for, promifing me his Affiftance and Advice in all my Undertakings. This is very undeterminate, Mr. *Lefcaut, faid I,* my Neceffities require a fpeedy Remedy, *for what* fhall I fay to *Moll*? A propos about *her, replied he,* what troubles you? Have you not

in her what may put an End to your Troubles whenever you please? A Girl such as she ought to entertain herself, you and me. He cut me short in the Answer that I was designing to this Impertinence, by adding that he would answer for a thousand Crowns to be gained among us before Night, if I would follow his Advice; that he knew a Nobleman so liberal upon a certain Article, that he was sure a thousand Crowns would be reckoned a Bagatel with him, for a Night's Lodging with such a Girl as *Moll.* I answered that I had a better Opinion of him, and imagined that the Motive which had induced him to grant me his Friendship, was a quite different Sentiment for his Sister from what I now found it. He impudently confessed that he had always thought the same Way, and that as she had once made free, or rather broke through the Rules of Honour, he never would have been reconciled to her, but with a View to draw an Advantage from her bad Conduct, by which I easily perceived that we had been Dupes to him all along; and yet whatever Trouble this Discourse gave me, the Occasion I had of his Assistance made me answer laughing, that his Advice was a last Resource, which was to be made Use of only at the last Extremity; and in the mean Time begged that he would think of some other Way. He proposed next that I should make the proper Use of my Youth and Advantages that Nature had bestowed upon me, in order to get into the good Graces of some old Lady, who would be willing to pay for Favours; but this Proposal was rendering me unfaithful to *Moll*, which I could not think of. I mentioned Gaming as the best Expedient and most agreeable to my Situation; he answered, that it was indeed a Resource, but that the Manner wanted to be explained: To play, for Instance, *simply* and upon the common Hopes was the Way to accomplish my Ruin: That to prac-

tiſe alone and without being ſupported, the little Stratagems neceſſary to correct Fortune, was a dangerous Sort of a Trade; that there was a third Way, which was that of Aſſociation; but that my Youth made him apprehenſive that the Gentlemen Confederates would think that I was not as yet qualified to be admitted into the Society. He offered however to uſe his good Offices with them in my Favour, and what I did not expect, to let me have ſome Money when I found myſelf in Want. The only Favour I aſked him at preſent was, that he would ſay nothing of my Loſs to *Moll*, nor of the Subject of our Converſation.

I left him leſs ſatisfied than when I came to his Lodging, and repented that I had truſted him with my Secret, being under terrible Apprehenſions that he would diſcover it to his Siſter, and form a Deſign of taking her from me; or, at leaſt, adviſing her to leave me and take up with a more rich and happy Lover. I made a thouſand Reflections upon this, which only ſerved to augment my Pain. It came after in my Thoughts to write to my Father, and to pretend a new Converſion to draw ſome Money from him; but I remembred that, notwithſtanding all his Goodneſs, he had confined me a cloſe Priſoner for ſix Months as a Puniſhment of my firſt Fault, and that conſequently he would puniſh me more rigorouſly for my Elopement from St. *Sulpice*. At laſt, this Variety of Thoughts brought one that made me much eaſier, and which I was ſurprized I had not thought of before, *viz.* To apply to my Friend *Tiberge*, in whoſe Zeal and Friendſhip I might ſtill confide Nothing is more admirable, nor does more Honour to Virtue, than the Confidence with which we addreſs ourſelves to Perſons, whoſe Probity we are perfectly aſſured of: *We are ſenſible* that we run no risk in diſcovering *our Diſtreſs*, and if they cannot always conveniently

give us Aſſiſtance, we are ſure at leaſt of Pity and Compaſſion. A Heart, which ſo carefully locked itſelf up from the reſt of Mankind, naturally opens to them, as a Flower blows with the Heat of the Sun, from which it expects a refreſhing and uſeful Influence.

I looked upon my thinking ſo opportunely of him as an Effect of providential Care, and reſolved, if poſſible, to ſee him that very Day, and therefore returned directly home to write him a Note, deſiring he would meet me at a certain Place, recommending Secrecy and Diſcretion to him, as the moſt important Service that he could render me in my preſent Situation. The Joy which the Hopes of ſeeing him gave me, defaced the Traces of Grief that *Mell* muſt have otherwiſe obſerved in my Looks and Countenance. I ſpoke of our Misfortune at *Chaillot*, as a Trifle that ought to give her no Diſturbance, and as *Paris* was the Place of the World which ſhe would have choſen for her Reſidence; ſhe was not at all diſpleaſed at my ſaying that it was neceſſary ſhe ſhould remain without going to *Chaillot*, till ſome ſmall Damages occaſioned by the Fire were repaired. About an Hour after I received an Anſwer from *Tiberge*, that he would immediately come to the Garden of the *Palais-Royal*, the Place appointed. I went or rather run to meet him, though I felt ſome Shame to appear before a Perſon whoſe Preſence alone could not but reproach me with my Diſorders; yet the Opinion I had of his excellent Temper, and the Intereſt of my Charmer ſupported my Courage. He was at the Place of *Rendezvous* before me, and came running to embrace me the Moment I appeared. He kept me long claſped in his Arms, and I felt my Face wet with his Tears. I told him that it was with Confuſion I appeared before him, that I carried in my Heart a lively Senſe of my Ingratitude; that the

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first Thing I begged to know was, if I might be still allowed to look upon him as my Friend, after having so justly deserved to lose his Esteem and Affection. He answered, in a most frank and tender Manner, that nothing was capable to make him lose that Title, that even my Misfortunes, and, if he might use the Expression, my Faults and Disorders had increased his Affection for me, but that it was a Tenderness mixed with the most lively Grief, such as we feel for a Person dear to us, and whom we see upon the brink of Ruin, without being able to give the least Assistance. Alas! *said I*, after we were seated on a Bank, with a Sigh that flowed from the bottom of my Heart, your Compassion, my dear *Tiberge*, must be excessive if it equals my Pains. I am ashamed to let you know them, because they spring, I must confess, from an inglorious Source, but the Effect is so melancholy, that there is no occasion of loving me so much as you do to be moved by them; upon which, he asked, as a Proof of my Friendship, that I would tell him, without Disguise, all that had happened, since my leaving St. *Sulpice*, which I did without the least Deviation from Truth, or the least Diminution of my Faults to render them more excusable; so that I spoke of my Passion with all the Force which it made me feel; and represented it as the particular Work of Fate that intends the Ruin of a poor Wretch, and from which it is as impossible for Virtue to defend itself, as it has been to Prudence to foresee it. I drew a lively Picture of my Agitations, my Fears, the Despair I was under two Hours before I saw him, and into which I should be plunged, if my Friends abandoned me with as little Pity as Fortune had done. In short, the good *Tiberge* was so much moved, that I could perceive he was as much afflicted by Compassion, as I was by the Sense of my Troubles. He was unwearied

in his Embraces, and exhorted me, in the most earnest manner, to take Courage; but as he still supposed that I must abandon *Moll*, I made him understand very plainly, that I looked upon this Separation, as the greatest of my Misfortunes, and that I was resolved not only to suffer the greatest Misery, but also the most cruel Death, before I had Recourse to such a desperate Remedy. Explain yourself then, *said he*, what sort of Assistance am I capable of giving you, if you reject all my Proposals? I durst not declare that it was his Purse I wanted; however, he at last understood my Meaning, and was silent some Time, as a Man who is in Suspence. Do not imagine, *said he*, after a short Pause, that my Thoughtfulness proceeds from a Coldness of Friendship; but to what Alternative do you reduce me, if I am put under the Necessity of refusing you the only Assistance that you accept of, or to wound my Reputation by granting it; for is it not sharing in your Disorder, to contribute to your persevering in it? However, *continued he*, after a Moment's Reflection, I imagine that it is perhaps the pinching Effect of Indigence, that does not allow you to think of reforming, for one must have a free and easy Mind to relish Virtue and Piety. I shall endeavour to procure you some Money, but permit me, my dear Chevalier, *added he*, embracing me, to put one Condition, which is that you will let me know the Place of your Abode, and that you will allow me, at least, to use my Endeavours to bring you back to the right Road, from which I know your Passions alone have made you stray. I sincerely agreed to what he desired, and begged he would pity the Malignity of my Fate, that made me deaf to the Advices of so virtuous a Friend. He then conducted me to a Banker of his Acquaintance, who advanced me a hundred Pistoles upon his Note, for he was far from being in Cash, not being, as I have said

rich; his Benefice, it is true, was worth two
ſand Livres yearly, but as this was only the firſt
r that he had been in Poſſeſſion of it, he had
ived nothing, and this Money was advanced
n his future Rents.

was ſo far touched with his Generoſity as to
ore the Blindneſs of a fatal Love, that made me
ate all my Duties. For ſome Minutes, Virtue had
ngth enough to make a Struggle in my Heart with
Paſſion, and, in that Moment, I perceived at leaſt
Shame and Indignity of my Chains. But this
nbat was ſlight and momentary. A tender
ance of *Moll* would have made me precipitate
ſelf from Heaven itſelf, and I was aſtoniſhed,
en I was by her, that it could enter into my Mind
e aſhamed of loving ſo charming an Object.

MOLL indeed was a Creature of a very fantaſti-
Temper, never Female was leſs deſirous of Mo-
, and yet the Thoughts of wanting it was worſe
n Death to her, becauſe it afforded Diverſions,
hout which no Happineſs for *Moll*; give her but
t, and all was right; provided ſhe paſt her Time
eeably, ſhe gave herſelf no trouble about what
s ſpent, nor how the Caſh ſtood; ſo that not
ng exceſſively addicted to Gaming, nor inclined
ive in a pompous Manner, nothing was ſo eaſy as
procure her the little Amuſements that ſhe want-
; but theſe failing, there was no depending on
Humour and Inclinations. Though ſhe loved
tenderly, and was the only Perſon, as ſhe often
feſſed, that could make her perfectly reliſh the
eets of Love; I was almoſt certain, that her
nderneſs would not hold out againſt certain Fears.
would have preferred me to all others, with a
derate Fortune, yet I made no doubt, if I had
hing but a faithful Heart to offer her, ſhe would
don me for ſome new *B——* I therefore re-
d to reſtrict my own Expences, ſo far as even

to deprive myſelf of Neceſſaries, rather than to let her want, even what was ſuperfluous. The Coach was what ſtraitned me moſt, for there was no thinking of keeping it longer up. This I communicated to Mr. *Leſcaut*, and likewiſe told him of my having got Money, upon which he again mentioned my turning Gameſter, and told me that, by ſacrificing, with a good Grace, about an hundred Livres to treat his Aſſociates, he did not doubt but that, upon his Recommendation, I might be admitted a Member in the Society of Sharpers; and though I abhorred ſuch Villainy, Love and Neceſſity made me comply. Mr. *Leſcaut* preſented me that very Evening as a Relation of his, adding, that though I had occaſion for an Augmentation of Fortune, yet it was not mere Neceſſity that forced me to deſire Admiſſion; and, for a Proof of this, told that I reſolved, if they would accept of it, to give them a Treat this very Evening. The Offer was graciouſly received, and I treated them magnificently. The Converſation ran much upon my Figure and Phyſiognomy, in which they found out an Air of Honeſty, that would certainly prevent all Suſpicion of Artifice, ſo that the general Thanks were returned to Mr. *Leſcaut* for procuring them a Novice of my Merit, and one of the Sharpers was ordered to give me the neceſſary Inſtructions. The principal Theatre of my Exploits, was to be at the *Hotel de Tranſylvanie*, where a *Pharo* Bank was kept, and ſeveral other Tables for Cards and Dice in the Gallery. This Academy was ſet up for the Benefit of the Prince of *R*——, who lived then at *Clegny*, and the moſt of his Gentlemen and Officers were of our Society. In a little Time I was perfectly inſtructed in my Buſineſs, and was particularly dexterous at ſlipping or palming a Card, ſo that I eaſily ruined a great many fair Gameſters. In a few Weeks I acquired conſiderable Sums, beſides

the Share I honeftly gave my Partners, and then told *Moll*, without any Ceremony, our Misfortune at *Chaillot*.

TIBERGE, during this favourable Turn of Fortune, vifited me frequently, and regaled me with Lectures of Morality, upon the Wrong that I did my Confcience, Honour and Fortune. I patiently heard him, and pardoned his Zeal, knowing from what Source it flowed. Sometimes I rallyed him in *Moll's* Prefence, and exhorted him not to be more fcrupulous, than the greateft part of the Bifhops and other Priefts, who know perfectly well how to reconcile a Miftrefs with a Benefice. See, *faid I*, fhewing him *Moll's* Eyes, and tell me if there are any Faults that fuch a fair Caufe cannot juftify. He took Patience, and extended it to a certain Point; but when he faw that my Wealth increafed, and that I had not only returned his hundred Piftoles, but hired another Houfe, and augmented my Equipage, he changed his Tone and Manner, complaining bitterly of my Hardnefs of Heart, threatning me with Punifhment from Heaven, and prophefying a Part of the Misfortunes that foon came upon me. It is impoffible, *faid he*, that the Riches which ferve to entertain you in your Diforders, can be lawfully acquired, and as they have come by unjuft Means, they will be taken from you the fame Way, and the greateft Punifhment from Heaven, is to allow you the peaceable Enjoyment of them. All my Counfels, *added he*, have been ufelefs, and I fee but too plainly, that they would foon importune you: Adieu ungrateful deluded Friend; may your criminal Pleafures be fleeting as the Wind, and vanifh as Smoke! May your Fortune and Money perifh without Refource! And *may you remain folitary* and naked, that you may *feel the Vanity* of Pleafures, with which you are *intoxicated! It* is then, and only then, that yo

shall find me dispofed to love and ferve you; but this Day I give up all Correfpondence with you, and I deteft the Life that you lead. It was in my own Chamber and in *Moll's* Prefence, that he pronounced this apoftolical Harangue; after which, he rofe to be gone. I wanted to ftop him, but was prevented by *Moll*, who told me, he was a Fool, whom I ought not to detain.

His Difcourfe made fome Impreffion upon me, of which I take Notice, and of the different Occafions, in which my Heart tended to what was good, becaufe it is to that Remembrance I owed, in the Sequel, a Part of my Conftancy in the moft unhappy Circumftances of my Life. But *Moll's* Careffes diffipated, in a Moment, the gloomy Thoughts which this Scene had raifed in my Breaft. We continued to lead a Life compofed of Pleafures and Love, which was redoubled by the Increafe of our Riches, fo that *Venus* and the fickle Goddefs *Fortune* had no fuch happy Slaves. Gods! Why is the World called a Place of Mifery, fince we may tafte fuch delicious Pleafures in it? But alas! here lyes the Rub, they are momentary and fleeting; and were they durable, as they are delightful, what other Felicity could we defire. Our's had the common Fate, that is to fay, lafted but a fhort Time, and was followed by many bitter Draughts.

Mr. *Lefcaut* having invited us to Supper, it was near twelve at Night before we returned home. I called for my Footman and *Moll* for her Maid, but neither of them appeared, and we were told, that they had left the Houfe about eight o'Clock, after carrying off fome Trunks by our Orders. I began immediately to fufpect fomething, and was foon confirmed in my Opinion. The Lock of my Clofet had been forced, and my Money and Clothes carried off, and while I was meditating upon this unhapp[illegible] Ever[illegible] came running in, very much frigh[illegible]

ed, to tell me that they had made the ſame Havock in her Apartment. This Accident appeared to be ſo cruel, that nothing but a laſt Effort of Reaſon could prevent my Cries and Tears; but leſt my Deſpair ſhould have a bad Effect upon *Moll*, I put as good a Face as poſſible upon it, and told her jeſtingly, that ſome Bubble at the Gaming-houſe ſhould pay for this; nevertheleſs our Misfortune ſunk ſo deep in her Mind, that her Affliction gave me much more Pain than my feigned Joy could give her Comfort. We are undone, *ſaid ſhe*, with Tears in her Eyes. I endeavoured to comfort her with my Careſſes, but my own Tears betrayed the Situation of my Mind. In effect, we were ſo abſolutely ruined, that we had not a Shirt left.

I ſent immediately for Mr. *Leſcaut*, who adviſed me to go directly to the *Lieutenant de Police*, and the grand Sheriff of *Paris*. I went, but to augment my Misfortune, for, what I as well as theſe two Magiſtrates did, was to no purpoſe, and my Abſence gave *Leſcaut* an Opportunity of entertaining his Siſter, and of inſpiring her with a horrible Reſolution. He ſpoke to her of Mr. *de M— G—* an old Lecher, who paid Favours with great Profuſion, and made her ſenſible of ſo many Advantages that attended her being in his keeping, that ſhe yielded to whatever he propoſed; ſo that this honourable Project was concluded on before my Return, and the Execution only delayed till next Day that *Leſcaut* was to ſpeak to *M— G—* I found him waiting for me at my Lodging, but *Moll* was gone to bed in her own Apartment, and had given Orders to a Servant to tell me that, being in the greateſt Diſorder with our Misfortune, ſhe begged to be alone that Night. *Leſcaut*, after offering me a few *Piſtoles, which I* accepted, went away and left me *alone. It* was near four o'Clock before I went to *bed, where I* was muſing a long Time, how to re-

eſtabliſh my ſhattered Fortune; I at laſt fell into a profound Sleep, and did not wake till eleven o'-Clock, when I got up in a Hurry to go and inform myſelf about *Moll*'s Health. I was told by the People of the Houſe, that ſhe was gone out about an Hour before with her Brother in a Hackney-Coach. Though this going out with *Leſcaut* ſeemed a little myſterious, I endeavoured to ſmother my Suſpicions, and paſt ſome Hours in reading; but at laſt, my Impatience getting the better of me, I got up and walked up and down our Apartments, as a Man uneaſy and diſquieted. In the Chamber where *Moll* had lain laſt Night, I perceived a ſealed Letter upon the Table addreſſed to me, and writ with her Hand. I opened it with a mortal Shivering, and here is what it contained.

"I ſwear to thee, my dear Chevalier, that thou "art the Idol of my Heart, and that there is none "in the World I can love in the Manner I do thee; "but doſt thou not ſee, my poor dear Lover, that, "in the State to which we are reduced, Fidelity "is a fooliſh Virtue! Doſt thou think that there can "be Tenderneſs where there is Want of Bread? "Hunger would make me guilty of a fatal Miſtake; "I ſhould, ſome Day or other, inſtead of a love "Sigh, breath my laſt. I adore thee, depend up-"on it, but leave to my Conduct, for ſome Time, "the Management of our Fortune. Woe be to "him who falls into my Clutches. All my Views "are to render my Chevalier rich and happy. My "Brother will tell thee News of thy *Moll*, and "that the Neceſſity of leaving thee drew Floods "of Tears from her Eyes."

AFTER reading this Letter I remained in a Condition not to be deſcribed, for I am ignorant to this Hour with what kind of Thoughts I was then poſ-ſeſſed, and it may juſtly be called one of thoſe ſin-r Situations, that one has never before experi mente

mented. One cannot explain them to others, becauſe they have no Idea of them, and we can ſcarce unravel them to ourſelves, becauſe, being without a Parallel, Memory can recal nothing of the Kind, nor can they come within the Reach of common Sentiments. Neverthleleſs, of what kind ſoever mine were, Grief, Anger, Jealouſy, and Shame, were certainly in the Plea, and happy had I been, if Love had ſtood off! She loves me, I will believe it; *but cried I*, would ſhe not be a Monſter to hate me? What Right had ever any Mortal to a Heart that I have not to hers! What remains for me to do, after all that I have ſacrificed for her? And yet ſhe abandons me, and the Ingrate thinks herſelf ſcreened from my Reproaches, by telling me ſhe ſtill loves me. She's afraid of Hunger, *Great God of Love!* what mean Sentiments, how ill this correſponds with my Delicacy! I was not apprehenſive of it, when I voluntarily renounced my Fortune, and the Conveniencies of my Father's Table and Houſe, for the Love of her. I who have refuſed myſelf even Neceſſaries to gratify her little Humours and Caprices: She adores me, *ſays ſhe*, falſe Creature! If that were true, I know whom thou wouldſt have conſulted; at leaſt, thou wouldſt not have left me without a Farewel! It is I that can tell what cruel Pains one feels on a Separation from a Perſon dearly loved. And ſurely one muſt be ſtark-mad to undergo them voluntarily.

My Complaints were interrupted by a Viſit which I little expected, that of *Leſcaut.* Traitor, *ſaid I*, clapping my Hand to my Sword, where is *Moll?* What haſt thou done with her? This Tranſport frightened him, and he anſwered that it was thus I received him, when he came to inform me *of the beſt Service* he poſſibly could render me, he *would retire*, and never ſet his Foot in my Houſe *again*; upon which, I ran to the Chamber D

and locked it. Do not imagine, *said I*, turning about, that it ſhall be in thy Power to deceive me once more by Fables, thou muſt defend thy Life or reſtore *Moll*. Hey Day! *replied he*, the Man's in a Paſſion; why, could you but have a little Patience, I would tell you, that I came here with better News, than you could have expected, and which perhaps will let you know, that you are more obliged to me than you imagine. I deſired to be informed directly, and he told me that *Moll* being terrified at the Thoughts of Miſery, and greatly confounded with the ſhocking Ideas of no more Coach, had intreated him to make her acquainted with Mr. *de M. G.* who had the Character of a generous Man. He took Care not to tell me that the Project was of his hatching, or that he had paved the Road before ſhe ſaw this new Lover. I conducted her this Morning, *continued he*, to his Houſe, and this honeſt Gentleman was ſo charmed with her Merit, that he invited her directly to go and remain two or three Days with him at his Country Houſe. I, *added Leſcaut*, who immediately conceived of what Advantage this might be to you, gave him to underſtand, in a genteel Manner, that *Moll* had lately ſuffered great Loſſes, and I had the Art to wind him up to ſuch a Pitch of Generoſity, that he at once made her a Preſent of two hundred Piſtoles. I told him that this was handſom, but that my Siſter would in the Sequel labour under great Difficulties, particularly in taking Care of a young Brother that we had the Charge of after the Deceaſe of our Father and Mother, and that if he thought her worthy of his Eſteem, he would not allow her to ſuffer in this poor young Lad, whom ſhe loved as ſhe did herſelf. He was ſo moved at *this Story*, that he engaged himſelf to hire a convenient *Houſe* for *Moll* and you, for this poor little *Brother ſo* much to be pitied, is your own ſweet ſelf

ſelf; he has promiſed to furniſh your Houſe in a genteel Manner, and to allow you four hundred Livres monthly, which, if I be not miſtaken, make four Thouſand eight Hundred yearly. He left Orders with his Steward, before he went to the Country, to hire a Houſe, and to have it ready for her Reception upon his Return. You'll then ſee *Moll* again, who ordered me to aſſure you that ſhe loves you more than ever. I ſat down muſing upon this fantaſtical Project, and was attacked with ſo many different Thoughts at the ſame Time, that I could make no Anſwer to many Queſtions that *Leſcaut* asked me. This was one of the critical Moments, in which Honour and Virtue made me once more feel the Stings of Remorſe, and in which I mournfully called to mind *Amiens*, my Father's Houſe, *St. Sulpice*, and all the Places where I had lived with Innocence. By what an immenſe Space was I now ſeparated from that happy State! I ſaw it only now at a Diſtance, as a Shadow which attracted my Deſires and Wiſhes, but too weak to fix my Reſolution. By what Fatality, *ſaid I*, am I become ſo criminal? Love is an innocent Paſſion; how comes it then to be changed into a Source of Miſeries and Diſorders to me? What hindred me to live peaceably and virtuouſly with *Moll?* Why did not I wed her before I attempted to enjoy her? Would not my Father, who loves me ſo tenderly, have conſented, had I ſolicited him in a dutiful Manner! Ah! he would certainly have cheriſhed her as a charming Daughter too worthy of being his Son's Spouſe. I ſhould have been happy in *Moll's* Love, in my Father's Affection, in the Eſteem of Men of Honour, in Fortune's Favours, and in the Peace of Mind and Conſcience, that Virtue and Innocence *can only* afford. Fatal Reverſe! what infamous Part is *here* propoſed to me? What ſhall I tamely ſha . . . . . *but* am I to form any Difficulties if.

Orders be ſuch, and if I muſt have this Complaiſance or loſe her? Mr. *Leſcaut*, cried I, ſhutting my Eyes as if that would help me drive away ſuch melancholy Reflections, if your Intentions were to ſerve me I return you Thanks. You might perhaps have thought of a more honourable Way, but as it is, I ſuppoſe, a Thing concluded on, and not to be recalled, let us think of nothing but to fulfil your Project. *Leſcaut*, whom my Anger, and afterwards my Silence had not a little perplexed, being very far from a Man of Bravery, of which I had better Proofs in the Sequel, was charmed to find that I had come to a Reſolution quite different from what he for ſome Minutes apprehended. Yes, yes, *anſwered he*, in a Hurry, I have rendered you a good Service, and you'll find in the Event greater Advantages from it than what you are now aware of. We held Counſel how we ſhould prevent the Suſpicion which Mr. *M. G.* might have of our Fraternity, when he found that I was bigger and older than he perhaps imagined. We concluded, that the beſt Way was for me to affect the ſimple country Air, and to tell him that my Inclination was intirely for the eccleſiaſtical State, and that I went in that View to College. We reſolved that I ſhould be but indifferently dreſſed the firſt Time I was to be preſented to him, and appear quite ſilly and aukward. In five or ſix Days he returned to Town, and conducted *Moll* to the Houſe prepared for her. She immediately ſent her Brother word, who acquainted me, and we went together to her Houſe, but the old Lover had already left her.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Reſignation with which I ſubmitted to her Will, yet I could not hinder my Heart from murmuring when we met, ſo that I appeared ſad and melancholy, and her Infidelity diminiſhed the Joy which her Preſence [illegible] me. She on the contrary ſeemed to be in Rap-

tu-

tures upon ſeeing me, reproached me for my Coldneſs and Indifference. The Words perfidious and falſe accompanied Sighs which broke forth whether I would or not. At firſt ſhe rallied me upon my Simplicity; but when ſhe obſerved that I ſtill eyed her with melancholy Looks, and could not digeſt a Change ſo contrary to my Humour and Deſires, ſhe retired to her Cloſet, where, having followed her a little Time after, I found her all in Tears, and having asked the Cauſe, 'tis eaſy for thee to find it out, *ſaid ſhe*, how wouldſt thou have me to behave, if my Preſence is only proper to make thee penſive and melancholy? Thou haſt been here a whole Hour without ſo much as embracing me, and received my Careſſes with the Majeſty of a *Grand Turk* in his Seraglio. Hear me, *Moll*, anſwered I, taking her in my Arms, I cannot conceal the terrible Situation of my Heart. I don't pretend to mention the Alarm which your unexpected Flight gave me, nor your Cruelty in abandoning me without one Word of Comfort; or your paſſing the Night with another Bed-fellow. The Enchantment that accompanies your Perſon and Preſence would make me forget much more than all this. But do you believe, *continued I*, that I can think without Sighs and even Tears, of which ſome Drops fell from my Eyes, upon the ſad and wretched Life that you will have me to lead in this Houſe? Let us lay aſide my Birth and Honour, ſuch trifling Conſiderations are not to be put in Balance with ſuch a Paſſion as mine. But this very Paſſion, do not you imagine that it muſt repine to be ſo ill rewarded; I dare not ſay to be ſo tyrannically treated by an ungrateful cruel Miſtreſs? Come, *ſaid ſhe*, my Chevalier, 'tis needleſs to torment me with Reproaches that pierce my Heart, when they come from you. I ſee where the Shoe pinches you. I was in [illegible] that you would conſent to my Project of [illegible]

our Fortune, and it was out of a Regard to your Delicacy that I had begun to execute it without your Participation, but I give it up ſince you don't approve of it; adding, that ſhe only asked a little of my Complaiſance, for the remaining Part of the Day; that ſhe had received already two hundred Piſtoles from her old Lover, and that he had promiſed to bring her in the Evening a fine Pearl Necklace with other Jewels, and one half of her yearly Penſion. Give me only Time, *ſaid ſhe*, to receive theſe Preſents, and I ſwear to you that he ſhall not have the Satisfaction to have paſſed a Night with me, for I put him off till we ſhould return to Town, and I ſettled in my own Houſe. I confeſs he has kiſſed my Hands a Million of Times; 'Tis juſt that he ſhould pay for this Favour; and five or ſix thouſand Livres are not too much conſidering his Riches and Age.

Her Reſolution was much more agreeable to me than the Expectation of five thouſand Livres, and I had on this Occaſion an Opportunity to diſcover that my Heart had not loſt all Sentiments of Honour, ſince it was ſo well pleaſed to avoid Infamy. But I was born for ſhort Pleaſures and long Troubles, and Fortune only delivered me from one Precipice to tumble me down a worſe; when I had teſtified, by a thouſand Embraces, how happy this Change made me, I told her that it would be neceſſary to let *Leſcaut* into the Secret, that we might jointly concert Meaſures. He at firſt murmured, but the four or five thouſand Livres brought him over. It was therefore reſolved that we ſhould all three ſup with Mr. *de G. M.* for two Reaſons; the one, for the Diverſion of ſuch an agreeable Scene as my paſſing for a Scholar, Brother to *Moll*, and the other, *to prevent this* old Letcher from taking Liberties *with my Miſtreſs*, which he might imagine his Liberalities gave him a juſt Title to. Leſcaut and

were to retire when he went up Stairs to his Bed-room, where he was to take Poſſeſſion of his new Acquiſition, and *Moll*, inſtead of following him, promiſed to give him the Slip and decamp with us in a Coach, which *Leſcaut* took Care to have waiting at the Gate.

The Hour of Supper being come, Mr. *G. M.* did not make us wait for him. *Leſcaut* was with his Siſter in the Parlour. The old Gentleman's firſt Compliment was preſenting to his Goddeſs a Necklace, Lockets and Ear-rings, that were worth a hundred Piſtoles at leaſt, and then counting down in good *Louis d'Ors*, the Sum of two thouſand four hundred Livres which was the exact half of the Year's Penſion, he ſeaſoned his Preſent with many old Court Compliments. *Moll* could not refuſe him ſome Kiſſes, which were dearly paid. I was at the Door liſtening and waiting 'till *Leſcaut* introduced me. When *Moll* had put her Jewels and Money in a Place of Safety, he came and conducted me by the Hand towards Mr. *de G. M.* ordering me to make my Bow, and I made half a Dozen very profound. He is a Boy that is quite new, and I hope, Sir, *ſaid Leſcaut*, that you'll excuſe him. He is far from having, as you ſee, the Airs of *Paris*, but we are in Hopes that he will mend his Manners. You will have the Honour, *ſaid he, turning to me*, to ſee this Gentleman often here, and I would adviſe you to do all that is in your Power to pleaſe him. The old Enamorato gently chucked me under the Chin, telling me that I was a pretty Boy, but that I muſt be upon my Guard at *Paris*, where Youth was very liable to be corrupted. *Leſcaut* aſſured him that I was naturally ſo modeſt, and well inclined, that nothing but being a Prieſt run in my Head, and that all my Pleaſure was to make little Chapels. I find a great Reſemblance, *ſaid the old Dotard*, between him and Moll. I anſwer

[illegible] in our Churches at Rome [illegible] I shall meet with [illegible] All our Conversation during Supper was upon the same Strain, and Moll [illegible] Laughter. I took the Opportunity to tell him his own Story, and the bad Luck that threatened him. *Lefcaut* and *Moll* were trembling all the Time of my Narration, particularly when I drew his own Picture to the Life, but I was very sure that Self love would prevent his applying any Thing I said to himself, and I conducted my Story so artfully to a Conclusion, that he was the first that found it ludicrous. You will see that it is not without Reasons that I enlarge upon this ridiculous Scene. At last, the Hour of going to Bed drawing nigh, he proposed that *Moll* should go to her Apartment. *Lefcaut* and I retired. He was conducted to her Chamber, and she, under Pretence of some natural Necessity, came out to us waiting at the Gate, and getting all three into the Coach, we were in a Moment far enough from the expecting Lover.

I own that there was something roguish in this action, yet I could not think that this Money was unjustly got, as what I had gained at Play; nevertheless we had as little Good by the one as the other, and Heaven permitted that the slightest of these Injustices was most rigorously punished. Mr. *G— M—*, soon perceived that he had been tricked

tricked, and I know not if he took ſome Steps that very Night to diſcover us, but he had Credit enough not to make many without Effect, and we Imprudence enough to depend too much on the Bigneſs of *Paris*, and of the Diſtance from the Quarter of the Town where we lived to this Houſe. He was not only informed of our Lodgings and of our Affairs, but alſo who I was, the Life that I had led at *Paris*, *Moll's* Commerce with *B*——, and how ſhe had tricked him; in one Word, all the Parts of our Story. Upon which he reſolved to have us taken up as arrant Cheats and Libertines. We were in Bed when an *Exempt* of the *Lieutenant de Police's* entered our Chamber, with half a Dozen of Guards. The firſt Thing they did was to ſeize on our Money, or rather, on that of Mr. *G. M.* and having made us get up quickly, they conducted us to the Gate, where two Coaches were waiting; in one of which poor *Moll* was carried to the Work-houſe, and I in the other to St. *Lazare*. To judge of ſuch Cataſtrophes, one muſt have had Experience of the Deſpair into which they plunge us. Our Guards had the Barbarity neither to allow me to embrace *Moll* nor to ſay a Word to her, and it was long before I knew what was become of her, which was no Doubt a Happineſs for me, for I certainly ſhould have loſt my Judgment and perhaps my Life.

My unfortunate Miſtreſs was dragged to the Work-houſe. What Fate for a charming Creature, who would have been placed upon a Throne if all the Men had my Eyes and Heart? Though ſhe was not treated with the utmoſt Rigour, yet ſhe was cloſely confined, and condemned to a daily Taſk, as a neceſſary Condition to obtain ſome poor Victuals. This I only learned after having undergone ſeveral Months of rude Penance. I did not know to what Priſon my Guards were conducting me till we ar-

rived at the Gate of St. *Lazare* *, and as I had terrible Ideas of that Place, I would have preferred Death to being confined in it. After ſearching my Pockets a ſecond Time for Arms, the Superior appeared, and welcomed me with great Civility and Modeſty. Father, *ſaid I*, no Indignities, for I will loſe a thouſand Lives rather than ſuffer the leaſt. No, no, Sir, *anſwered he*, I hope you will behave diſcreetly, and we ſhall be ſatisfied with one another. I was conducted by the Guards to a high Chamber where they left the Superior and me.

I am now Father, *ſaid I*, your Priſoner, what do you pretend to do with me? He anſwered, that he was charmed to ſee me behave with ſo much Calmneſs and Diſcretion; that his Duty with Reſpect to me, was to endeavour to make me reliſh Virtue and Religion, and that mine was to make a good Uſe of his Advices and Exhortations; adding, that if I did but correſpond ever ſo little, with the Regard that he would have for me, I ſhould find nothing but Pleaſure and Satisfaction in my Solitude. Alas! Pleaſure, *replied I*, you are ignorant of the only Thing that can afford me any. I know your Story, *ſaid he*, but I hope your Inclination will change; what a mortifying Thing was it to me, to think that I was to become the Town-talk, and a Diſgrace to my Family; for ſome Days I did nothing but ſob, cry, and ſigh, and my Ignominy was ſtill preſent before my Eyes. Even the Remembrance of *Moll* added nothing to my Grief, and what poſſeſſed my Mind above all was Shame and Confuſion. Few Perſons are acquainted with theſe particular Motions of the Heart. The Vulgar are only ſenſible of five or ſix Paſſions, in the Circle

* *A Sort of Priſon kept by Prieſts, where Parents ſend Boys that contract bad Habits, and where they underg[o] [wh]ipping and ſevere Uſage.*

whereof their whole Life is paſt, and to which all their Agitations are reducible. Take from them Love and Hatred, Pleaſure and Pain, Hope and Fear, and nothing elſe affects them. But Perſons of a certain Character can be affected a thouſand different Ways: It would ſeem that they had more than five Senſes, and that they are capable of Ideas and Senſations that paſs the Limits of Nature; and as they have a Sentiment of that Grandeur, which elevates them above the Vulgar, there's nothing they are more jealous of. From thence ariſes their Impatience under Contempt or Mockery, and that Shame is one of their moſt violent Paſſions.

I had this melancholy Advantage at St. *Lazare*, and my Affliction ſeemed to be ſo exceſſive to the Superior, that dreading the Conſequences, he thought proper to treat me with Mildneſs and Indulgence. He viſited me twice or thrice every Day, carried me now and then to take a Turn with him in the Garden, where he exhauſted himſelf in Exhortations and ſalutary Advices, which I received in good Part, and even teſtified my Acknowledgment; on which he founded the Hopes of my Converſion. You are of ſuch a ſweet and affable Temper, *ſaid he one Day*, that I can ſcarce allow myſelf to think you capable of the Diſorders with which you are accuſed. Two Things aſtoniſh me in the firſt Place, how with ſo good Qualities, you have given yourſelf up to Debauchery; and in the next Place, how you ſo willingly receive my Advices and Inſtructions, after having lived ſeveral Years in habitual Diſorders. If it proceeds from Repentance, you are a remarkable Inſtance of God's Mercy; and if it be natural Goodneſs, you have at leaſt an excellent Foundation of moral Rectitude, which makes me hope that we ſhall not have Occaſion to keep you long here, to bring you to the Reſolution of leading an honeſt and regular Life.

was charmed to find him possessed with so favourable an Opinion of me, and resolved to augment it by a Conduct that would intirely gain him, being persuaded that it was the best Way to shorten my Confinement. I begged he would lend me Books, and he was surprized to see me make Choice of serious and religious Authors. But instead of applying myself to reading as he fancied, I must own to my Shame, that when I was alone I did nothing but lament my Fate, curse my Prison, and the Tyrants that kept me in it; and I had no sooner some Respite from what Shame and Confusion made me suffer, than I fell again into the Torments of Love. The Absence of *Moll*, the Uncertainty of her Fate, the Dread of never seeing her more, were the only Subject of my melancholy Meditations. I believed her in the Arms of Mr. *de G. M.* not imagining that he had treated her as he had me, whom I thought he had got out of the Way, that he might quietly possess her. It was thus I passed the Days and Nights, consuming myself in vain and empty Complaints, and had no other Hopes but in the Success of my Hypocrisy. I carefully observed the Countenance and Discourse of my Superior, to know his Sentiments of me, and endeavoured to please him as the sole Arbiter of my Destiny. I could easily perceive that I was in great Favour with him, and did not doubt but that he was disposed to render me Service; so that I pulled up my Courage, and asked if my Enlargement depended on him. He told me that he was not absolutely Master, but that upon his Testimony, he hoped that Mr. *de G. M.* at whose Instance the *Lieutenant de Police* had ordered my Confinement, would consent to my Liberty. May I flatter myself, *said I*, that two Months of a Prison will appear to him to be a sufficient Expiation. He promised to speak to him if I inclined, and I intreated that he would do me this goo[d]

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Office. Two Days after he told me, that from the favourable Report he had made, Mr. *de G. M.* had been fo moved, that he not only feemed inclinable to procure my Liberty, but had teftified an earneft Defire to be more particularly acquainted with me, and therefore propofed to render me a Vifit in my Prifon. Though his Prefence could not be agreeable to me, yet I looked upon it as a Means of my being fpeedily fet at Liberty. It was not long before he came to St. *Lazare*, and I could obferve an Air more fedate and compofed, than when he was acting the Lover at *Moll's* Houfe. He faid feveral fenfible Things upon my bad Conduct, and *added*, no Doubt to juftify his own Diforders, that Man's Weaknefs allowed the Ufe of certain Pleafures which Nature required; but that Roguery and fhameful Artifices deferved to be punifhed. I bore all patiently, and even fome Railleries upon my pretended Fraternity with *Lefcaut* and his Sifter, and upon the little Chapels, of which, *faid he*, I fuppofe you have made a great many here fince you took fo much Pleafure in this pious Occupation; but unfortunately for him as well as for me, *he added*, that *Moll* had no Doubt made pretty ones too at the Work-houfe. Notwithftanding the trembling into which the very Name of Work-houfe threw me, I had ftill the Power to beg of him, in a very calm Manner, to explain himfelf. Oh yes, *replied he*, fhe has been for two Months learning to be wife at the Work-houfe, and I wifh fhe may have reaped as much Benefit as you at St. *Lazare*.

THOUGH I had been to be condemned to an eternal Prifon, and even to Death itfelf, I could not have been Mafter of my firft Tranfport when I heard this horrid News. I threw myfelf upon him with fuch Fury that I loft the Half of my Strength: I had, however, enough to throw him to the Grou

and was throtling him when he was almost strangled, brought the Superior and several Religious into my Chamber, who delivered him from my Rage. O God! *cried I*, just Heaven! must I survive such Infamy. I made a second Attempt to be at the Barbarian who had assassinated me, but was stopped, which made me weep most bitterly. The Spectators, who were ignorant of the Cause, looked at one another with Dread and Surprize. In the mean Time, Mr. *de G. M.* was putting his Wig and Cravat to rights, and to be revenged of his ill Usage, ordered the Superior to confine me closer than ever, and to punish me with all the Rigour that is practised in that Place. No, Sir, *said the* Superior, we are not accustomed to use a Person of the Chevalier's Birth in that Manner; besides he is so discreet and well behaved, that I cannot allow myself to think he has been transported to such Extremities without strong Reasons. This Answer added to Mr. *G. M*'s Confusion, so that he went out saying, that he knew how to humble not only the Superior and me, but all who durst resist him.

The Superior, having ordered the others that were present to conduct him, remained alone with me, and begged that I would immediately tell him the Cause of our Quarrel, which I did, not forgetting the long and fatal Passion which I had for *Moll*, and of which neither Reason nor Religion could bring about my Cure. He could easily perceive by what I told him, from what Source flowed Mr. *G. M.*'s Zeal for my Conversion, and that Revenge had pushed him to get me shut up in this Place, and the poor charming Creature *Moll* in the Work-house. O villainous Barbarity, to use the Master-piece of Nature in such a monstrous *Manner!* The good Father was extremely moved with my Affliction, and told me, that he had not been informed rightly of my Adventure

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having hitherto believed that what Mr. *G. M.* had done, proceeded from Friendſhip to my Family, as he himſelf had inſinuated to him; but that what I had now told him altered the Caſe extremely, and that he made no Doubt but a faithful Report, which he intended to make to the *Lieutenant de Police*, would contribute to my Liberty. He then aſked, why I had not informed my Parents ſince they had no Hand in my Captivity. I repreſented my Apprehenſions of the Grief which ſuch News muſt have given my Father, and how much I ſhould have been aſhamed myſelf to write him any ſuch Thing. In ſhort, the good old Prieſt promiſed to go that Moment to the Magiſtrate, were it for no other Reaſon but to prevent the Malice of Mr. *G. M.* who would leave no Stone unturned to be revenged of the laſt Affront.

AFTER many Schemes how to get out of my Priſon, in Caſe the Superior did not ſucceed with the *Lieutenant de Police*, I at laſt fixed on one which I reſolved to put in Execution, after I loſt all other Hopes by Means of the Superior, who having executed his Promiſe told me on his Return, that *G. M.* had been before-hand with him, and had ſo far prepoſſeſſed the Magiſtrate againſt me, that he was juſt going to ſend him new Orders for my cloſer Confinement. However when I informed him, *continued he*, of the real State of your Affairs, he appeared to be much ſoftened, and after ſmiling at the Incontinency of the old *G. M.* told me, that to ſatisfy him, you muſt remain ſix Months here, the rather, *added he*, becauſe your Stay could not but prove to your Advantage. He recommended to me to uſe you well, and I promiſe that you ſhall have no Cauſe to be diſſatisfied with me.

WHILE the Superior rendered me an Account of his Negotiation, I had Time enough to reflect the Behaviour that was propereſt for me. To ex-

too great an Anxiety for my Deliverance was the Means to make all my Designs miscarry; on the contrary, I represented to him, that since the Continuation of my Confinement was a Thing concluded upon, it was a great Comfort to me that I had some small Part in his Esteem; after which I begged of him without Affectation, to grant me a Favour that concerned no-body but myself, and would contribute much to my Tranquillity, *viz.* to inform a pious Ecclesiastick at St. *Sulpice* a Friend of mine of my being here, and to allow me sometimes the Pleasure of his edifying Visits. *Tiberge* was the Man I wanted, and the Superior made no Scruple to acquaint him; not that I expected the necessary Assistance to recover my Liberty from him, but that I designed to make Use of him as an Instrument without his Knowledge. In one Word, here's my Project. I resolved to write to *Lescaut*, that he and our Friends might try to rescue me. The first Difficulty was how to convey my Letter to him, this was to be *Tiberge*'s Business, and yet as he knew him to be my Mistress's Brother, I was afraid that he would not willingly accept of this Commission, and therefore I resolved to inclose *Lescaut*'s Letter, in one directed to an honest Man of my Acquaintance, begging of him to deliver it speedily, according to the Direction; and as it was necessary that I should see *Lescaut*, that we might concert Matters, I resolved that he should demand Admission to me under the Name of my eldest Brother, who had come to *Paris* on Purpose to be informed of my Adventure. The Superior sent next Day to *Tiberge* to acquaint him, that I earnestly desired to see him. This faithful Friend had not lost Sight of me so far as to be ignorant of my being at *St. Lazare*, and perhaps he was not very much concerned at this Misfortune, which he hoped might [illegible]se to reclaim me. The Moment he was informe[illegible]

formed that I wanted to see him, he came running to my Prison.

OUR Conversation was extremely cordial. He desired to be informed of my Situation and Intentions, and I laid my Heart open to him without Reserve, except my designed Flight. 'Tis not to you, dear Friend, *said I*, that I will appear to be what I am not. If you have imagined to find here a Friend discreet and regular in his Desires, a Libertine awaked out of his criminal Lethargy by the Chastisements of Heaven; in one Word, a Heart disengaged from Love, and Proof against the Charms of his *Moll*, you have made too favourable a Judgment of me. You see me just what you left me four Months since, always in Love, and always unfortunate by that fatal Passion, in which with unwearied Endeavours I seek to be happy. He answered, that the Confession I made rendered me inexcusable; that in Reality it was no surprising Thing to see Sinners intoxicated with the false Glare of Vice, so as to prefer it to the real Brilliant of Virtue, but still they were attached to an Image of Happiness, and were deceived by Appearance; but to acknowledge as I did, that the Object of my Attachments was only proper to render me criminal and unfortunate, and to continue to precipitate myself voluntarily into Crimes and Misfortunes, was a downright Contradiction of Sentiments and Actions, which did no Honour to my Judgment. *Tiberge*, *said I*, how easy it is for you to conquer when your Arms meet with no Opposition, let me argue in my Turn. Can you pretend to say, that what you call the Happiness of Virtue is exempted from Troubles, Crosses, and carking Cares? What Name will you assign to Prisons, Racks, and Tortures of Tyrants? Will you chime in with the *Mysticks*, and tell us that what torments the Body *is a Happiness* to the Soul; to be sure you would

ſupport ſuch an unwarrantable Paradox. This Happineſs then that you ſo much extol is attended with a thouſand Croſſes, or to ſpeak more properly, is nothing but a Series of Misfortunes, through which one puſhes to get at Happineſs. Now if by the Force of Imagination one may feel a Pleaſure in the very Pains, becauſe they are conducive to lead us to the happy Point that we aim at, why do you treat as contradictory and fooliſh in my Conduct the very ſame Diſpoſition? I love *Moll*, and ſtruggle with many Cares and Croſſes, that I may at laſt live quietly and happily with her. The Road indeed, in which I now walk, is extremely rough and rugged, but the Hopes of arriving at the End of my Journey keeps up my Heart, and one Moment of her Preſence is a ſufficient Recompence in my Way of thinking, for all that I ſuffer to obtain it. From all which I conclude, that your Maxims and mine ſeem to be upon a pretty equal Footing; or if there be any Difference it is in my Favour, for the Happineſs I aim at is near, and your's at a great Diſtance; mine reſembles Pains, that is to ſay, affects the Body, but the other is a Thing unknown, and only certain by Faith.

TIBERGE appeared to be terrified with this Reaſoning, and told me in a moſt ſerious Manner, that what I had ſaid, not only contradicted good Senſe, but was a wretched Sophiſm of Impiety and Irreligion; for that Compariſon, *added he*, of the Term of your Pains, with that propoſed by Religion, is a moſt lewd and monſtrous Idea. I confeſs, *replied I*, that it is not juſt; but reflect a little, and you'll find that it is not to this Point that my Arguments tend. My Deſign was to explain what you look upon as a Contradiction in the Perſeverance of an unhappy Amour, and I think I have ſufficiently *proved* that if it be one, you can no more eſcape *than I*. 'Tis with Reſpect to that only, that I have

ave treated Things as equal, and I ſtill affirm that hey are ſo. Will you anſwer that the Charms of Virtue are infinitely ſuperior to thoſe of Love? Who lenies it? But is this the Queſtion! And is not the Caſe which of the two are moſt capable to ſupport Troubles? Let us judge by the Effect. How many will you find that deſert rigid Virtue, and how few that abandon Love? Will you again anſwer that if there are Troubles that accompany Virtue, they are not infallible and neceſſary; that we find no Tyrants nor Racks now, and that we ſee a great Number of virtuous Perſons who lead a quiet and peaceable Life? I can tell you too, that there are happy and fortunate Amours, and what makes a Difference very much in my Favour, I ſhall add that Love, though it often enough deceives, promiſes at leaſt nothing but Satisfactions and Joys; whereas Religion tells us, that we muſt lay our Accounts with a melancholy and mortifying Practice. Don't be alarmed, *added I, ſeeing his Zeal ready to take Fire*, the only Concluſion that I am to draw from all this is, that there can be no worſe Method to diſguſt a Heart at Love than to exclaim againſt the Sweets of it, and to promiſe more Happineſs in the Exerciſe of Virtue. In the Manner that we are compoſed, it is certain that our Felicity conſiſts in Pleaſure; I defy any Mortal to form another Idea: Now the Heart has no Occaſion to conſult itſelf long to be ſenſible, that of all Pleaſures the ſofteſt are thoſe of Love. When more charming Pleaſures are promiſed elſewhere, it ſoon perceives the Impoſition, and this diſpoſes it to be diffident of the moſt ſolid Promiſes. Preachers, you who ſtrive to bring me back to Virtue, tell me that it is indiſpenſably neceſſary, but fairly confeſs that it is *ſevere and toilſom.* Do all you can to prove that *the Pleaſures of* Love are momentary, that they are *forbidden, that* they are followed by eternal Pains

and what will ſtill perhaps make more Impreſſion upon me, that the more delightful and charming they are, the more abundantly Heaven will reward ſo great a Sacrifice; but confeſs that with ſuch Hearts as ours are, they are our greateſt Felicities here upon Earth. This Concluſion of my Diſcourſe put *Tiberge* in good Humour, and he agreed that my Thoughts were not altogether unreaſonable. The only Remark that he made was, why I did not, at leaſt, act up to my own Principles, by ſacrificing my Love to the Hopes of that Remuneration, of which I had formed ſo grand an Idea. O! my dear Friend, *ſaid I*, it is here that I know my Miſery and Weakneſs. Alas! it is my Duty to act as I argue, but is the former in my Power? What powerful Aſſiſtance muſt I have to forget the Charms of *Moll?* Ho! ho! *ſaid Tiberge*, if I am not miſtaken here is one to the Number of our *Janſeniſts.* I know not what I am, *replied I*, nor am I very certain what I ought to be; but I experience the Truth of what they ſay.

THIS Converſation ſerved, at leaſt, to renew my Friend's Pity, ſince he plainly ſaw that there was more Weakneſs than Malignity in my Diſorders, which prompted him the more to ſerve me, and without his Friendſhip I ſhould have miſerably periſhed. I concealed my Deſign of eſcaping from my Priſon, and only gave him a Letter which I had wrote before he came, and which he punctually delivered. *Leſcaut*, having got his that Evening, came next Day, and was admitted as my Brother. Let us loſe no Time, *ſaid I*, upon his coming in; in the firſt Place, tell me News of *Moll*, and then give me your Advice how I may get out of this Place. He told me that he had not been able to ſee his Siſter, though he had often attempted it. O wretched *G. M.* cried I, how dear ſhall all this coſt thee.

As to your Deliverance, it is not ſo eaſy a Matter as you may imagine. Two of my Friends and I have viſited all the out-ſide of the Houſe, and find it impracticable from without, ſo that ſome Stratagem muſt be fallen upon within Doors: No, *ſaid I*, though my Chamber Door be not ſhut, and that I have Liberty to walk in the Galleries by the Indulgence of the Superior, yet the Stairs are ſhut up with ſtrong Doors that are locked Night and Day, ſo that Addreſs alone will not do the Buſineſs. Hold, *continued I*, after a ſhort Pauſe upon a ſudden Thought that appeared excellent to me, could you bring me a Piſtol? Eaſily, replied *Leſcaut*, but have you an Intention to kill any Body? I aſſured him, that I was ſo far from it, that it was indifferent to me whether the Piſtol was loaded or not. Bring it to me to-morrow, *added I*, and fail not to come to the Gate with two or three of our Friends about eleven at Night, where I hope I ſhall be able to join you. He in vain preſſed me to explain myſelf a little more, but I told him that an Enterprize ſuch as mine could not be thought reaſonable, but by it's Succeſs. I begged he would ſhorten his Viſit, that he might the more readily be admitted next Day. He came and found no Difficulty to get in. He had a ſerious ſtayed Air, and any Body that did not know him would have taken him for a Man of Honour.

WHEN I found myſelf poſſeſſed of the Inſtrument of my Liberty, I was almoſt ſure of the Succeſs of my Project, which was, to ſpeak the Truth, whimſical and bold; but of what was I not capable, with the Motives that animated me! Since I had been allowed to walk in the Galleries I had obſerved, that the Porter brought all the Keys of the Doors *to the Superior*, and that after there was a profound *Silence all over* the Houſe, which was a Sign, that *every Body* was gone to Bed, I could eaſily go

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a Gallery of Communication from my own Chamber to the Superior's. My Resolution was to take his Keys, by frightening him with my Pistol, in case he made any Difficulty to give them.

THE Porter came at the usual Hour a little after nine, and I waited an Hour more, that all the Religious and Domesticks might be fast asleep. I then went to the Father's Door with the Pistol, and a lighted Candle, and knocked softly at first, that I might awake him without much Noise. He heard me at the second Stroke, and fancying, no doubt, that it was some of the Priests that were indisposed, and wanted Assistance, he got up to open the Door, but had the Precaution first to ask who was there, so that I was obliged to tell my Name, but affected a moanful Tone, that he might judge I was indisposed. Ah! is it you, my dear Son, *said he*, opening the Door, what brings you here so late? I went into his Chamber, and declared, that it was impossible for me to remain longer at *St. Lazare*; that the Silence of the Night favoured my going out, which I hoped he would consent to, by opening the Doors himself; or, by giving me the Keys to open them. The Compliment could not but surprise him; he looked at me for some Time without answering; but as I could not bear Delays, I resumed the Discourse to tell him that I was extremely sensible of his Favours, but that Liberty being the greatest of earthly Blessings, particularly to me who was unjustly deprived of it, I resolved to recover it this very Night at any Rate, and lest he should call for Assistance, I shewed him a sufficient Reason of Silence. A Pistol, *said he*, what are you resolved to kill me as a Recompence of the Regard I have had for you? God forbid, *answered I*, you have too much good Sense to put me under that Necessity; but I *will* be free, and if my Project should fail by your *Fault*, you are a dead Man. But my dear Son,

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ſaid he with a pale and frightened Countenance, what have I done that provokes you to ſeek my Death: No, no, *replied I with Impatience*, I have no Deſign to kill you, if you chuſe to live; open the Doors to me, and I am your Friend for ever. I laid hold of the Keys which I perceived lying on a Table, and deſired him to follow me, making the leaſt Noiſe that he could, which he was forced to do. As he was opening Door after Door, he often repeated ſighing, Ah! who would ever have thought it. No Noiſe, Father, *ſaid I as often as he complained.* At laſt, we came to a ſort of Rail before the great Gate, I behind the Father with a Candle in one Hand, and my Piſtol in the other, and while he was opening, a Domeſtick, who lay in a little Chamber near this Place, hearing ſome Noiſe, got out of Bed and looked out. The good Father thought him no doubt able to ſtop me, and very imprudently called him to his Aſſiſtance. He was a ſtout, ſtrong Fellow, and ruſhed immediately to ſeize me, upon which I cocked the Piſtol, and drew the Tricker, that if loaded, I might do his Buſineſs, and, to my Surpriſe, lodged, as I ſuppoſe, a Ball in his Breaſt. You are the Cauſe of this Misfortune, Father, *ſaid I*, but this muſt be no Stop, ſo finiſh, *puſhing him towards the great Gate*, what you have begun, which he ſhaking from Head to Foot, durſt not refuſe; ſo that I got ſafely out, and found my Friends waiting for me in the Street.

We immediately made the beſt of our Way. *Leſcaut* asked me if I had not fired my Piſtol. It is your Fault, *ſaid I*, why did you load it? Nevertheleſs I thanked him for his Precaution, without which, I had not been now where I am. When we were got to a Place of Safety, the unhappy Situation of my dear *Moll* was the firſt Thing that I thought of. She muſt be delivered, ſaid I to my

your Friends, I did not wish for my Liberty but upon that Account; I ask the Assistance of your [illegible], for my own Part I am resolved to risk my Life. Lescaut, who did not want Prudence, represented that my Escape, and the Misfortune that had happened upon it, would no doubt make a Noise; that the Lieutenant de Police would certainly endeavour to have me taken up; in short, that if I would avoid something worse than my Confinement at St. Lazare, I would at least keep close, till the first Heat was over. His Advice was prudent, but my Passion could not bear with such Delays; all I could be brought to, was, that I should not stir abroad next Day till Night; a Part of this Time was employed in forming Projects and Schemes how to assist *Mell.* I could easily conceive, that her Prison was more impenetrable than mine. Force and Violence were out of the Question, nothing but Address would do; but the Goddess of Invention herself would have been at a Loss where to begin. I saw so little Appearance, that I deferred the farther Consideration of the Affair till I had informed myself exactly, how the Prison was within Doors, and when Night had brought Darkness, I begged of Mr. *Lescaut* to accompany me to the Place, where we joined Conversation with one of the Turn-keys, who appeared to be a Man of good Sense. I pretended to be a Stranger, who had heard a great Character of this Place, and the good Order observed in it. I informed myself of every Thing, and at last came to the Administrators, whose Names and Characters I wanted to know; his Answers to this last Question gave me a Thought which pleased me much, and which I soon put in Execution; but I first asked him, as a Thing essential to my Designs, if these Gentlemen had Children? *He answered,* that Mr. *de T——* one of the principal ... rs, had a young Gentleman to his Son, who ha...

had frequently come to the Work-house with his Father. This Knowledge was sufficient, and I immediately retired with *Lescaut*, acquainting him as we went to his Lodgings, of the Idea that I had formed. I imagine, *said I*, that Mr. *de T*—— the Son, being rich, and of a good Family, can be no Enemy to Pleasures, as most young Men of his Age. It is very unlikely, that he can be a Woman-hater, or so scrupulous, to refuse his Assistance in a love Affair. I have laid a Scheme to make him the Instrument of *Moll's* Liberty. If he is a Man of Honour, he will assist us out of Generosity, and if he is not capable of being conducted by this Motive, he will at least do something for a pretty Girl, were it only the Hopes of sharing in her Favours. I will wait on him, *added I*, to-morrow, and I find a sort of Pleasure in this Project, which I look upon to be a favourable Omen.

NEXT Morning, I dressed myself out in the best Manner that my present indigent State would allow, and went in a Hackney-Coach to Mr. *de T*——'s House. He was surprized to receive a Visit from an intire Stranger, his Physiognomy and civil Behaviour on my entering gave me, at once, some Hopes. I told him frankly my Case, and, to raise his Curiosity and Compassion at the same Time, I spoke of my Passion, and the Charms of my Mistress, as Things that could not be equalled, but by one another. He told me, that though he had never seen *Moll*, he had heard of her, if she was the Mistress of the old *G. M.* As I made no doubt, but that he had been informed of the Share I had in that Adventure, and to gain him more by an unlimitted Confidence, I told him every Particular of my Amours with her. You see, Sir, *added I, that the* Interest of my Life, as well as of my *Heart*, are now in your Hands. The one is no *dearer to me*, than the other. I have no Reser-

with you, becaufe I have been informed of your generous Character, and the Refemblance of our Ages makes me hope that there will be fome in our Inclinations. He appeared to be fenfibly touched with my Opennefs and Candor, and told me, that he looked upon my Vifit as a Favour, that Fortune had beftowed upon him; that he would look upon my Friendfhip, as a happy Acquifition, which, by his Zeal to ferve me, he would endeavour to deferve. He did not promife to procure *Moll's* Liberty, becaufe, *faid he*, my Intereft is not ftrong enough to undertake that; but engaged to procure me the Pleafure of feeing her, and to do all that was in his Power to reftore her to my Arms. I was better pleafed with the Diffidence which he feemed to be under, with refpect to his Credit, than I fhould have been with a pofitive Affurance of accomplifhing all my Wifhes, and I found in the Moderation of his Offers a Mark of Sincerity with which I was charmed. I infinuated fo much to him in a Manner that convinced him, that I had a lively Senfe of his good Intentions, fo that, in fhort, we became Friends from a mutual Sympathy of our Hearts, and a fimple Difpofition that excites a generous good natured Man to love another who refembles him. His Generofity did not ftop here, but confidering that upon coming out of the Prifon where I had been, Money might be a little fcarce with me, he offered me his Purfe, and preffed my Acceptance; but I told him that this was too much, and that if he was fo good as to bring me to my dear *Moll*, I was his for Life; and if it happened that this dear Creature was reftored to me by his Means, the fhedding all the Blood in my Viens could not acquit me of fuch a Debt.

WE agreed before we parted upon the Time and *Place of our* next Meeting at a certain Coffee-houfe at *four o'* Clock in the Afternoon, from whence

we went to the Work-houſe. I trembled from Head to Foot as we paſſed through the Courts. O! powerful Love, *ſaid I*, ſhall I then once more ſee the dear Sovereign of my Heart, the Object of ſo many Sighs and Tears! Heaven grant me Life, 'till I reach her, and then diſpoſe of my Fortune and Days, I have no other Favour to ask. Mr. *de T*— ſpoke to ſome of the Keepers who were ready to do any Thing in their Power to oblige him. He ordered them to conduct us to *Moll*'s Chamber, which opened with a Key of a monſtrous Bigneſs. I asked the Servant who had Charge of her, how ſhe had paſſed her Time in this melancholy Abode. He told us, that her Sweetneſs of Temper was angelical; that he had never received a harſh Word from her; that the firſt ſix Weeks ſhe did nothing but cry, and of late ſeemed to ſupport her Fate with more Patience, employing the moſt of her Time in ſewing.

When we came near her Door my Heart beat high. I begged of Mr. *de T*—— to go in by himſelf and to give her Notice, becauſe I apprehended ſhe would be ſo much ſtruck with an unexpected Sight of me, that it might do her harm. The Door was opened. My Friend went in, and I remained in the Gallery, where I could hear what they ſaid. He told her that he came to condole with her, being a Friend of mine, and one who intereſted himſelf very much in our Fortune. She asked haſtily if ſhe could learn from him what was become of me. He promiſed to bring me to her Feet as paſſionate and conſtant as ſhe could deſire. When? *replied ſhe*. This very Day, *ſaid he*, the happy Moment is not far off, nay, juſt now he will appear if you deſire it. She conceived that I was at the Door, and was running with Precipitation towards it as I entred. We threw ourſelves into each other's Arms with that overflowing Tender-

neſs which an Abſence of three Months makes ſo raviſhing to true Lovers. Our Sighs, our broken Exclamations, a thouſand ſoft endearing Names which languiſhingly flowed from our Mouths, formed for a Quarter of an Hour a Scene that extremely affected Mr. *de T*—— I envy you, *ſaid he*, making us ſit down. There is no Condition ſo glorious to which I would not prefer ſo charming and tender a Miſtreſs. Truly, *anſwered I*, to be aſſured of the Happineſs of poſſeſſing her Heart, I would renounce all the Empires of the Univerſe.

All the reſt of a Converſation ſo much longed for, could not miſs of being extremely tender and moving. Mr. *de T*—— endeavoured to keep up our Spirits by new Promiſes, but adviſed us to ſhorten this Viſit, that he might the more eaſily procure others after. To part was Death, and *Moll* could not bear the Thoughts of it, but made me ſit down as often as I got up, holding me by the Hands and Clothes. Alas! in what Place do you leave me, *ſaid ſhe*, who can aſſure me, that I ſhall ever ſee you again? Mr. *de T*—— engaged to come often with me, and as for the Place, *ſaid he eagerly*, it muſt no longer be called a Jail, but a *Verſailles*, ſince a Perſon, who deſerves an abſolute Empire over all Hearts, is ſhut up in it.

On my going out I tipped the Man that attended her a *Louis d'Or*. As he had been preſent at our Interview, and had Sentiments above thoſe of his Station, he took me aſide and told me that if I would take him into my Service, or give him a reaſonable Reward to indemnify him for the Loſs of his Employment in that Houſe, he believed he could ſet the Lady at Liberty. If you can do this, Friend, *ſaid I*, your Fortune is made; but what *Method* do you propoſe? No other, ſaid he, but to *open her Door* at Night, and to conduct her to the *outer Gate*, where you muſt be ready to receive her

her. I asked if there was no Danger of her being discovered as she passed through the Galleries and Courts. He confessed there was; but nothing venture, nothing have. Though I was charmed to see him so resolute, yet I thought proper to consult with Mr. *de T*—— upon this Project, who said, that it was possible she might make her Escape in this Manner; but if she should be discovered and stopped, I might bid Adieu to her for ever; besides, in case of Success, you would be obliged to leave *Paris* directly, for strict Search would be made after you, as well as her. A Man alone has some Chance, but it is almost impossible to remain undiscovered with a pretty Woman. How solid soever this Remark appeared, yet I resolved to risk all, and begged that he would excuse a little Temerity in a Lover of my Stamp; *adding that*, if we succeeded, my Design was to go and remain in some Village near *Paris*. We then agreed with the Servant, that he should execute his Design next Day; and to make it as successful as possible, we resolved to have her dressed in Men's Clothes. I begged Mr. *de T*— to put on two light Vests, and I brought Linen Stockings, *&c.* under a Surtoot. Mr. *de T*—— gave her one of his Vests, and I my Coat, but I had not thought of Breeches, which was a terrible Neglect, and there was no other Remedy but to give her my own, which, as my Surtoot was long, I could the more easily do. At the Hour appointed we went in a Hackney-Coach, pretty near the Work-house, and were not long before we saw *Moll*, and her Conductor appear. We got them in a Minute into the Coach, and the Coach-man having asked where he should drive, Drive to the World's End, *said I*, or to some Part where I shall never be *separated from* my dear *Moll*. This Sally of Transport, of which I was not Master, had like to have brought us into a Scrape. The Coach-man

flected on my Words, and when I told him the Name of the Street where we wanted to be, he anſwered, that he was afraid I was bringing him into a dangerous Affair, ſince he could eaſily ſee that the fine young Gentleman called *Moll* was a Girl that I had taken out of the Work-houſe. As we were too near it to make any Noiſe, I told him to hold his Peace, and that he ſhould have a *Louis d'Or*, after which he would have aſſiſted me, not only to carry away Girls, but to ſet the Houſe on Fire; ſo away we drove to *Leſcaut's*, who, when I told him what I had promiſed to give the Coach-man, and deſired he would lend me the Money, fell into a Paſſion, *crying out*, a *Louis d'Or*, you laugh at me; a Cane for the Raſcal, and with that he pulled mine out of my Hand to give the Fellow a Drubbing; but he, no doubt, accuſtomed to ſuch Preſents, got upon his Box, and gave his Horſes the Whip, ſwearing Revenge. His Flight made me ſo uneaſy, not doubting but he would directly go and inform againſt me, that I told *Leſcaut*, we muſt that Moment be gone from his Houſe. I ſupported *Moll* under the Arm, and *Leſcaut* went with us. The Methods of Providence in bringing about Events is admirable. Scarce had we walked a few Minutes, when a Man, whoſe Face I did not obſerve, knew *Leſcaut*, whom, no doubt, he was in Queſt of, upon the abominable Deſign that he executed. It is *Leſcaut*, ſaid he, firing a Piſtol, I will ſend him to ſup with the Angels this Night, and the Moment after took to his Heels. *Leſcaut* fell without giving the leaſt Sign of Life. I preſſed *Moll* to fly, becauſe our Aſſiſtance could be of no Uſe to the dead Man. I was afraid of being ſtopped by the Watch; ſo that we bruſhed into a little croſs Street, and perceiving a Hackney-Coach at the other End we immediately went up, and got into it, but the Queſtion was where to go. After thinking a While, the Inn at

Chaillot came into my Mind, and I ordered the Coach-man to drive us there, but he insisted on a Pistole for his Fare at that Time of Night. After some wrangling we agreed for six Livres, which was the whole of my Cash. I endeavoured to comfort *Moll* on our Way, but in Reality I had as much need of a Comforter as she, and nothing but the Thoughts of having in my Arms the Object of all my Wishes could have made me easy. I have her, at least, *said I*, she loves me, and is mine. Let *Tiberge* say what he pleases, this is no imaginary Happiness. I can see the whole Universe perish without being affected, and the Reason is, because she ingrosses my whole Affection. Such were really my Sentiments, nevertheless while I thus despised worldly Advantages, I found that I had occasion for a small Share, at least, to supply the Necessaries of Life. Love is superior to Treasures and Riches, and yet stands in need of them, and nothing is more disagreeable to a delicate Lover than to see himself reduced by this Necessity to the Clownry of the meanest Spirits. We were received at the Inn as Acquaintances, and the People were under no Surprise to see *Moll* dressed in Men's Clothes, a Thing very common in and about *Paris* with your giddy Females. I made her be served in as elegant a Manner as if I had been in tip-top Fortune, and was resolved to go alone to *Paris* to try what I could do. I observed at Supper that she looked pale and lean, which I attributed to the Fright and Concern of her Brother's Death, but she assured me, that however touched she might be at this unhappy Accident, her Paleness proceeded more from what she had suffered upon Account of my Absence for three Months. Thou lovest me *then dearly, said I*; a thousand Times more than *I can tell, answered she*. Then thou wilt leave me *no more, added I*, No, never, never, replied she

and confirmed it with so many Caresses and Oaths, that I really thought it impossible she could forget them. I was always persuaded that she was sincere, what Reason could she have to act the Counterfeit to such a Length? But she was still fickle and inconstant, or rather, she was nothing, and to see others of her Sex living as it were in Clover, while she was in Indigence and Poverty, was what she could not bear. I was upon the Point of having a last Proof that surpassed all the Rest, and has produced the strangest Adventure, that could possibly happen to a Man of my Birth and Fortune.

As I knew her to be of this Temper, I hasted to *Paris* next Day. Her Brother's Death, and the Necessity of getting Clothes and Linen for her and me, were so good Reasons, that I had no Occasion for other Pretences. Though I pretended to take a Coach, yet not having a single Farthing in my Pocket, I was obliged to trudge it afoot. I went very quick as far as the *Cours-la-Reine*, where I designed to take a Breathing, and it was besides necessary that I should consider what I was going to do at *Paris*, I sat me down upon the Grass, and formed many Schemes and Projects, which by Degrees were reduced to three principal Articles. I had Occasion for a present Relief of many present Necessities; next, to think of some Means, that might at least give me some Hopes with regard to Futurity, and what was not of the least Importance, I had Precautions and Measures to observe for both our Safeties. After I had exhausted myself in Projects on these three Heads, I at last determined to lay aside the two last. We were pretty safe I thought at *Chaillot*, and for future Necessities, it was time enough to think of them when I had provided for the Present. The Question now was how to get a little Cash. Mr. *de T*—— had generously [offere]d me his Purse, but it was a disagreeable T[ask]

to touch upon that String. What a mortifying Thing is it for a Man to go and expose his Misery to a Stranger, and to intreat him to share his Money with us? Nothing but a mean Soul can be capable of it, by a Baseness that prevents his being sensible of the Indignity; or a humble Christian, by an Excess of Generosity that renders him superior to that Shame. I was neither a sneaking Fellow, nor a good Christian, and I would have willingly lost the Half of my Blood to have avoided this Humiliation. *Tiberge, said I,* the good *Tiberge* will he refuse me what he can conveniently spare? No, my Misery will affect him, but he will kill me with his Morality. I must undergo his Reproaches, Exhortations, and Threats, so that he will make me pay for his Assistance at so dear a Rate, that I would shed another Part of my Blood rather than go through this disagreeable Scene, which must fill me with Trouble and Remorse. Very well, resumed I, since this is the Case, I must lay aside all Hopes, since no other Means can do, and that I am so far from fixing on the two just now mentioned, that I would more willingly lose the Half of all the Blood in my Veins, than take one of them, consequently, all my Blood, rather than take them both. Yes, all my Blood, *added I,* after a Moment's Reflection, than submit to a base Supplication. But is the present Question about me, or my Blood! the Case is *Moll's* Life and Entertainment, her Love and Fidelity. What have I to put in Balance with her; hitherto nothing has been put in Competition with her. She is Glory, Honour, Happiness, and Fortune to me. There are, no doubt, many Things that I would give my Life to obtain or avoid, but to esteem a Thing more than my Life, is no Reason for esteeming it more than Moll. I soon determined myself after this Reasoning, and went for

ward fully resolved, first to go to *Tiberge*, and then to Mr. *de T*——.

THOUGH I had not a Farthing in my Pocket, yet upon the Hopes of raising a little Cash from the one or other of the two Gentlemen, I took a Coach when I entered the Town, and ordered the Coachman to drive to the Gardens of *Luxembourg*; from whence I sent to *Tiberge*, who came directly. I told him my Necessity without Reserve, and he asked if the hundred Pistoles which I had once got from him already would do now, and as I seemed to think that Sum sufficient, he went and brought it directly, putting it into my Hands with that Openness and Pleasure in obliging which is only known to true Friendship. Though I had not in the least doubted of the Success of my Demand, I was however surprised of having obtained it at so easy a Rate, that is to say, without a Lecture upon my disorderly Life; but I was deceived in thinking that I was to get off so easily, for when I was preparing to take Leave of him, he asked if I would not take a Turn or two with him in the Walks. I had not spoke to him of *Moll*, and as he was ignorant of her being at Liberty, his Reprimands were confined to the rash Method of my Escape from St. *Lazare*. He told me that, having gone there the Day after my Evasion, he had been strangely surprised with the Account of it from the Superior, who nevertheless had the Generosity to conceal the Circumstances from the *Lieutenant de Police*, and had prevented the Porter's Death from being noised abroad, and that, consequently, I had nothing to fear from that Quarter; but that if I had the least Sentiment of Prudence, I would make the proper *Use of this happy* Turn that Providence had given *to my Affairs*; that it was my Duty in the first *Place*, to write to my Father, and endeavour to *obtain a Reconciliation*; and that, if I would but

for once follow his Advice, his Opinion was, that I ſhould directly leave *Paris*, and go and throw myſelf at his Feet. I heard him with Patience to the End, and found many ſatisfactory Things in what he ſaid. I was, in the firſt Place, overjoyed that I had nothing to fear from St. *Lazare*, by which Means I could boldly walk the Streets. In the ſecond Place, I thanked my Stars that *Tiberge* knew nothing of *Moll's* Eſcape, and of her being with me. I even remarked that he avoided ſpeaking of her, probably in the Opinion, that ſhe had loſt Ground in my Heart, ſince I had not ſo much as mentioned her Name. I reſolved that if I did not return to my Family, at leaſt, to take his Advice in writing to my Father, and to make Offers of returning to my Duty, and ſubmitting myſelf intirely to his Will, to engage him to ſend me Money to perform my Exerciſes at the Academy; for I ſcarce thought it was poſſible for me to perſuade him that I had any Inclination now for the eccleſiaſtical State. In the Main, I was really reſolved to perform what I promiſed in every Reſpect, ſo far as was conſiſtent with my Love to *Moll*. I thought my living with her could be no Hindrance to my Exerciſes, and I promiſed to write to my Father that very Day, which I accordingly did, in ſo moving and ſubmiſſive Terms, that I flattered myſelf paternal Affection would get the better of his Reſentment. Though I was now in a Condition to pay for a Coach, yet I had a Vanity of ſtrutting along on Foot, having nothing to fear; but all of a ſudden, the Affair of *Moll's* Evaſion and *Leſcaut's* Death came into my Mind, and frightened me to ſuch a Degree, that I bruſhed into the firſt Alley I met with and waited there till I ſent for a Coach to carry me to Mr. *de T*—s Houſe, whom I found at Home. He diſſipated all my Fears by telling me that, to avoid all Suſpicion of his having a

Hand in *Moll*'s Evasion, he had gone that Morni to the Work-house to see her, feigning Ignoran of her Escape, and that far from suspecting him c me, they hastened to tell him the Adventure as strange Piece of News, admiring now such a prett Girl as *Moll* could have fled with a Valet; to which all the Answer he had made, was, that as Liberty is the greatest Blessing on Earth, he was not surprised at *Moll*'s purchasing it at so dear a Rate; he continued to tell me, that he went from thence to *Lescaut*'s Lodging, in Hopes to see me and my charming Mistress, but had been told by the Landlord that neither of us had appeared there, which was no Surprize to him, since probably we had been informed of *Lescaut*'s Death occasioned by his refusing to lend a Life-guard Man (from whom he had gained, about two Hours before the Accident happened, a hundred Crowns) the half of the Money; upon which a Quarrel had arose, and *Lescaut* refusing to fight, the other had swore to shoot him through the Head at first Meeting, which he had but too well executed that very Evening. Mr. *de T*—— added that he had been very uneasy about us, and renewed his Offers of Service. I made no Difficulty to inform him of the Place of our Retreat, upon which he invited himself to Supper with us. I told him that I would wait upon him whenever he pleased, and detain him no longer than I bought some Clothes and Linen for *Moll*. I know not if he imagined that this Proposal was designedly made by me to try his Generosity, or if the Thought came of himself; but he went with me to the Merchant who furnished his Family, and having made Choice imself of several Pieces of Stuff of higher Prices han I had proposed, he absolutely forbid the Merant to receive a Farthing of my Money. He de this Present in so genteel a Manner, that I not know how to refuse it. After I had got m

my Goods packed up, we took the Road to *Chaillot*, where I arrived in a much better Humour than when I left it that Morning.

THE *Chevalier de Grieu*, having talked for a whole Hour without Intermiſſion, I begged he would take a little Reſpite 'till after Supper. He confeſſed that he was glad of the Propoſal, and judging, by our Attention, that we had liſtened to him with Pleaſure, he aſſured us that we would find ſomething more affecting in the Sequel of his Story, which after Supper he began in this Manner. I have remarked during the whole Courſe of my Life that Heaven has made Choice of the Time wherein I thought myſelf ſafeſt and upon the beſt Footing, to chaſtiſe me with moſt Severity. When I was ſupping with Mr. *de T*—— and *Moll*, I thought myſelf ſo happy, that it would have been impoſſible to perſuade me, I had occaſion to be afraid of any new Obſtacle to my Felicity, and yet I was juſt upon the Point of meeting with one ſo fatal, that it reduced me to the State in which you ſaw me at *Paſſy*; and afterwards to ſuch deplorable Extremities that you'll ſcarce give Credit to my Narration. While we were at Table we heard the Noiſe of a Coach which ſtopped at the Gate of the Inn, and Curioſity made us anxious to know who it was that came there at that Hour. We were told that it was the young Mr. *G. M.* that is to ſay, the Son of our moſt cruel Enemy, the old Letcher who had lodged me at St. *Lazare*, and *Moll* at the Workhouſe. My Face reddened at his very Name. Heaven brings him to me, *ſaid I to Mr.* de T—— that I may puniſh him for his Father's Baſeneſs, he ſhall not eſcape me 'till we have firſt meaſured our Swords. Mr. *de T*—— who was his intimate Friend, endeavoured to give me a favourable Opinion of *him*, and aſſured me that he was a very lovely young Gentleman, and ſo little capable of having a

Hand in his Father's Action, that he was sure I could not be a Moment in his Company, without granting him my Esteem, and desiring his. After saying a thousand Things to his Advantage, he begged I would give him leave to go and bring him into our Company. He prevented the Objection of the Danger it might be to *Moll*, to discover the Place of her Abode to the Son of her Enemy, by protesting upon his Honour and Conscience, that when he knew us, none would more zealously espouse our Interest. After such Assurances I made no farther Difficulty; So that Mr. *de T*—— after a short Conversation with him about us, introduced him, and indeed I must own that his Countenance and Behaviour gave me a favourable Opinion of him. When Supper was over he spoke of his Father's Injustice to us with Detestation, and made the most submissive Excuses, and if they were sincere at first, they became much more so in the Sequel; for he had scarce been half an Hour in our Company, when I perceived, by his Looks, that he was very much struck with *Moll's* Charms, though he said nothing to confirm my Suspicion; but without the Assistance of Jealousy, I had too much Experience in Love, not to discern what flowed from that Source. I was by no Means, as I have already said, subject to Jealousy, and gave implicit Faith to *Moll's* Protestations and Oaths; that charming Creature was so absolutely Mistress of my Soul, that I did not harbour the least Sentiment that was not founded on Esteem and Love. I was so far from making a Crime of her Conquest of *G. M.* that I was delighted with this Effect of her Charms, and hugged myself with the thoughts of being loved by a Girl that every Mortal admired.

Mr. de T—— came to see us some Days after, and *Moll* having got Clothes and Linen, had a great Inclination to go to the Play, about which we con-

sult

fulted with him, who, to pleafe her, was obliged to fay that he thought there was no great Danger in it, and therefore it was refolved that we fhould go with him that Evening, which we could not however execute; for he having taken me afide told me, that he had found himfelf very much embarraffed fince he faw me laft, and that the Vifit he now made me was in Confequence of it. *G. M.* added he, loves your Miftrefs, and has made me his Confident. I am his intimate Friend, and ready in every Thing to ferve him; but I am no lefs yours. I have confidered that his Intentions are unjuft, and therefore have condemned them. Neverthelefs I fhould have kept his Secret had he defigned to take the common Methods of making himfelf agreeable to the Lady, but he is well informed of Mifs *Moll's* Humour; he has learned, by what Means I know not, that fhe loves Opulence and Diverfions, and, as he is already in Poffeffion of a confiderable Eftate, declares that he will tempt her at firft by a very large Prefent and an Offer of ten thoufand Livres yearly Penfion. If things had been upon a Par, I fhould not perhaps have been fo eafily induced to betray his Confidence, but Juftice and Friendfhip combine in your Favour; the rather becaufe, by my Imprudence in introducing him, I am the Caufe of his Paffion, and confequently obliged to prevent the evil Effects of it.

I thanked Mr. *de T*—— for this important Service, and confeffed with an equal Confidence that *Moll's* Character was really fuch as *G. M.* imagined, that's to fay, fhe could not bear the Thoughts of Poverty; and yet, *faid I*, if the Cafe be only the Difference of more or lefs, I don't think fhe's capable of abandoning me for another. I am in a Condition of fupplying her with Neceffaries, and I reckon that my Fortune will augment daily. I only fear one Thing, *added I*, which is, that G

knowing the Place of our Refidence may be tempted to do us fome bad Office. Mr. *de T*—— affured me that I needed be under no Apprehenfion on that Side, adding, that though *G. M.* was capable of an amorous Folly, he was very much perfuaded he would not be guilty of any Thing that was bafe; but that if it fhould happen otherwife he himfelf would take Care to punifh him, and by that means make Reparation for the Misfortune of which he fhould look upon himfelf as the Author. I am obliged to you, *replied I*, for this generous Way of thinking, but the Evil would be effected and the Remedy uncertain, and therefore, in my Opinion, the moft prudent Method to prevent his Defigns will be to leave *Chaillot*, and to go to another Place. Yes, replied Mr. *de T*——, but you cannot execute that fo fpeedily as would be neceffary, for *G. M.* is to be here at twelve o'Clock; he told me fo Yefterday, and I came this Morning to inform you of his Views. This laft Circumftance made me think more ferioufly of this Affair. As I found it was impoffible to prevent his Vifit, and to hinder him from difcovering his Paffion to *Moll*, I refolved to let her know the Defigns of this new Rival before-hand. I fancied that fhe, being premonifhed of his Intentions by me, and receiving his firft Declarations in my Prefence, he would meet with a Repulfe. I communicated my Thought to Mr. *de T*—— who anfwered that this was a delicate String to touch on. I confefs it, *faid I*, but all the Reafons that one can have to be affured of a Miftrefs's Heart, I may fay that I have them to make me depend on the Affection of her's. Nothing but high Offers can dazzle her; and I have already told you that Avarice is not her *Crime*. She loves Conveniencies, but fhe loves me *too*, *and in* the prefent Situation of my Affairs, I [illegible]ink fhe can prefer the Son of a Man wh[illegible] dragg[illegible]

dragged her to the Work-houſe. In one Word, I perſiſted in my Deſign, and taking *Moll* a-part, told her plainly all that I had learned. She thanked me for the good Opinion I had of her, and aſſured me that ſhe would receive the Offers of *G. M.* in ſuch a Manner, as would diſcourage him from renewing them. No, *ſaid I*, you muſt not deal with him too roughly, becauſe he may do us Miſchief; but all you little roguiſh Girls know perfectly well how to get rid of a diſagreeable Lover. After thinking a little, ſhe cried out in a Rapture, an excellent Thought is come into my Head, and I'm proud of the Invention. *G. M.* is the Son of our moſt cruel Enemy, let us puniſh the Father by emptying the young Gentleman's Purſe. I will receive him, accept of his Preſents, and then laugh at him. The Project is pretty, but, poor Child, thou doſt not conſider that ſuch a Prank as this landed thee in the Work-houſe. I in vain repreſented the Danger of this Undertaking; ſhe ſaid there was nothing in it if we took but right Meaſures. Shew me a Lover that does not go headlong into the Whims of a Miſtreſs whom he adores, and I ſhall agree that I was in the Wrong to yield ſo eaſily to mine. It was therefore at laſt concluded to make a Dupe of *G. M.* and by an odd Turn of my bad Luck, I myſelf was the Cully. About Eleven o'Clock he arrived, and told us without Ceremony, that he came to dine with us; he was not ſurpriſed to find Mr. *de T*—— with us, becauſe he had promiſed the Day before to come. Though there was not one of us there who had not Treachery in his Heart, we ſat down to Table with an Air of Confidence and Friendſhip. As I retired ſometimes, *G. M.* eaſily found an Opportunity of declaring his Sentiments to Moll, and I could perceive at my Return that ſhe had not been cruel He was in top Humour; and I affected to be

too; he laughed within himſelf at my Simplicity, and I at his; ſo that the Farce was extremely diverting all the Afternoon; and before he went away I gave him an Opportunity to bid a Tender adieu to his *Belle*. The Moment he was got into his Coach with Mr. *de T——* *Moll* came running to me with open Arms and embraced me, burſting into a loud Laughter. She recounted his Diſcourſe and Offers without loſing a Syllable, of which the Summary was this; that he adored her, and would ſhare with her forty thouſand Livres of yearly Rent that he already poſſeſſed, without reckoning what he expected at his Father's Death; that ſhe ſhould be Miſtreſs of his Heart and Purſe; and, as a Prelude, he was ready to give her a Coach, a furniſhed Houſe, a Waiting-maid, three Foot-men, and a Cook. Here is a Son, *ſaid I*, that far exceeds his Father in Generoſity. Come let us ſpeak freely, *added I*, does not this Offer tempt you? Me? ſaid ſhe repeating two Verſes of *Racine*.

Moi? vous me ſoupçonnez de cette perfidie?
Moi? je pourrois ſouffrir un Viſage odieux,
Qui rapelle toujours l'Hopital a mes yeux?

Thus paraphraſed,

Me of ſuch Perfidy can you ſuſpect?
So long as he ſhould in my Preſence be,
So long, methinks, I ſhould the Work-houſe ſee.

No, replied I, continuing the Parody.

J'aurois peine à penſer que l'Hopital, Madame,
Fut un trait dont l'amour l'eùt gravé dans votre ame.

Thus paraphraſed,

I ſhould conclude a Lover in Diſgrace.
Whoſe Preſence muſt remind you of that Place

Bu

But after all, a furnished House, with a Coach nd three Footmen is a tempting Bait, and Love has ɜw so strong. She protested that her Heart was ɔr ever mine, and would be Proof against all other Darts but what came from me. The Promises he ıas made me, *said she*, are a Spur to my Revenge. asked her if she intended to accept of the House nd Coach, and she answered, that her Plot was ›nly upon his Money; but the Difficulty was, ıow to get the one without the other. We resolved o wait for the Explication of *G. M.*'s Project in a Letter, which he promised to send her. No longer han next Day she received it by a Footman without Livery, who artfully procured an Opportunity of speaking to her alone. She ordered him to wait for the Answer, and then brought me the Letter, which we opened and found, besides the common-place Compliments, a Repetition of what he had verbally promised; not only so, but engaged himself to furnish her with ten thousand Livres upon her entering on Possession of the House, and that she should always have this Sum by her, he intending to furnish her over and above what would defray all her Expences, whatever they were. The Day of Inauguration was not at a great Distance, since he only asked two to put Things in Order to receive her, and told her the Name of the Street and the Hotel, where he promised to attend her in the Afternoon of the second Day, if she could give me the Slip. This was the only Point that gave him Uneasiness, for he was pretty sure of all the rest, adding that if she thought there was any Difficulty to make her Escape, he would find Means to facilitate her Flight,

G. M. was more cunning than his Father, and *would be sure* of his Prey before he parted with his *Cash. I reiterated* my Intreaties to dissuade her *om this* Enterprize, representing all the Dange

but ſhe was poſitive to finiſh the Adventure. wrote a ſhort Anſwer to *G. M.*'s Letter, aſſu him that nothing was ſo eaſy as her coming to P the Day appointed, and that he might certainly pect her. After this we reſolved that I ſhoul immediately and hire a new Lodging in a Vil on the other Side of *Paris*, and carry our Bag along with me; that next Day after Dinner ſhould go to the Place of Aſſignation, and that after ſhe had received Mr. *G. M.*'s Preſents, ſhould beg of him to give her the Diverſion of the P taking along with her what Caſh her Pockets w hold, and giving my Servant who was to at her, the reſt. My Buſineſs was to have a C waiting in the Entry of the Street called *St. A des Arts*; *M.* was to invent ſome Pretence coming out of the Box (a Thing often pract by the Ladies, and a Room behind where they tire) and promiſed to give her new Lover the S by coming down to the Door where I was to rec her. This Scheme, though in Reality very travagant, appeared very feaſible to us, but it the greateſt Madneſs in the World to imagine t though it had ſucceeded to our Wiſh, the Co quences would not have been fatal to us. Thoughts of her Enterprize made me trem but ſhe laughed at me, and went off about t o'Clock accompanied by *Marcel* my Footman. followed her to Town, and paſſed the Remai of the Afternoon in a Coffee-houſe; about fi poſted a Hackney Coach at the Place appoin and then went to the Play-houſe Door on F but was ſurprizeed not to find *Marcel*, who wa have been waiting for me there. I had Pati for an Hour, ſtanding in the Crowd of Foot and examining the People as they went in. As the Clock ſtruck ſeven without Marcel, or other Perſon from *Mell* appearing; I

Pit-Ticket to fee if *G. M.* and fhe were in the Boxes, but could fee neither of them, upon which I went out again and remained a Quarter of an Hour longer at the Door, under the greateft Uneafinefs and Impatience; at laft I went towards the Coach, and the Coachman perceiving me coming advanced fome Steps, and told me foftly that a pretty Lady had been in his Coach above an Hour waiting for me. I directly imagined that it was *Moll* and went running to get in, but was much furprized upon feeing a pretty little Face that I knew not. Have I the Honour, *faid fhe*, to fpeak to the Chevalier *de Grieu*, I anfwered that my Name was fuch. I have a Letter, *replied fhe*, to deliver to you, which will unravel the Myftery of your finding me here. I begged Allowance to go into a Tavern hard by to read the Letter, fhe propofed to go along with me, and advifed me to call for a Room above Stairs; as we were going up I afked her from whom this Letter came, and fhe told me I would know when I read it. Upon the firft Glance I knew *Moll's* Writing, and to the beft of my Remembrance, here's what it contained. *That* G. M. *had received her in a grander Manner than could be expreffed; that he had loaded her with Prefents, and gave her Ground to believe he would make her as happy as a Queen; neverthelefs affured me, that this new Splendor in which fhe found herfelf, was not capable of making her forget me; that not having been able to prevail with* G. M. *to conduct her to the Play that Evening, fhe was forced to deprive herfelf of the Pleafure of feeing me till another Occafion, and to make Amends for the Trouble which fhe imagined this Difappointment would give me, fhe found Means to procure me one of the pretteft Girls in* Paris, *the Bearer of her Letter, figned*——your faithful *Miftrefs,* Moll Lefcaut.

I found ſomething ſo cruel and inſulting in this Letter, that having remained ſome Time as it were in Suſpence between Anger and Grief, I at laſt reſolved to get the better of my fatal Paſſion, by eternally forgetting the cruel and perjured Object. I looked at the Girl who was with me, and who was extremely handſom, and wiſhed that ſhe might render me faithleſs and perjured in my Turn; but I could not find the ſweet languiſhing Eyes, the noble Preſence, the Complexion which had been Love's Maſter-piece; in ſhort, the innumerable Charms that Nature had laviſhed on the perfidious *Moll*. No, no, *ſaid I withdrawing my Eyes from her*, the treacherous and ungrateful Woman that ſent you knew well that ſhe engaged you in a needleſs Errand. Return back and tell her from me, that her baſe Treachery has opened my deluded Eyes, that I abandon her for ever, and at the ſame Time renounce all the Sex, not perhaps ſo charming, but as baſe and falſe as ſhe. After this I was preparing to be gone without any farther Pretenſions to *Moll*, and the mortal Jealouſy that racked my Heart, diſguiſing itſelf into a dull and ſullen Tranquillity, I thought myſelf ſo much the nearer to a perfect Cure, as I felt none of thoſe violent Agitations which had been my Caſe in former Occaſions ſuch as this. Alas! I was the Dupe of Love, as much as I believed myſelf to be of *G. M.* and of *Moll*. The Girl who had brought me the Letter, ſeeing me ready to go down Stairs, aſked what Report ſhe ſhould make to Mr. *G. M.* and the Lady that was with him. I turned back into the Chamber upon that Queſtion, and by a Change incredible to thoſe who have never felt violent Paſſions, I found myſelf at once tranſported from the Tranquillity in which I thought myſelf, into the greateſt Exceſs of Fury and Rage. Go, ſaid I, relate

relate to the Traitor *G. M.* and his perfidious Miſtreſs, the Deſpair into which thy curſed Letter has plunged me; but tell them that their Triumph ſhall be ſhort, and that I will ſtab both their treacherous Hearts with theſe Hands; with that I threw myſelf upon a Chair, dropping my Hat on one Side and my Cane on the other. Two Rivers of bitter Tears began to flow from my Eyes, and the Fit of Rage that had but now poſleſſed me, was converted into a profound Grief, ſo that I did nothing but weep and groan. Come, my Dear, *cried I to the Girl*, draw near, ſince thou haſt been pitched upon to bring me Comfort, tell me if thou knoweſt how to cure one of Rage and Deſpair, and of a Deſire to commit Self-murder, after killing two Wretches that deſerve not to live. Yes, come Child, *continued I, perceiving that ſhe made ſome Steps towards me in a timorous Manner, as if ſhe had been in Suſpence.* Come and reſtore Peace in my Heart. Come and tell me that thou loveſt me, that I may forget my falſe Miſtreſs. Thou art pretty, and I may perhaps come to love thee in my Turn. This poor Girl, who did not appear to be above ſixteen or ſeventeen, and who ſeemed to have more Modeſty than Women of her Sort, was extremely ſurprized at this extraordinary Scene; ſhe advanced however to embrace me, but I puſhed her from me. What wouldſt thou with me, *ſaid I?* Ah! thou art a Woman, thou art of a Sex that I deteſt, and that I can no longer bear with. The Sweetneſs of thy Face threatens me ſtill with more Treachery. Be gone, and leave me here alone. She made me a low Courteſy, without daring to make any Reply, and turned about to go out, but I deſired her to ſtop. Let me know at leaſt, *ſaid I*, wherefore, how, and on what Deſign thou haſt been ſent here? She told me that ſhe had been long acquainted with Mr

G. M. that he had sent for her at five o'C
having followed the Servant who had
she had found him in a fine House p
with a pretty Lady, and that the
her to be the Bearer of the Lett
me, after telling her that she
Coach at the End of St. *An*
her if they had said noth
blushing. that they had ... e
along with me, to bea ... ome
deceived thee, my po ... Moment
thee, thou art a W ... en he was got
but one that is rich ... nocked at the Gate,
find here. Re ... by *Marcel*. I made a
has all that's n ... k, though I had nothing to
thy Sex, furn ... e other Domesticks, and asked
as for me, w ... ce, if he could conduct me to his
Fidelity to ... nber, which he said might be easily
and laugh ... going softly up the great Stair. Come
I adde ... ly, *said I*, and shew me the Way, and
choleric ... ur while I am with her, to prevent any
possesse ... s coming to interrupt us: I got to the Apart-
fatigu ... without any Difficulty, and found *Moll* with
to gi ... k in her Hand, and it was here that I had Oc-
last ... n to admire the Character of this strange Girl;
th ... from being frightened or dismayed on perceiving
of ... she only gave some slight Marks of Surprize,
... hich are the Effects of seeing one that we thought
... a Distance from us; ah! is it you my Love, *said*
she, coming to embrace me with her usual Fondness!
Good God! how bold you are! who would have
expected to have seen you here to Day? I disengaged
myself from her, and instead of answering her Em-
braces, pushed her from me with Disdain. She re-
mained in the Place where she was, and looking fix-
edly at me, changed Colour. Such a silly fond Fool
t the Pleasure of seeing her stopt m
Tong

of ſending me a pretty Girl to comfort me was her own Invention, and the Effect of her Love and Compaſſion for my Pains; I therefore reſolved to employ all my Cunning to ſee her. Among many Ways that I thought of, one after another, this was at laſt what I reſolved on. Mr. *de T*—— had begun to render me Service with too much Affection, to doubt of his Sincerity and Zeal. I propoſed to go directly to him, and to beg that he would ſend for *G. M.* under Pretence of an Affair of the laſt Conſequence, and my Deſign was to get myſelf introduced to her Chamber, which I thought might be eaſily done in his Abſence. This Reſolution having made me a little eaſier, I made the young Girl who was ſtill with me, a handſom Preſent, and to prevent her returning to thoſe who had ſent her, I took her Direction, promiſing to go and paſs the Night with her. I got into my Hackney Coach, and made him drive full Speed to Mr. *de T*——'s, whom I had the good Luck to find at Home. I informed him in a Moment of my Misfortune, and the Service that I came to aſk of him. He was ſo aſtoniſhed to learn that *G. M.* had found Means to ſeduce my Miſtreſs, that being ignorant of my having contributed myſelf to this Misfortune, he offered generouſly to get all his Friends together to force her out of his Hands. I made him underſtand that ſuch a Noiſe as muſt attend this violent Way, would be prejudicial to her as well as to me. Let us reſerve our Blood, *ſaid I*, to the laſt Extremity. I am thinking of a milder Way, which is this; to write a Line to Mr. *G. M.* begging he would come immediately and ſpeak to you upon an Affair of Honour, and to prevent his returning for an Hour or two. We went out together after *reſolving that he* ſhould ſend him a Billet from a *Tavern. I* ſhall watch him, *added* I, as he come[s] *out, and then* go into the Houſe, which I can eaſ[ily]

do, being only known to *Moll* and *Marcel* my Footman; as for you when he comes, you may tell him that you have loſt not only all your ready Money at Play, but a conſiderable Sum upon your Word, which you cannot immediately pay without his Aſſiſtance. It will take ſome Time before he can get at his ſtrong Box, and in that Interval I ſhall have executed my Project.

Mr. *de T*—— went into a Tavern to write his Letter, and I went and poſted myſelf at a Diſtance from her Houſe, where I ſaw the Meſſenger come with his Letter, and *G. M.* going out in a Moment after followed by a Footman. When he was got out of that Street, I went and knocked at the Gate, which was luckily opened by *Marcel*. I made a Sign to him not to ſpeak, though I had nothing to apprehend from the other Domeſticks, and asked him in a low Voice, if he could conduct me to his Miſtreſs's Chamber, which he ſaid might be eaſily done, by going ſoftly up the great Stair. Come then quickly, *ſaid I*, and ſhew me the Way, and endeavour while I am with her, to prevent any Perſon's coming to interrupt us: I got to the Apartment without any Difficulty, and found *Moll* with a Book in her Hand, and it was here that I had Occaſion to admire the Character of this ſtrange Girl; far from being frightened or diſmayed on perceiving me, ſhe only gave ſome ſlight Marks of Surprize, which are the Effects of ſeeing one that we thought at a Diſtance from us; ah! is it you my Love, *ſaid ſhe*, coming to embrace me with her uſual Fondneſs! Good God! how bold you are! who would have expected to have ſeen you here to Day? I diſengaged myſelf from her, and inſtead of anſwering her Embraces, puſhed her from me with Diſdain. She remained in the Place where ſhe was, and looking fixedly at me, changed Colour. Such a ſilly fond Fool as I, that the Pleaſure of ſeeing her ſtopt m

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Tongue from uttering juſt Reproaches, and yet my tortured Heart was bleeding at the cruel Outrage, which I called to Memory in all it's blackeſt Colours, to excite my Indignation; and I endeavoured to make my Eyes throw out Darts of Fury inſtead of Love. As I remained ſome Time ſilent, and that ſhe could eaſily remark the terrible Agitation I was under, I obſerved her trembling, which was I ſuppoſe the Effect of Fear. Ah *Moll! ſaid I*, in a ſoft and tender Tone, falſe and perjured *Moll*, where ſhall I begin my Complaint? I ſee you pale and trembling, and I am ſtill ſo ſenſible of your leaſt Trouble, that I'm afraid to affect you by my Reproaches; but yet I muſt tell you that your Treachery has pierced my Heart with Grief. This is the third Time *Moll*, well do I remember them, with that I threw myſelf upon a Chair in a terrible Condition. She ſpoke not a Word but fell upon her Knees, leaning her Head on mine, and covering her Face with my Hands, which ſhe ſoon wet with her Tears. Ah! *Moll* 'tis too late to ſhed a Tear for me, after you have killed me, you affect a Concern which you cannot really have. Your greateſt Plague is my Preſence, which has been always a Clog upon your Pleaſures. Open your Eyes and look on me. Such tender Tears are not ſhed for a Wretch whom you have ſo cruelly abandoned. She kiſſed my Hands without changing her Poſture. Inconſtant *Moll*, reſumed I again, ungrateful and faithleſs Girl, where are all your Promiſes and Oaths? Where is that Love which you ſealed with ſolemn Oaths this very Day? If Heaven allows of ſuch Things, Perjury is but a Trifle and Fidelity a Folly. I here dropped ſome Tears which ſhe perceived, and at laſt told me in a melancholy Manner, that ſhe muſt needs be guilty, ſince ſhe had given me ſo much Uneaſineſs, but prayed that Heaven might puniſh her if ſhe intended it, or thoug

herſelf criminal. This Anſwer appeared to be ſo void of Senſe and Honeſty, that I could not hinder myſelf from giving Way to Anger. What horrid Diſſimulation, *cried I*, I ſee plainly that thou art a baſe and perfidious Woman, and 'tis now that I know thy wretched Character; adieu, pitiful Creature, *continued I*, getting up to be gone, I had rather a thouſand Times die than to have any more Correſpondence with thee. May Heaven puniſh me if I ſhall ever honour thee with the leaſt Regard. Stay with thy new Lover, love him, abhor me, renounce all Honour and good Senſe, it ſhall give me no Concern. She was ſo terrified with this Tranſport, that ſhe remained on her Knees, and looked at me trembling, and without daring to open her Mouth. I made ſome Steps towards the Door with my Face turned towards her, but one muſt have loſt all Sentiments of Humanity to have ſtood out againſt ſo many Charms. I was ſo far from ſuch a barbarous Reſolution, that on the contrary, paſſing all at once to the other Extremity, I came, or rather flew back without Thought, and claſping her in my Arms, gave her a thouſand Kiſſes, and asked as many Pardons upon my Knees, which ſhe granted throwing her Arms about my Neck, and telling me that it was ſhe herſelf, that had Occaſion for all my Goodneſs to make me forget the Vexation that ſhe had given me, and that ſhe was with Reaſon apprehenſive I would not reliſh what ſhe had to ſay for her Juſtification; I a Juſtification? I ask none, but approve of every Thing you have done. It does not belong to me to examine your Conduct, too content and happy, if my dear Angel gives me a Place in her Heart; but, *continued I*, all powerful *Moll*, you who make me joyful or ſad at Pleaſure, after having ſatisfied you by my Submiſſions and Repentance, may I not be allowed to mention my [Sor]rows and Pains? Shall I learn my Fate from y[our]

this Day, and if you are reſolved to pronounce my Death by paſſing the Night with my Rival. She began a long Relation of every Thing that had happened ſince ſhe had been with Mr. *G. M.* too tedious to repeat, and at laſt concluded that, to convince me there was no real Change in her Sentiments, ſhe was ready that Moment to follow me to the World's End, ſince my Delicacy would not bear with her executing what ſhe had intended; but, *added ſhe*, ſhall we go without the ten thouſand Livres and Jewels, which he has already given me. I adviſed her to abandon all, and think of nothing but ſpeedily leaving this Houſe; for though I had not been above half an Hour in it, I was afraid of *G. M.*'s returning; however, ſhe preſſed ſo ſtrenuouſly againſt our going away empty handed, that I thought myſelf obliged to grant ſomething after having obtained ſo much.

While we were preparing to be gone, I heard knocking at the Gate, and did not Doubt but that it was my Rival. He is a dead Man, *ſaid I*, if he appears, but *Marcel* ended my Pain by delivering me a Letter from Mr. *de T*—— which he had received at the Gate. He wrote me that *G. M.* being gone Home to bring him the Money, he had taken the Opportunity of his Abſence, to communicate a comical Thought that had come into his Head, *viz.* to make me eat my Rival's Supper, and to lye that Night in the Bed which he had deſigned for himſelf and my Miſtreſs; that he fancied the Thing might be eaſily executed, if I could procure three or four Men who would have Reſolution enough to arreſt him in the Street, and keep him Priſoner that Night? As for himſelf he promiſed to amuſe him a full Hour at leaſt, by Reaſons that he *had ready* for him when he returned. I ſhewed the *Billet* to *Moll* who was charmed with the Invention: and *inſiſted* abſolutely upon it's being execute

and it was in vain that I reprefented the Difficulty of finding immediately Perfons proper for fuch an Enterprize. She told me that a Trial might at leaft be made, adding that fhe was delighted with the Thoughts of my eating his Supper, lying in his Sheets, and carrying off his Miftrefs and Money next Morning. I was forced to yield, notwithftanding the fecret Motions of my Heart that portended no Good; and therefore went out to fpeak to two or three of the Life-Guards, with whom *Lefc ut* had made me acquainted, but I only found one of them a bold daring Man, who had no fooner underftood the Affair than he frankly undertook it, and affured me of Succefs; defiring no more than ten Piftoles to give to three of the Foot-guards that he refolved to employ, putting himfelf at their Head. I begged he would lofe no Time. In a Quarter of an Hour he came with his Affociates, and I pofted them at the Corner of a Street where *G. M.* muft neceffarily pafs in his Return. I begged he would not mal-treat him, but to be fure not to let him go till feven o'Clock in the Morning. He told me that he intended to carry him to his own Chamber, and to make him lye in his Bed, while he and his Companions would fit up and divert themfelves with a Bottle and Cards. I remained with them till I faw *G. M.* appearing, and then retired into an Entry at a little Diftance, being willing to be prefent at this extraordinary Scene. The Life-Guard Man approached him civilly with a Piftol in his Hand, and told him calmly, that he had no Defign againft his Life or his Purfe, but that if he made the leaft Difficulty to follow him or made any Noife, he would fhoot him through the Head. *G. M.* feeing him fupported by three Soldiers made no Refiftance, but allowed himfelf to be led like a Lamb. I returned immediately to Moll, and to ...vent the Servants fufpecting any Thing, tol[d] h...

her before them, that ſome unexpected Affairs prevented *G. M*'s coming to Supper, and that he had ſent me to bear her Company and to make his Excuſes, ſo that we ſupped together, and were very reſerved while at Table, but when the Servants were gone, we were very merry upon the Succeſs of our Project. About Mid-night I bid her good Night, and went out, but came privately in again, by the Aſſiſtance of *Marcel*, and was preparing to take Poſſeſſion of *G. M.*'s Bed as I had done of his Table, but while we were, if I may ſo ſay, drunk with Pleaſure, the Sword was hanging over our Heads, and the Thread by which it hung ready to break.

G. M. was attended by a Footman when he was ſtopped in the Street, who, when he ſaw his Maſter carried off, ran directly to his Father's, to whom he recounted all that he knew about his Amour. He having only this Son, was extremely alarmed, and went immediately to the *Lieutenant de Police*, and begged that he would order ſome of the Guards to attend him. He went directly to the Street where his Son had been arreſted, and ſearched every Place that he could ſuſpect, but not finding him, he ordered the Servant to conduct him to *Moll*'s Houſe, where he fancied that he might learn ſomething about him, if he was not there. Our Chamber Door being ſhut I did not hear him knock at the Gate, but having entered, followed by two of the Guards, and informed himſelf, to no Purpoſe, what was become of his Son, he took it in his Head to come up Stairs, ſtill accompanied by the Guards, to ſee if he could get any Information from his Miſtreſs. We were juſt going into Bed when he opened the Door, the Sight of him chilled all my Blood. O God! *ſaid I to* Moll, here is the old *G. M. and with* that I jumped to my Sword, which *was unfortunately* ſo wrapt about with my Belt, that *I could not* draw it before the Guards advanced a[illegible]

ſeized both it and me. *G. M.* was not long before he knew me, and the Impreſſion which *Moll's* Charms had once made upon his Heart, brought her to his Memory upon the firſt Glance; is it Illuſion, *ſaid he gravely*, or do I really ſee the Chevalier *de Grieu*, and *Moll Leſcaut*? I was ſo mad with Grief and Shame that I made him no Anſwer. He appered for ſome Time wholly wrapt up in different Thoughts, which at laſt came burſting forth in Fire and Flame againſt me. Ha! Wretch, *cried he*, I am ſure thou haſt murdered my Son. This Abuſe touched me to the Quick. Know, thou old profligate Villain, *ſaid I*, that if I had intended to kill any of thy Family, I ſhould have begun with thyſelf. Hold him faſt, *ſaid he to the Guards*, if he does not immediately tell me what is become of my Son, I will have him tucked up To-morrow. Thou wilt have me hanged, *replied I*, infamous Raſcal, it is ſuch as thee we muſt look for at the Gallows, I would have thee to know that I am of a nobler and purer Blood than what runs in the Veins of ſuch leech-worm Scoundrels as thyſelf. Yes, I know, *added I*, what is become of thy Son, and if thou giveſt me any farther Provocation, I will have him ſtrangled To-morrow, and the Day after, it ſhall be thy Turn. I committed an Overſight in confeſſing that I knew where his Son was, but Anger made me guilty of this Indiſcretion. He immediately called for five or ſix more Guards that were waiting at the Gate, and ordered them to ſecure all the Servants in the Houſe. Ha! Monſieur *le Chevalier*, reſumed he with an Air of Mockery, you know where my Son is, and will have him ſtrangled, ſay you? It is very well, I will make it my Buſineſs to take Care of your Worſhip. He then approached *Moll*, who was ſitting on the Bed weeping, and made her ſome ironical Compliments her Conqueſt of the Father and Son, and th

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good Uſe that ſhe made of it. This old letcherous Monſter wanted to take ſome Freedoms with her. Don't dare to touch her, *cried I*, for, by all that is ſacred, if thou doſt, theſe two Hands ſhall pull out thy laſcivious Eyes. He went out leaving three Guards in the Chamber whom he ordered to cauſe us to dreſs as quickly as poſſible, and in the mean Time went to interrogate the Servants, whom he had ordered to be ſecured. None of them knew any Thing of the Matter but *Marcel*, who, believing himſelf already hanged, told all that he knew about our Scheme of bubbling his Son, and of *Moll's* having already received ten thouſand Livres. Upon this Diſcovery, the old Fellow came running up to her Chamber, and, without ſaying one Word, went directly into the Cloſet, where he had no Difficulty to find the Money and Jewels. When he came out with the Booty which he was pleaſed to call our Theft, he loaded us with the moſt opprobrious Language, and drawing near *Moll* aſked if her Ladyſhip could call to Mind her having ſeen this pretty Necklace and the gay airy Bracelets. I remember, *ſaid he laughing*, that you once thought them very pretty. The poor Things, *added he*, are both very amiable, and what a Pity is it that they ſhould be given to thieving. My Blood boiled in my Veins at this inſolent Reproach. I would have given for a Moment's Liberty ——— Good God! what would I not have given! At laſt, I told him with a Moderation, which was nothing but refined Fury, Sir, let us end theſe inſolent Railleries, and ſee what you pretend to do with us? Monſieur *le Chevalier*, anſwered he, I pretend that you ſhall go this Minute to the *Chatelet**. Tomorrow we ſhall know a little more, and I hope *you will*, at laſt, do me the Favour to let me know

* *A Priſon for* Criminals.

where my Son is; I eafily forefaw that to be fhut up in that Place, was a Thing of terrible Confequence for us, and therefore refolved to flatter my moft cruel Enemy. I confefs, Sir, *faid I to him in a civil manner*, that Youth has made me commit great Faults, and that you have juft Ground to complain, but if you know the Force of Love, and can judge what an unhappy young Man fuffers when his Miftrefs is taken from him, you will pardon a fmall Revenge; or, at leaft, will allow that I am fully punifhed by the Affront that I have now received. There is no Occafion of having Recourfe to Prifons to make me difcover where your Son is. I had no Defign to hurt him nor to offend you, and am ready to tell you the Place where he has peaceably and fafely paffed the Night, if you will fet us at Liberty. This old Tyger, inftead of granting my Requeft, turned his Back upon me laughing, and gave the Guards Orders to conduct us immediately to Jail, and, above all, *added he*, take Care of the Chevalier, for he is a cunning Spark, and made his Efcape lately from *St. Lazare*. With that he went out, and left me in a Condition not eafily to be defcribed. O Heaven! *cried I*, I could with Patience bear all the Afflictions that thou art pleafed to punifh me with, but that a miferable Wretch fhould have it in his Power to ufe me fo tyrannically, quite diftracts me. Were I to relate all my Complaints and Converfation with *Moll*, while the Guards were conducting us in a Coach to the *Chatelet*, there would be no End of my Story, and therefore I fhall only tell you that we had fcarce a Moment allowed us to bid a tender Adieu, when we came to that Place of Horrour. By good Luck I had fome Money about me, which I divided with her, and paid the Jaylor for the firft Month's Entertainment, fo that we were both lodged in very good Rooms. When

was alone I began to think of Means to haſten my Liberty. It was evident that there was nothing abſolutely criminal in my Affair, and even ſuppoſing that the Deſign of taking the young *G. M.*'s Money was proved by *Marcel*, yet I knew very well, that as his Father had got it back, there was no Danger that Way; ſo that I reſolved to write ſpeedily to my Father, and to beg he would come to *Paris*; but I might have ſpared myſelf the Trouble, for he was to be in Town next Day upon the Letter which I had wrote to him eight Days before, and which had given him great Joy, though he did not intirely depend upon my Promiſes of a Reformation. He arrived the Day after my Impriſonment, and was two Days in Town before he found out where I was. Before I received his Viſit, which I was far from expecting ſo ſoon, I had one from the *Lieutenant de Police*, or, to ſpeak more properly, I underwent an Interrogatory. He reprimanded me for my bad Conduct, but in no harſh Terms; on the contrary, I could eaſily obſerve, that he looked upon me as a young Fellow who had more Imprudence than Malice; and was very well pleaſed with my Anſwers, which gave me Courage to ſay ſomething upon the Beauty, Sweetneſs, and good Nature of *Moll*; to which he anſwered laughing, that he had not ſeen her, but had heard that ſhe was a dangerous Perſon. This Word made me ſay a thouſand paſſionate Things in Defence of my poor Miſtreſs, ſhedding Tears. He ordered me to be reconducted to my Chamber, and as I was going out, this grave Magiſtrate cried *Love, Love, Wilt thou never be reconciled to Wiſdom!* As I was entertaining myſelf with my melancholy Ideas, and reflecting on the Converſation which I had with the *Lieutenant de Police*, my Chamber-door was opened, and whom ſhould I ſee enter but my Father. Tho' I was half prepared for this Sight, which I

ed in a few Days, yet I was ſo terribly ſtruck with his Preſence, that had the Earth been open under my Feet I would have precipitated myſelf to the very Bottom of it. I went to embrace him with all the Marks of an extreme Confuſion. He ſat down without opening his Mouth. As I remained ſtanding with my Hat off and down-caſt Eyes, ſit down, Sir, *ſaid he*, in a very grave Tone, ſit down. Thanks to your Debaucheries and Rogueries, I have at laſt diſcovered the Place of your Abode. It is the Advantage of a Merit ſuch as yours, that it cannot lye hid. You take an infallible Road to Renown. I hope it will ſoon terminate at the *Greve**, and that you will really have the Glory to be expoſed there to the Admiration of the Publick. I anſwered not a Word. He went on: How unhappy is a Father when, having tenderly loved a Son, and ſpared nothing to make him a Man of Honour, he finds at laſt, nothing but a Rogue that diſhonours him! We put up with accidental Miſfortunes, Time defaces them, and our Grief diminiſhes: But what Remedy is there to an Evil that increaſes daily, ſuch as the Diſorders of a vicious Son who has loſt all Sentiments of Honour! thou ſayeſt nothing unhappy Wretch, *added he*, See that counterfeit Modeſty, and that Air of hypocritical Sweetneſs, would not one take him to be the honeſteſt Man of his whole Race?

THOUGH I could not deny but that I deſerved a Part of ſuch Outrages, yet I thought they were carried to Exceſs, and therefore reſolved to ſpeak my Mind freely. I aſſure you Sir, *ſaid I*, that the Modeſty, with which I appear before you, is by no Means affected, but the natural Situation of a Son who infinitely reſpects his Father, and particularly when he ſees him greatly irritated. Far be

* *The common Place of* Execution.

it from me to pretend to be the moſt regular Man of our Race. I know my Faults, and own that they deſerve Reproaches; but I would earneſtly beg of you to ſoften them a little, and not to treat me as the moſt infamous of all Mankind. I cannot think I deſerve ſuch hard Names. All my Faults you know take their Source from Love: Fatal Paſſion! alas! are you ignorant of it's Power, and is it poſſible that your Blood, which is the Source of mine, has never felt the like Ardours! —— Love has rendred me too tender, too paſſionate, too conſtant, and, perhaps, too complaiſant to the Deſires of a charming Miſtreſs; theſe are my Crimes. Is there any one of them that diſhonours you. Come, my dear Father, *added I tenderly*, a little Pity for a Son who was always full of Reſpect and Affection for you, who has not, as you imagine, abandoned Honour and Duty, and who is a thouſand Times more to be pitied than you fancy; which Words were followed by a Flood of Tears.

A Father's Heart is the Maſter-piece of Nature, ſhe herſelf directs all the Springs, and takes the Reins of Government in her own Hands. My Father, who was a Man of Wit and Taſte, was ſo touched with the Turn that I had given to my Excuſes, that he was not able to conceal the Change. Come, my poor Chevalier, come and embrace me. I pity thy Caſe. I flew to him, and he claſped me in ſuch a Manner that made me judge what paſſed in his Heart. But what Method, *reſumed he*, ſhall we fall on to get thee out of this Place. Let me know thy whole Story without Diſguiſe, which I did, taking Care to give Inſtances of Princes, Dukes, and Marquiſſes, and many other Gentlemen, who had been guilty of the ſame Faults, concluding that *all mine* proceeded from the two Paſſions of Love *and Revenge*. He then aſked if I could inform hi[m] *of the* ſhorteſt Way of procuring my Liberty.

out the Story's coming to the Knowledge of the Publick. I told him how favourable the *Lieutenant de Police* was, and that if he found any Difficulty, it must come from *G. M.* and therefore, *added I*, it would be proper that you should take the Trouble to see him.

My Father upon leaving me went directly to *G. M.*'s, whom he found with his Son now set at Liberty. I never knew the Particulars of their Conversation, but it was easy for me to judge of it by the fatal Effects. The two Fathers went to the *Lieutenant de Police*, from whom they asked two Favours, the first, to take me directly out of Prison, and the next, to shut *Moll* up for the rest of her Days, or to transport her to *Missisipi*, both which were directly granted. Mr. *G. M.* and my Father came to give me the News of my Liberty, and the former made some Excuses for what he had done, and my Father ordered me to return his Compliment: We came out together without my mentioning one Word about *Moll*. I durst not so much as speak to the Turn-keys in their Presence. Alas! my poor Recommendations would have been useless, for the cruel Order was already given, that unhappy Girl was conducted an Hour after to the Work-house, and added to the Number of some loose Females condemned to be transported. My Father having ordered me to attend him to the Place where he lodged, it was six o' Clock at Night before I could return to the *Chatelet*, to enquire about *Moll*, and was so struck with the dismal News, that I thought my Heart would have burst within me, and sure never Apoplexy had a more sudden Effect than Grief had upon me; for in a Moment, I was flat upon the Ground without Motion or Sense, and yet by a Miracle proper to Love, I soon recovered Strength enough to thank Heaven for Return of my Reason and Understanding. M De

Death would have only been useful to myself, *Moll* had occasion for my Life to deliver her, which I was resolved to do, or to perish in the Attempt. My first Scheme was to murder the two *G. M.*'s, and the *Lieutenant de Police*, and then to fall upon the Hospital with all those that I could engage in my Quarrel; even my Father himself would scarce have been respected in what I thought so just a Revenge; for the Jailor had not concealed that he and *G. M.* were the Authors of my Loss. But when the Air in the Street had cooled my Blood a little, my Fury gave Place to more reasonable Sentiments. The Death of our Enemies would have been of no Service to her, since by it I must have deprived myself of all Means of giving her any farther Assistance; besides, could I think of becoming a base Assassin, what other way could I propose to be revenged? I employed all my Wits how to deliver *Moll*. I had but little Money remaining, and there was no doing without it. I could only think of three Persons from whom I could expect it; Mr. *de T*——, my Father, and *Tiberge*. There was little Appearance of obtaining any Thing from the two last, and I was ashamed to importune the other. I went directly to the Seminary of St. *Sulpice*, and called for *Tiberge*, who, I found, was ignorant of my last Adventures, which made me alter the Scheme that I had laid down to move his Pity. I only mentioned, in general, the Pleasure my Father's Presence had given me, and then frankly begged he would let me have a little Money to pay some private Debts before I left *Paris*. He immediately gave me his Purse, and of six hundred Livres which I found in it, I took five, and offered him my Note, but he was generous enough to refuse it. I went from him to Mr. *de T*——, who already knew our last Adventures, and when I asked his Advice, as the Means of delivering *Moll*, he told me that

out a Miracle he thought it impoffible, the *Lieutenant de Police* having given ftrict Orders that no Mortal fhould fee her, which he himfelf had in vain attempted, and, which was worft of all, the unhappy Crew, to which fhe was joined, were to fet out in two Days. I was under fuch a Confternation at what I heard, that he might have fpoken for an Hour without my interrupting him. He continued to tell me that he had forbore coming to the *Chatelet* that he might the more eafily ferve me, no Body imagining that we had any Correfpondence together, and that having been informed of my being at Liberty he had ardently defired to fee me, to give me the only Advice from which fome Hopes might be conceived of a Change in *Moll*'s Fate, but a dangerous Advice, in which he begged I would for ever conceal his having any Hand; it was this, to make choice of fome brave Fellows who would have Courage enough to attack *Moll*'s Guards upon the Road. Here is a hundred Piftoles, *added he*, without giving me time to reprefent my Indigence, which you may return when you can conveniently do it. This noble Generofity made me almoft cry, and I teftified my Acknowledgment in the ftrongeft Terms, and then asked him if he thought there was nothing to be done in the Way of Interceffion. He anfwered, that he could think of no other Way of Interceffion; he anfwered, that he could think of no other Way, but by my Father and *G. M.*'s foliciting a Revocation of the Sentence, offering to do all that lay in his Power with the young *G. M.* though he behaved coldly with him upon fome Sufpicion of his being concerned in the Trick that had been put upon him, and then exhorted me to leave no Stone unturned to foften my Father; which was *no fmall* Enterprize not only in the Difficulty that I *forefaw in* prevailing with him, but by another *Reafon* which made me dread his Prefence, viz. my givin

giving him the Slip contrary to his Orders, and I was very firmly refolved never to return after I had learned the unhappy Fate of *Moll.* I was apprehenfive that he would detain me by Force, and have me conducted in the fame Manner to the Country. To avoid all thefe Inconveniencies, I fent under another Name to defire a Meeting with him in the Gardens of *Luxembourg*, to which Place he readily came, followed by a fingle Footman. We walked together in a retired Alley about a hundred Paces without fpeaking. He no doubt concluded, that I had fomething of Importance to communicate, fo that he kept filent in Expectation of my Harangue, and I in meditating upon what I fhould fay. At laft I broke the Ice. Sir, *faid I trembling*, you are the beft of Fathers, you have loaded me with Favours, and pardoned an infinite Number of Faults; but it appears to me, that your Rigour —— well, my Rigour interrupted he, finding no doubt, that I was too flow for his Impatience. Ah! Sir, *refumed I*, your Rigour is extreme in the Manner that you have treated the unfortunate *Moll.* You have taken her Character from *G. M.* whofe Hatred has made him reprefent her in the blackeft Colours, and you have formed a hideous Idea of the fweeteft and moft charming Creature in the World. Would to Heaven you had feen her but one Moment, I am fure you would have taken her Part, detefted the villainous Artifice of *G. M.* and pitied both her and me. He interrupted me again, by asking what I intended by all this paffionate Difcourfe? That you will fave my Life, *anfwered I*, which muft end the Moment that *Moll* is fent to *America.* No, no, *faid he in a very rough Tone*, I had much rather fee thee dead, than without Honour. Let us then go no farther, *cried I taking him by the Arm*, but deprive me at once of this odious and infupportabl Life, for in the Defpair to which you reduce

Death will be a Favour, and a Present worthy of a Father's Hand. I ſhould not give thee but what thou deſerveſt, *replied he*, and I know ſeveral Fathers who would not have delayed ſo long to have been themſelves the Executioners, but my unlimited Indulgence has ruined thee. I threw myſelf at his Knees and embracing them, *ſaid*, Ah! if you have ſtill any remaining, pity my unfortunate Caſe; Alas! remember how tenderly you loved my Mother; would you have ſuffered her to be taken from you while a Drop of Blood remained in your Veins, and have not others a Heart as well as you? Speak no more of thy Mother, *ſaid he with an angry Voice*, had ſhe been alive to ſee thy Diſorders, they muſt have killed her with Grief. Let us put an end to this Diſcourſe, which becomes troubleſom, and will not make me change my Reſolution, and therefore I command thee to follow me home. The harſh Manner in which he pronounced this Order made me plainly perceive, that he was inflexible. I retired ſome Steps from him, leſt he ſhould have taken a Fancy to lay Hands upon me. Do not augment my Deſpair, *ſaid I*, by forcing me to diſobey you. After the Cruelty with which you treat me, it is impoſſible for me to follow you, or that I can live much longer, and therefore I bid you an eternal Adieu. My Death, which you will ſoon hear of will perhaps give you more favourable Sentiments for me. As I turned about to be gone; thou refuſeſt then to follow me, *cried he with Anger in his Looks*. Go, run headlong to thy Ruin. Adieu, ungrateful rebellious Son. Adieu, *ſaid I in my Tranſport*, barbarous and inhuman Father.

I left the Garden like one furious, and went directly to Mr. *de T*——'s who had been as unſucceſsful with the young G. *M*. as I with my Father, ſo that I had no Proſpect now but of delivering her

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by Force, and I left him with a Deſign to try if I could get People as deſperate as myſelf to aſſiſt me in this dangerous Undertaking.

THE firſt that came into my Mind was the ſame Life-guard Man whom I had employed to arreſt *G. M.* By good Luck I found him at home, and told him directly the Deſign of my Viſit. He had good Senſe enough to foreſee the Difficulties, but was ſo generous as to promiſe me his Aſſiſtance. He mentioned the three Foot-guards that he had already employed as Men that might be depended on, and as *Moll's* Conductors were only ſix in Number, five reſolute Men were an Over-match for ſuch Wretches. We muſt have Horſes, *ſaid he*, with each a Pair of Piſtols and a Blunderbuſs, and plain Clothes for our three Soldiers, who muſt not appear in their Regimentals upon ſuch an Occaſion. I gave him the hundred Piſtoles that I had received from Mr. *de T*—— which was laid out to the laſt Farthing the next Day. The three Soldiers paſſed in Review before me. I encouraged them by great Promiſes, and to prevent all Diffidence, gave each of them ten Piſtoles before-hand. On the Day that the unhappy Victims were to begin their March for *Havre de Grace*, we went by different Streets to a Place of Rendezvous in the Suburbs of St. *Honorè*, where we were not long before the two wretched Waggons, which you ſaw about two Years ago at *Paſſy* appeared, eſcorted by ſix Thief-catchers. The Sight of them made all my Blood boil in my Veins. O Fortune, *cried I*, cruel Fortune, grant me now Death or Victory. We conſulted a Moment upon the Method of our Attack, and reſolved, by croſſing over a Field, to get before them, and to fall upon them when they came up. *The Guards* ſeeing five Horſemen well armed advancing, made no doubt but that we deſigned to attack them, upon which they ſcrewed their Bayonets

and prepared to receive us. Upon this resolute Appearance of the Guards, which served only to animate my Friend and me, our cowardly Companions quite lost Courage, and, after a few Words which I did not hear, wheeled about and rode off at full Speed. Gods! *cried the Life-guard Man, as much confounded as I at this infamous Desertion,* what shall we do, we are only two? Fury and Astonishment made me mute, and I was in Suspence whether I should pursue the Villains that had abandoned me, or attack the Guards; I could have wished myself divided that I might at once have fallen upon these two Objects of my Rage. The Life-guard, who judged of my Uncertainty by the wild rolling of my Eyes from one to the other, begged that I would listen to his Advice, which was, that as we were but two against six, who appeared to be resolute, the best Way was to return to *Paris*, and to endeavour to get Assistants that would not abandon us; adding, that as the heavy Waggons marched slowly, we could easily come up with them the next Day. I reflected a Moment on this Proposal, and finding upon all Sides nothing but Subjects of Despair, I took a Resolution truly desperate, which was to thank my Companion for all his Services, and to beg that the Guards would allow me to accompany my Mistress to *Havre de Grace*, where I resolved to embark with her, adding, that as my Misfortunes were now at the highest, I must submit to them. May Heaven reward your Generosity. Adieu, I will give a helping Hand to my unlucky Fate to complete my Ruin, by voluntarily running to it. He in vain pressed me to return to *Paris*. I begged he would leave me, lest the Guards should *fancy* that our Design was to attack them.

I went towards them as a Supplicant rather than an Enemy, and told them that I came not to fight, but to ask Favours, which I expected from them

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and which I explained as we were going along. They consulted together upon my Proposal, and the chief of the Troops answered, that though their Orders were very strict, yet as I appeared to be a Person of Note, they would do what they could to oblige me; but that I ought to consider them for such a Condescension. I had about fifteen Pistoles in my Purse, and told them sincerely that this Sum was all I possessed. Very well, *said the Guard*; we will use you well. It shall only cost you a Crown an Hour to entertain any of our Girls that pleases you best, which is the current Price at *Paris*. They at first imagined that what I did proceeded from a Whim of Youth, but when they perceived that my Case was Love, and who was the Object, they so augmented the Tribute, that on leaving *Mante* (the Place where we lodged the Night before we arrived at *Passy*) my Purse was quite empty, and consequently no more Allowance from these mercenary Wretches to approach or converse with my unhappy Mistress, of which you yourself was a Witness at *Passy*, and, by a Generosity that I can never forget, furnished me with what was necessary to carry me to *Havre*; where, having no Answer from *Tiberge*, to whom I had wrote to send me a hundred Pistoles, I sold my Horse and embarked only with ten Pistoles in my Pocket, after buying some Sea Provisions. Were I to tell you all the Conversations we had during our Voyage on the Rigours of our Fate, my Narration would tire your Patience, and it has already been more extensive than I designed, I shall in a few Words conclude my melancholy Story.

After an agreeable Navigation for two Months, we arrived safely at *New Orleans*, not a Town, *as we had* been told, but a Parcel of sorry Cottages, *inhabited* by five or six hundred Persons. We we[re] *received* with open Arms by these People, as Co

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panions of their Solitude and Misery. The Governor [illegible] of about thirty Girls that came in our Ship, to those that wanted Wives, and having ordered them to retire to their several Habitations, he came over to us. The Captain informs me, that you are married, and that you are Persons of Distinction and Merit. I shall not enter into the Causes of your Misfortunes, but if your Behaviour answers to what your Figures promise, I shall spare nothing to soften your Fate; and you will contribute, on your Part, to reconcile me to this wild Desert. He regaled us to Supper, and ordered, that we should be conducted to our Cottage, which consisted of two Rooms, and a Sort of Garret. *Manon* appeared terrified at the Sight of such a dismal Habitation, and fell a crying most bitterly; not upon her own account, but upon mine, protesting, that the Thoughts of what I had already, and was in all Probability still to suffer, were worse than Death to her. Of what can I complain, *said I*, since I possess all that I desire. You love me, do you not? What other Happiness did I ever propose? Let us leave our Fate to the wise Direction of Providence. The Governor seems to be a civil Gentleman, and will, I hope, take care not to let us want the Necessaries of Life. As for our poor Habitation, you may have remarked, that few are better lodged, or have better Furniture than we; and then thou art such an admirable Chemist, *said I*, embracing her, that thou transformest every Thing into Gold. If that were the Case, *answered she*, you should be the richest Person upon Earth. I cannot but, in Justice, confess, *added she*, that I never deserved such an Attachment as yours; that even while I loved you passionately, I was fickle and giddy, but you cannot conceive how much I am changed. All the Tears [illegible]ou have seen me shed so often since we left [illegible]ceeded from the deep Impression of your unpa

unparallel'd Love to an unfortunate Creature that was not worthy of it, and who could not at the Expence of all her Blood, make amends for the leaſt Part of the Misfortunes, which ſhe has brought upon you. Her Tears, Diſcourſe, and the Tone of her Voice, made ſuch an aſtoniſhing Impreſſion upon me, that I felt Raptures in my Soul not to be expreſſed. Take Care, *ſaid I*, take Care, my Charmer, I have not Strength enough to ſupport ſuch lively Marks of thy Affection; I am not accuſtomed to theſe Exceſſes of Joy. O God! *cried I*, I aſk no more, I am aſſured of her Heart, it is ſuch as I wiſhed it to make me happy. I cannot but be ſo now, and here is my Happineſs ſettled upon a ſolid Foundation. It is, *replied ſhe*, if it depends upon me, and I know well, where I can always find mine. I went to bed with theſe charming Ideas, which changed my Cottage into a Palace fit for the greateſt Monarch upon Earth. After this, *America* appeared to be a Paradiſe. It is to *New Orleans*, *ſaid I often*, that People muſt come, if they would taſte the true Sweets of Love. 'Tis here where Hearts are united without Intereſt, Jealouſy, or Inconſtancy. Our Countrymen come here in queſt of Gold, but we have found Treaſures more to be eſteemed.

I got ſo much into the good Graces of our Governor that a Vacancy happening in the Fort ſome Weeks after our Arrival, he beſtowed the Employment upon me, which enabled us to live without being burthenſom to any Body, and by our Regularity and diſcreet Behaviour with our Neighbours, we became in a little Time the next in Conſideration to the Governor. The Innocency of our Occupations, and the Tranquillity of our Lives brought us, *by Degrees*, to think of Piety and Religion. Moll had never been what we may call an impious Girl, nor I a Libertine, who joined Irreligion to the

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pravation of Manners. Love and Youth had been the Source of all our Diſorders. Experience began to ſupply the Place of Age, and had the ſame Effect upon us as Years. Our Converſation, often grave and ſolid, brought us inſenſibly to the Taſte of a virtuous Love. I was the firſt that propoſed this Change, and as I knew that ſhe had honeſt and ſincere Principles, I made her conceive, that the Approbation of Heaven was wanting to complete our Happineſs. In *France*, *ſaid I*, we could neither abandon our Love, nor ſatisfy it in a lawful Way. But in *America*, where we depend on none but our ſelves, where we are no more tied down by the arbitrary Laws of Rank and Decorum, where they even believe us married; what hinders us from being really ſo, and from ſanctifying our Love by Vows that Religion authoriſes? As for me, *added I*, there is nothing new in the Offer of my Heart and Hand, but I am ready to renew the Gift at the Altar. This Diſcourſe gave her great Joy. Would you believe, *anſwered ſhe*, that I have thought of this a thouſand Times, ſince we were in *America*, but the Fear of diſpleaſing you made me ſilent, not having the Preſumption to aſpire to the Quality of your Spouſe, though I long much for that glorious Title. I embraced her a thouſand Times, and told her, that I would that Moment go to the Governor, acknowledge our having deceived him, and beg his Approbation to what we deſigned.

I am perſuaded that there's no honeſt Man in the World, who would not have approved of my Deſign in my preſent Circumſtances, that is to ſay, fatally ſubjected to a Paſſion, that I could not overcome, and ſtung with Remorſes, that I ought not *to ſmother*; but will any Mortal accuſe my Com*plaints of Injuſtice*, if I groan under the Rigour of [illegible]*aven for* rejecting a Deſign, which was formed [illegible] it? Alas! what do I ſay, to reject it

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Rather to puniſh it as a Crime. Providence ſuffered me with Patience, while I was blindly running in the Career of Vice, and no ſooner did I think of returning to the Road of Virtue, than I am puniſhed with the ſevereſt Chaſtiſements. I am afraid, I ſhall not be able to go through the Relation of the moſt fatal Event that ever happened.

YOU muſt know, that the Governor had a Nephew called *Synnelet*, a Man about thirty, brave, but hot and violent. *Moll's* Beauty had touched him upon our Arrival, and the frequent Occaſions of being in her Company, for nine or ten Months, had augmented his Paſſion to ſuch a Degree, that he was dying for her; but believing us to be married, he had been ſo much Maſter of himſelf as to let nothing appear. I found him with his Uncle when I went to the Fort. As I had no Reaſon to conceal my Deſign from him, I made no Difficulty to explain myſelf in his Preſence. I gave the Governor a ſhort Abridgment of my Life, and when I begged that he would aſſiſt at the Ceremony of my Marriage, he had the Generoſity to tell me that he would himſelf defray the Expences of my Wedding; upon which I retired very well pleaſed, and ran to give *Moll* the agreeable News of my Succeſs; but I had not been an Hour at Home when the Chaplain came in with a Deſign, as I thought, to give me ſome Inſtructions about my Marriage; but after a cold Salute, he declared, in two Words, that the Governor had changed his Mind about my Marriage, and ordered me to think no more of it, having other Views for *Moll*. Other Views, *ſaid I trembling*, what other Views, pray Mr. Chaplain? He anſwered, that I muſt know, the Governor was Maſter, that my Miſtreſs being *ſent from France* for the Colony, he had the Diſpoſal of her; that he had not hitherto done it, believing her to be my Wife; but ſince he un-

stood by myself that it was not so, he thought proper to give her to *Synnelet* who was passionately in Love with her. My Vivacity got the better of my Prudence. I ordered him in a very haughty Manner to get out of my House, swearing that the Governor, *Synnelet*, and all the Town durst not lay a Hand upon my Spouse or Mistress which they pleased.

After many Reflections, I at last resolved to go to the Governor, and represent with all the Rhetorick I was Master of, the Cruelty of such a Design, and notwithstanding *Moll's* Intreaties and Tears, who was afraid she would never see me more, I ran to the Fort and found the Governor and Chaplain together. I made Use of all the Motives that I thought might make an Impression upon any Heart except that of a wild and cruel Tyger. But this Barbarian had no Regard to my Submissions, and made this Answer, which he repeated a hundred Times, that *Moll* was at his Disposal, and that he had promised her to his Nephew.

I was but too much persuaded on going out, that I had nothing to expect from this obstinate old Man, nevertheless I resolved to be moderate, fully resolved, if they pushed the Thing to the last Extremity, to give to *New Orleans* one of the most bloody and most tragical Scenes that ever Love had produced. I was meditating upon this Project as I returned Home, when Fortune that wanted to hasten my Ruin, brought *Synnelet* in my Way. He read in my Eyes a Part of my Thoughts. As he was brave, he came up to me and asked, if I was not looking for him. I know, *said he*, that my Designs offend you, and have foreseen that we must measure our Swords. Come, let us see, who shall have best Luck. I answered, that he was in the Right, and that my Death only could terminate our Differences. We ...bout a hundred Paces out of Town, and we ha...

had ſcarce made two or three Puſhes, when I wounded and diſarmed him. He was in ſuch a Rage at his Misfortune, that he refuſed to aſk his Life, which I perhaps might have taken without Injuſtice. I could not however be guilty of ſuch an ungenerous Action, but threw his Sword to him. Let us take the other Bout, *ſaid I*, and remember that there is no Quarter to be given. He attacked me with great Fury, and though I was but an indifferent Fencer, yet as Love conducted my Sword, in the very Moment that he pierced my Arm, I run him through the Body, and he fell motionleſs at my Feet. Notwithſtanding the Joy which Victory gives, I immediately reflected on the Conſequences of his Death, which could not but be fatal to me. I returned to my Houſe, where I found *Moll* half dead with Fear that I had been ſtopped in the Fort by the Governor's Orders. I could not conceal my Adventure, which ſhe no ſooner heard than ſhe fainted away in my Arms, and it was a full Quarter of an Hour before ſhe recovered her Senſes. What ſhall we do, *ſaid I*, when ſhe was fully come to herſelf, I muſt neceſſarily be gone, will you remain in the Town? Yes, *continued I*, remain, you may ſtill be happy in it, while I ſhall go and ſeek Death among the Savages or wild Beaſts. She got up notwithſtanding her Weakneſs, and took me by the Hand to conduct me to the Door. Let us fly together, *ſaid ſhe*, without loſing a Moment. *Synnelet*'s Body may perhaps be already found, and we ſhall not have Time to get out of the Town; but my dear *Moll*, *replied I*, quite confounded, where can we go? Is it not better that you endeavour to live here without me, and that I deliver myſelf up to the Governor? but ſhe would hear of nothing but *to be gone*. I had the Precaution before we went *to take ſome* Cordials that I had in my Chambe[r] *and to ſtuff* my Pockets with what Proviſions [illegible]

would hold. We told our Servants who attended in the next Room, that we were going to the Evening Walk, a Thing which we usually did, and made the best of our Way out of Town with more Haste than could be expected from one of her Delicacy. Though I was very uncertain of a Retreat, yet I had some Hopes two Ways. In the first Place, I knew a little of the Language and Customs of the Savages, who were not cruel if they were not roughly dealt with, and thought we might with Safety take Refuge among them for some Time, and then the *English* have a Settlement in this new World, but separated from ours by large barren Plains of several Days Journey, and high Mountains almost inaccessible. However, I flattered myself that the Savages would conduct us, and that the *English* would grant us a Retreat among them.

AFTER we had walked about two Leagues, *Moll* told me that she could go no farther without reposing. Night was approaching, and we sat down upon the Grass in a Plain without so much as a Tree to shelter us. Her first Care was to visit my Wound, which she had dressed herself before we set out, and when that kind Office was done, I stripped myself of my Clothes to put under her by Way of a Bed, and passed the Night as a Centry over her, praying Heaven to grant her a sweet and refreshing Sleep, Oh! how ardent and sincere were my Wishes, and by what rigorous Judgment did Heaven resolve not to ear them.

PARDON me, if I abridge a Narration that kills me, my Misfortune is without a Parallel, and while I live my Eyes will be rushing Fountains; but though it is still fresh in my Memory, yet my Soul seems to start with Horror every Time that I speak of it.

TO Appearance, she seemed to be fast asleep the greatest Part of the Night, and having touched her ...nds about Day-break, I found them cold an... tremblin...

trembling, and put them in my Bofom to warm them; upon which taking hold of mine, fhe told me with a faint Voice, that fhe believed her laft Hour was approaching. At firft I took thefe Words for an ufual Expreffion under Misfortunes, and made fuch an Anfwer as Love fuggefts; but her frequent Sighs, her Silence to my Queftions, and the Squeezes which fhe gave my Hands, made me but too fenfible, that fhe was at the End of her Misfortunes. Spare me a Defcription of my Sentiments, or a Relation of her laft Words. I loft her, and received Marks of Love in the very Moment that fhe expired. This is all that I have Power to tell you of this fatal and deplorable Moment.

My Soul did not take it's Flight with her's. Heaven did not think that I was as yet fufficiently punifhed, and therefore condemned me to lead a languifhing and miferable Life, to which I fubmit the more chearfully, as I defire no better. I remained two Days and Nights with my Mouth by Turns glued to her Face and Hands, and was refolved to die in that Pofture; but I reflected in the Beginning of the third Day, that her Body after my Death would be expofed to become the Food of ravenous Beafts, and therefore refolved to bury her, and then to wait for Death upon her Grave. I was already fo near my End, by the Weaknefs to which Fafting and Grief had reduced me, that I could fcarce ftand upon my Feet, and was obliged to have Recourfe to the Cordials that I had brought along with me, which revived me fo, as to be able to perform the melancholy Office that I defigned. The Ground where I was being fandy, with my Hands and Sword, I made a pretty large Grave, in which I placed the Idol of my Heart, wrapping her Body with my Clothes that the Sand might not touch it. But to cover it with Earth, and deprive my Eyes for ever of the fi lovely Object; alas! my poor diftracted H

could not bear the ſhocking Thought. At laſt, after a thouſand Embraces, finding my Strength faſt a going, and being afraid of loſing it altogether, before I finiſhed the Work, my trembling unwilling Hands covered that Body, which, while animated, was the Maſter-piece of Nature. O Death, *cried I*, come quickly and put an End to my unhappy Fate? With that I laid my myſelf upon the Grave, ſhutting my Eyes with a Deſign never more to open them, and I did not long remain in that Poſture, till I loſt all Knowledge and Senſe.

WHAT remains of my Story is of ſo little Importance, that it ſcarce deſerves to be related. *Synnelet's* Body being found ſoon after our Combat and brought to Town and his Wounds viſited, they were found not to be mortal. He informed his Uncle of the whole Affair, and his Generoſity prompted him to do me Juſtice. I was immediately ſent for, and not being found, they ſuſpected we had fled, and next Morning ſent ſeveral Parties different Roads in Purſuit. I was at laſt found without the leaſt Sign of Life, and as they ſaw me naked and bloody, they concluded I had been robbed and aſſaſſinated. I was brought to Town, where giving ſome Signs of Life, I had all proper Aſſiſtance. I was nevertheleſs confined in a Priſon, and as *Moll* did not appear, I was accuſed of having killed her out of Rage and Jealouſy. I told them ingenuouſly my woful Adventure, and Mr. *Synnelet*, notwithſtanding the Exceſs of Grief into which this diſmal News threw him, was ſo generous as to ſollicit my Pardon, which he obtained. I was ſo weak, that they were obliged to remove me from the Priſon to my own Bed, to which I was confined for three Months, by a terrible Fit of Sickneſs. I was ſo bent upon Death, that I invoked it every Minute, and for a conſiderable Time, obſtinately rejected all Manner of Remedies: Heaven, after having purſued me with ſo mu[illegible] Rig[illegible]

Rigour, intended to render my Misfortunes and Chaſtiſements uſeful to me,] by inlightening me with it's Grace, and inſpiring me with Thoughts of Repentance; ſo that recovering by Degrees, Peace of Mind, my Body ſoon felt the Effects. I gave myſelf intirely up to pious Exercifes, and waited for the Arrival of Ships from *France*, that come every Year to that Part of *America*, being reſolved to return to my native Country, that I might by a regular and pious Life repair the Scandal of my paſt Conduct. I took Care to have the Body of my dear Miſtreſs tranſported and interred in a decent Manner, and it was after performing this laſt melancholy Office, that taking a ſolitary Walk along the River's Side, I ſaw a Ship arriving, and Perſons landing, who took the Road to the Town, and you may judge of my Surprize when among them I diſcovered *Tiberge*. That faithful Friend knew me at a good Diſtance, notwithſtanding the Change which Miſfortunes and Sickneſs had made in my Countenance, and we ran with equal Ardour to embrace one another, not without Tears on both Sides. He informed me, that the ſole Motive of his Voyage to *America* was to ſee me, and perſuade me to return to *France*; that having received the Letter by which I had deſired him to ſend me Money to *Havre*, he had come there himſelf to give me what I wanted; that he was very much afflicted when he underſtood that I was gone, and would have followed me directly, had he found a Ship ready to ſail; that he had gone to ſeveral Sea-port Towns, and at laſt had found a Ship at St. *Malo* bound for *Quebec*, from whence he had found an Opportunity of a Paſſage for this Place. Rare Inſtance of Friendſhip ſeldom to be met with! I conducted him to my Houſe, where I gave him an exact Account of all that had happened to me ſince I left *France*; and, to give him a Satiſfaction which he ſcarce expected, I declared that

Seeds of Virtue, which he had formerly ſowed in my Heart, began to produce Fruits, with which he would be ſatisfied. He proteſted, that this happy News fully recompenſed all the Fatigue he had undergone.

We remained ſome Months together at *New Orleans*, waiting the Arrival of Ships from *France*, and having at laſt embarked, we arrived at *Havre* about fifteen Days ago, from whence I wrote to my Family, and learned by a Letter from my elder Brother, the melancholy News of my Father's Death. The Wind proving favourable for *Calais*, and a Ship ready to ſail for this Port, I took that Opportunity, and am now going to a Relation's Houſe in the Neighbourhood, where my Brother is to meet me.

The End of the third and laſt Volume.

Penſion. Give me only Time, *ſaid ſhe*, these Preſents, and I ſwear to you that he have the Satisfaction to have paſſed a Nig me, for I put him off till we ſhould return and I ſettled in my own Houſe. I confe kiſſed my Hands a Million of Times; 'Tis he ſhould pay for this Favour; and five or ſand Livres are not too much conſidering h and Age.

Her Reſolution was much more agreeab than the Expectation of five thouſand Liv I had on this Occaſion an Opportunity to that my Heart had not loſt all Sentiment nour, ſince it was ſo well pleaſed to avoid But I was born for ſhort Pleaſures and long T and Fortune only delivered me from one P to tumble me down a worſe; when I had by a thouſand Embraces, how happy this made me. I told her that it would be a